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A MONTHLY REVIEW

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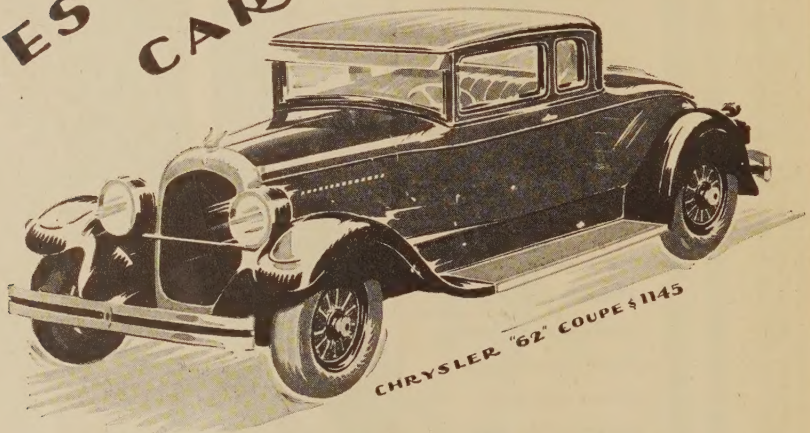

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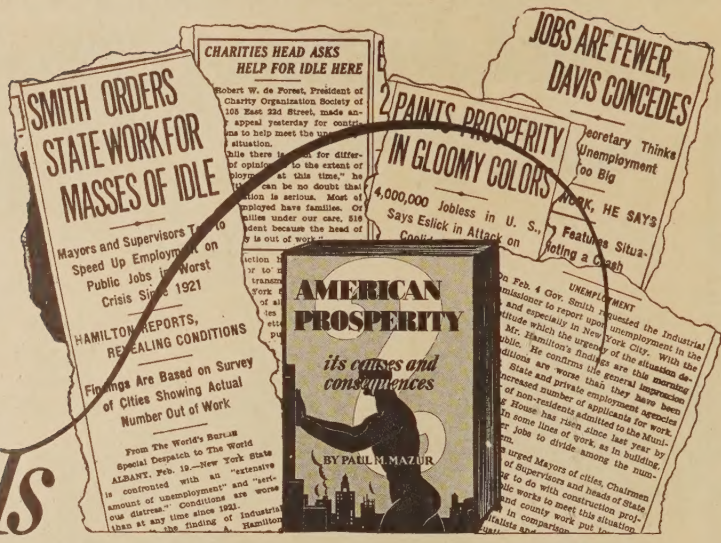
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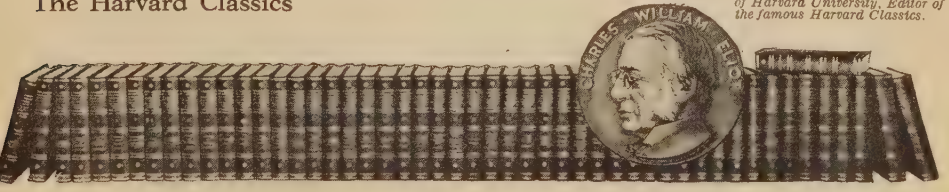

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BIOGRAPHY

ALGER. *A Biography Without a Hero.*
By Herbert R. Mayes. *Macy-Masius*
$3.50 9 x 6; 241 pp. *New York*

Mr. Mayes almost succeeds, in this book, in convincing the reader that Horatio Alger, Jr., was more idiotic than the Alger stories—almost, but not quite. The man was a truly shocking compound of sentimentality and hypocrisy, but there was in him, nevertheless, a certain yearning for intellectual integrity, and if he never wrote a decent book he at least always aspired to write one. His great days ran from 1870 to 1900: the era during which the youth of America was taught to admire such heroes as Commodore Vanderbilt, Dwight L. Moody and Allen G. Thurman. Mr. Mayes has recovered his obscure and somewhat pathetic story from oblivion, but finds it difficult to make the man interesting. Curiously enough, though he survived until 1899, no photograph of him seems to be known.

THE LOW-DOWN
By Charles G. Shaw. *Henry Holt & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 4¾; 289 pp. *New York*

"By their idiosyncrasies," says Mr. Shaw, "ye shall know them." Here he selects twenty-four men and women who have interested him, and by setting forth their tastes in clothes, wines and entertainment, their political prejudices, their feelings regarding God and the Flag, and their adventures in surgery, sport and holy matrimony seeks to show precisely what sort of creatures they are. The experiment is interesting, and Mr. Shaw carries it out with unfailing shrewdness and wit. Some of his discoveries are surprising and even shocking, but all of them are amusing. Among his subjects are Clarence Darrow, Deems Taylor, Lillian Gish, Ernest Boyd, Ralph Barton, Gene Tunney, Hermann Oelrichs, Herbert Bayard Swope, Sinclair Lewis, Robert W. Chanler, Adele Astaire and Tex Rickard. Each study is accompanied by a caricature by Peter Arno.

CAVOUR.
By Maurice Paléologue. *Harper & Brothers*
$5 10 x 6¾; 307 pp. *New York*

M. Paléologue, who was formerly ambassador at St. Petersburg, traces the career of Cavour from the days of his youth, through the national crisis of 1848, the Crimean War, the death of Orsini, the interview at Plombières, the marriage of Princess Clotilda with Prince Napoleon, and Solferino and Villafranca. But, in spite of his enthusiasm, it is an indifferent piece of work in a sluggish translation. There are numerous illustrations and an index, but a bibliography is lacking.

THE YANKEE OF THE YARDS. *The Biography of Gustavus Franklin Swift.*
By Louis F. Swift. *The A. W. Shaw Company*
$3 9 x 6; 218 pp. *Chicago*

Mr. Swift, who had the aid of Arthur Van Vlissingen, Jr., in writing this biography of his father, is naturally somewhat discreet, but he doesn't go far enough in that direction to conceal the rough and picturesque contours of the man. The elder Swift was one of the epic figures of Chicago in its palmy days. It was he who first shipped dressed beef to the East, and he who led the campaign to break down the early prejudice against it. His methods were seldom refined, but there is no doubt that a hard New England rectitude was in him, and that his influence upon the packing business was mainly for the good. The younger Mr. Swift offers many anecdotes of him, most of them illustrating his furious economies and his vast delight in his sanguinary trade. It gave him as much joy to slaughter steers and hogs as Beethoven ever got out of writing symphonies. He had, indeed, a gift for their profitable assassination that amounted almost to genius. His son's account of him is extremely interesting and instructive. Among the illustrations is a photograph of "the original windlass used by G. F. Swift for hoisting steers after killing." This was in the years 1861-69, during his apprentice days at Barnstable, Mass.

W. E. GLADSTONE.
By Osbert Burdett. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$4 8⅞ x 5⅝; 307 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Burdett has attempted to extract the substance of Morley's two-thousand page Life of Gladstone, and present it in a readable form. He offers few new facts, and his writing could be more attractive in places, but he has done an able job nevertheless.

MUSSOLINI. *The Man of Destiny.*
By Vittorio E. De Fiori. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 222 pp. *New York*

Mr. De Fiori has been a personal friend of Mussolini for years, and was one of the founders of the Fascist movement in this country. The book is precisely what one would expect: a piece of hero-worship of the crassest sort. The blackguard who is now the enemy of all that is worth being proud of in Italy comes out of it a home-loving worthy, possessed of

Continued on page xvi

Cromwell

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Continued from page xiv

"a gentle courtesy and the ingenuousness of a child," and Fascism comes out "an aristocratic ideal, a spiritual renewal . . . [working for] the rebirth of the old Roman ideals." The translation from the Italian is by Mario A. Rei.

UP THE YEARS FROM BLOOMSBURY.
By George Arliss. *Little, Brown & Company*
$4 8¾ x 5⅝; 321 pp. *Boston*

The usual actor's biography. Since his first visit to the United States Mr. Arliss' career has been an almost unbroken series of successes. Most of them have been made in shoddy, third-rate plays, but he has ventured at times into better stuff. His reminiscences of his stage contemporaries are rather too amiable to be illuminating.

CRITICISM

RÉMY DE GOURMONT. *A Modern Man of Letters.*
By Richard Aldington. *The University of Washington*
65 cents 7¼ x 5⅛; 41 pp. *Seattle*

This is No. 13 of the University of Washington chapbooks, and unquestionably the best thus far. Mr. Aldington points out that there was a great deal of the charlatan in de Gourmont; he was by no means as learned as he pretended. Many of his opinions on points of classical scholarship he took bodily and uncritically from Huysmans, who, in turn, was none too much at home in the world of Greek and Roman literature. Mr. Aldington then goes into the matter of de Gourmont's imaginative writings, and argues, with obvious sense, that the reason why they nearly all lacked warmth and lifting power was that their author was personally incapable of warmth. "He was much more interested in analysing his emotions than in the emotions themselves." And as for his philosophy, continues Mr. Aldington, it was really little more than a none too well-organized batch of intuitions, occasionally brilliant, but never anything more. "He was not a great artist, not a great philosopher, not a great critic. As a literary artist he is not to be compared with Gustave Flaubert; as a personality, as scholar and man of science he is vastly inferior to Ernest Renan; and as critic of literature and ideas he comes behind Sainte-Beuve. He was one of France's most able and industrious journeymen of letters."

DESTINATIONS. *A Canvass of American Literature Since 1900.*
By Gorham B. Munson. *J. H. Sears & Company*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 218 pp. *New York*

Mr. Munson, in the main, does not deal with American literature at all, but with those curious conglomerations of unrelated words which are so beloved of the customers of the *Tendenz* reviews, and understood only by them. Cabell, Lewis, Anderson, Sandburg, Willa Cather and Hergesheimer he either does not mention, or only sneeringly, while O'Neill he dismisses with a curt and solitary reference. On the other hand, he devotes fifteen pages to Wallace Stevens, twenty-four to Kenneth Burke, eleven to Marianne Moore, thirty-five to Dr. William Carlos Williams, eighteen to "Hart Crane: Young Titan in the Sacred Wood," and nine to "The Significance of Jean Toomer." Precisely what he is trying to say is not always easy to make out. He seems to think that there is something wrong with such men as Dreiser and Lewis, and that the hope of American literature lies in Burke, Crane and company, since they are "better versed in æsthetics and more given to intellectualism." The elder and more coherant literati, he suggests, might attain to the heights of these masters if they would read carefully the Indian classics, and especially the Mahabharata. Strangely enough, Mr. Munson is also an admirer of Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt, and has a great deal that is pleasant (though not very clear) to say about them.

RELIGION

THE AGONY OF CHRISTIANITY.
By Miguel de Unamuno. *Payson & Clarke*
$2 7½ x 5; 183 pp. *New York*

"In the present volume," writes Ernest Boyd in his introduction, "one may witness the search of Unamuno's keen mind amidst the uncertainties which constitute the drama of religious thought." Those uncertainties are bound up with Unamuno's own "eternal conflict between faith and reason, between life and thought, between spirit and intellect, and between heaven and civilization." A provocative study, both as an exposition of Unamuno's philosophy and a commentary on Christian mysticism.

THE STORY OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.
By Conrad Henry Moehlman. Harcourt, Brace & Company
$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 299 pp. *New York*

Dr. Moehlman, who is professor of the history of Christianity at the Rochester Theological Seminary, has written an extremely interesting and valuable book. It is a historical study of the different texts of the traditional Ten Commandments, and is full of much information drawn from the latest Biblical researches and not generally known. The more important of his conclusions are the following: (*a*) "The

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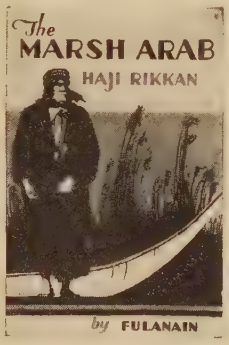

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Continued from page xvi

various texts of the traditional Ten Commandments, both in the Hebrew and in the Greek, contain numerous variations"; (*b*) At least four decalogues, rather than one, are discernible in the Old Testament; (*c*) "Neither of the two traditional decalogues contains the title or heading of 'Ten Commandments' in the Old Testament"; (*d*) There is considerable variation in the order of the versions of the Ten Commandments in the Old Testament, the New Testament, the Vatican manuscript of the Greek translation of the Old Testament and in the Nash Papyrus; and (*e*) "Christianity has never been unanimous in its interpretation of the Ten Commandments." A book with so much scholarship in it plainly needs an index, but unluckily there is none.

THE LIVING BIBLE: *Being the Whole Bible in Its Fewest Words.*
Edited by Bolton Hall. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$6 9 x 6¼; 423 pp. *New York*

Mr. Hall here makes an attempt that engaged Thomas Jefferson many years ago—that is, he tries to rid the Bible of its duplications and irrelevancies, and reduce it to an unbroken and reasonably succinct narrative. The order of the books is that of the King James Version, with a few changes, and the familiar text is employed, discreetly summarized here and there.

THE FINE ARTS

OLD MASTERS AND MODERN ART. *France and England.*
By Charles Holmes. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$7.50 9⅞ x 6¼; 314 pp. *New York*

This is the third volume in Sir Charles's series of studies of the old and modern masters. In the first he dealt with the Italian schools, and in the second with those of the Netherlands, Germany and Spain. In the present book he gives special attention to Claude, Poussin, Reynolds, Turner, Manet and Whistler, and he also includes a section on Oriental painting, and in it discusses in some detail the works of Hokusai and Hiroshige. There are 100 illustrations, four of them in color.

FLEMISH ART: *A Critical Survey.*
By Roger Fry. *Brentano's*
$3.50 10 x 7½; 56 pp. *New York*

On March 24, 1927, in connection with the exhibition of Flemish art held at Burlington House, Mr. Fry delivered a lecture in which he commented briefly on the leading masters of that school. The present book is the substance of it. There are thirty-one excellent reproductions.

EARLY AMERICAN GLASS.
By Rhea Mansfield Knittle. *The Century Company*
$4 8¼ x 5½; 496 pp. *New York*

This book should prove of value not only to the collector and dealer but to the student of American history as well. Mrs. Knittle begins her story with the building of the first provincial glass furnace at Jamestown, Virginia, and continues through a period of 256 years to the introduction of the Leighton process in 1864. She writes interestingly, and apparently exhaustively; the amount of material she has brought together, the result of her own research, is amazing. There are numerous illustrations, a bibliography, a glossary of glass-house terms, and an index.

L'OEUVRE DU SCULPTEUR O'CONNOR.
By Hélène Desmaroux. *Librairie de France*
10¾ x 8; 120 pp. *Paris*

An enthusiastic appreciation of an American sculptor which is entirely lacking in that touch of condescension so frequent in French criticism of American art. Mlle. Desmaroux does insist, however, upon explaining his genius in terms of his "Celticness." An interesting but rather uncritical piece of work. It contains many excellent reproductions.

APPLES & MADONNAS. *Emotional Expression in Modern Art.*
By C. J. Bulliet. *Pascal Covici*
$3.50 8¼ x 6; 249 pp. *Chicago*

"An apple by Paul Cézanne is of more consequence artistically than the head of a Madonna by Raphael. In the development we know as 'Modernism' . . . it is the emotional power of the artist that counts, not the subject matter. Paul Cézanne . . . is one of the supremely great souls of all time." And so on. Mr. Bulliet for the past three years has been director of the *Art World Magazine* of the Chicago *Evening Post*. His book has an index and is profusely illustrated.

HISTORY

THE GERMAN ELEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.
By Albert Bernhardt Faust.
The Steuben Society of America
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 730 pp. *New York*

The present edition of this monumental work is a revision of three previous issues, published in two volumes in 1909, 1911 and 1912. The first part, con-

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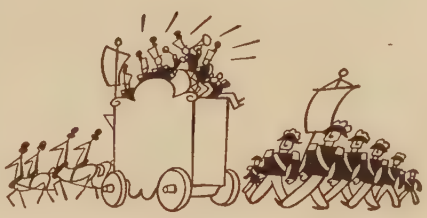

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

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tained formerly in Volume I, tells the story of the German settlers before the Revolution, carries the narrative through the Nineteenth Century, and sums up the activities of German-Americans in peace and war, and their coöperation in building the nation. The second part, formerly Volume II, discusses the part played by Germans in American agriculture and manufactures, the political influence of the German element, its influence in education, music and the fine arts, and finally, its social and moral influence. In his preface Dr. Faust states that he has made no attempt to carry the history past 1917—a year which closes a definite period in the history of the Germans in the United States—for the ten years of war and reconstruction following are too near to admit of unbiased treatment. A thorough and excellent volume. It contains many illustrations and maps, indices and appendices, exhaustive bibliographies, and notes.

THE ETRUSCANS.
By David Randall-MacIver. *The Oxford University Press*
$2 7¼ x 4¾; 152 pp. *New York*

"It is plain," says Dr. Randall-MacIver, "that the Etruscans were once the most important people in all Italy, and that they did more than any others to mould its civilization. The Romans themselves owed much of their political, social and military organization to them." His account of them includes a discussion of their origins, art, social life, language and religion, in brief, their whole civilization, and is fascinating reading. "The Etruscans failed as empire-builders," he concludes. "Etruria . . . was at no time so much a nation as an aggregate of brilliant units; a series of beacons of art and beauty lit upon every hill-top in Tuscany. Those beacons were never extinguished. . . . Sparks from the still glimmering fires were fanned into new flame centuries later by the Renaissance." The book contains many illustrations and an index.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

MR. JUSTICE HOLMES AND THE CONSTITUTION.
By Felix Frankfurter. *The Dunster House Bookshop*
75 cents 10¼ x 6½; 53 pp. *Cambridge, Mass.*

In this short but excellent essay (it is No. 4 of the Dunster House Papers) Professor Frankfurter expounds Mr. Justice Holmes' constitutional theory, clearly and with illuminating documentation. In outline, that theory is simple enough. A constitution is a skeleton, not an unyielding carapace. It may guide the growth of law, but it may not hinder it. "Government means experimentation." The people must be kept free to work out their problems by the method of trial and error, and it is not the function of the courts to pronounce judgment upon the wisdom of their policies. Such notions are not common among lawyers, and so Dr. Holmes has seldom swayed the Supreme Court of the United States. But his influence as a minority leader has been immense, and he will probably be remembered as one of the very ablest jurists who ever sat on the American bench. Prof. Frankfurter's discussion of his ideas is well-informed, judicious and extremely interesting.

CONSTRUCTIVE CITIZENSHIP.
By L. P. Jacks. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 300 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

"Constructive citizenship," says Mr. Jacks in his summing up, "is the citizenship that creates. . . . It looks round on social life and picks out the most promising elements, leaving the unpromising ones aside for the time being. . . . Constructive citizenship has no panacea for the ills of society: it has no summary for mending the world. It does not ask for the rapid and simultaneous conversion of the world to any social theory; . . . it has little use for oratory as a means of reforming the world, but much use for skill, science, high character, and silent heroism. . . . The philosophy of it may be summed into this: Let us make the best of things as they are." Mr. Jacks has nothing new to say, and what he says could be compressed into a fourth of his space.

AN UPHILL ROAD.
By M. L. Christlieb. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$2 7⅝ x 5; 253 pp. *Boston*

Miss Christlieb has spent twenty years in India as a missionary, and during the greater part of that time has written at length to an English friend concerning her experiences. The present charming book is made up of excerpts from these letters, and presents a vivid picture of the miserable life led by the submerged classes of that unhappy country.

AMERIKA UND DER AMERIKANISMUS.
By Adolf Halfeld. *Eugen Diederichs*
M. 7.50 9⅜ x 6; 244 pp. *Jena*

Germany has been flooded of late with books describing the United States in enthusiastic terms, and urging the Germans to become Americanized. In this volume the author, who is the New York correspondent of the Hamburg *Fremdenblatt* and the Munich *Neuste Nachrichten* and has lived in America for many years, endeavors to present the other side of the picture. What he sees chiefly is the appalling standard-

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"She had never realized any love save love as a passion. Such love, though it expends itself in generosity and thoughtfulness, though it gives birth to visions and to great poetry remains among the sharpest expressions of self-interest. Many who have spent a life in it can tell us less of love than the child that lost a dog yesterday."

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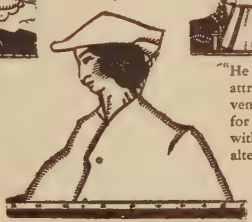

ESTEBAN

"He discovered that secret from which one never recovered, that even in the most perfect love one person loves less profoundly than the other."

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"He possessed the six attributes of the adventurer, a memory for names and faces, with the aptitude for altering his own; the gift of tongues; inexhaustible inventions; secrecy; the talent for falling into conversation with strangers and that freedom from conscience that springs from a contempt for the dozing rich he preyed upon."

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Continued from page xx

ization and mechanicalization of American life. He depicts a civilization in which all of the finer values have been subordinated to mob notions of the Good Life. If Europe ever becomes Americanized, he argues, it will be ruined. This thesis he maintains with a heavy documentation, and to impressive effect. The book is obviously earnest and honest, and it would probably get a good deal of attention in an English translation.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY: *A History.*
By William Starr Myers. *The Century Company*
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 487 pp. *New York*

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY: *A History.*
By Frank R. Kent. *The Century Company*
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 568 pp. *New York*

Dr. Myers is professor of politics at Princeton and Mr. Kent is the political correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*. Neither book reveals much new study of the sources, but both are useful compilations. Mr. Kent's volume is considerably more sensible and judicious than Dr. Myers'. He sets forth his facts with an attempt at impartiality, though when he comes to the recent achievements of the Democratic party in opposition, and especially its exposures of Republican corruption, he permits himself a certain discreet enthusiasm. Dr. Myers is far more partisan, and hence less convincing. He speaks with admiration of the Republican campaign of 1920, and even goes to the length of praising Elder Will H. Hays. His account of the events of 1916 and 1917 is couched in the terms of the Rooseveltian blather of the period. He eulogizes Coolidge in a lavish manner, and hints that Harding died virtually of a broken heart. Both books have adequate indices. Mr. Kent's, in addition, presents some useful records of names and dates in an appendix.

THE STORY OF THE FILMS.
Edited by Joseph P. Kennedy. *The A. W. Shaw Company*
$5 9¼ x 6; 377 pp. *Chicago*

In the Spring of 1927, at the invitation of the celebrated Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, fourteen master-minds of the movie industry made a pilgrimage to Cambridge, and disclosed to the future Morgans and Garys there assembled the mysteries of their art. Among them were the Hon. Adolph Zukor, the Hon. Jesse L. Lasky, the Hon. Cecil B. deMille, the Hon. Sam Katz, the Hon. Marcus Loew, the Hon. William Fox, the Hon. Harry M. Warner, and last, but by no means least, Elder William H. Hays. The lectures of these gentlemen are included in this book. That by Elder Hays, who is head of the moral forces of the industry, merits special consideration. The movie people, he says, have "a very genuine desire . . . to aid in developing their [the people's] taste and appreciation for the finest drama, music and literature," but like all "well-wishers for better things," they are not unmindful of "certain standards of common decency that apply to all ages, and they shall be established and maintained." As for the accomplishments of the motion picture, "it has carried the silent call for honesty, ambition, patriotism, hope, love of country and of home [to all]; . . . it has clothed the empty existence of far-off hamlets with joy; it has lifted listless laboring folk till they have walked the peaks of romance and adventure as if they were the pavements of their own main streets, with laughing lips and healthy hearts; it has been the benefactor of uncounted millions."

THE GREAT AMERICAN BAND-WAGON. *A Study of Exaggerations.*
By Charles Merz. *The John Day Company*
$3 8 x 5¼; 263 pp. *New York*

It is Mr. Merz's thesis that this country has seen the most complete standardization of tastes and effects ever known in the history of the world. We even standardize our heroes: "Through the whole mythology of our hero worship," he says, "runs this note of emphasis on their humanity. They are great people. They perform great deeds. But, like ourselves, they are flesh and blood." With a keen, reportorial eye he surveys, chapter by chapter, filling-stations and motor traffic; lodges; radio; the soda-fountain craze; bigger and better murders; golf; the colleges; suburban developments; beauty contests; the Summer emigration to Europe; the movies; the attack on New York, and young America. And though he is often eloquent, it is only when he discusses the drug-store as "The New American Bar" that he grows indignant: "This is no place to serve food. No one conjuring up even a partway ideal state of human affairs would serve food in a background of hot-water bottles. It is served here, not because it belongs here, but because it is the pale survival, . . . in a post-Prohibition era, of the old free lunch." An amusing book. The chapter on "Bigger and Better Murders" is satirical writing of the first order.

THE SCIENCES

UNDERSTANDING HUMAN NATURE.
By Alfred Adler. *Greenburg*
$3.50 8⅛ x 5¼; 286 pp. *New York*

"We have attempted to show in this book," con-

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Best Sellers During April

1. A SON OF MOTHER INDIA ANSWERS, *by Dhan Gopal Mukerji.* 19th Ed. (Gen.) $1.50
2. REEDS AND MUD, *by V. Blasco-Ibanez.* 15th Ed. (Fict.) $2.50
3. IRON AND SMOKE, *by Sheila Kaye-Smith.* 18th Ed. (Fict.) $2.50
4. HAPPINESS, *by William Lyon Phelps.* 11th Ed. (Gen.) $1.00
5. NOW WE ARE SIX, *by A. A. Milne.* 74th Ed. (Juv.) $2.00
6. THE DREADFUL NIGHT, *by Ben Ames Williams.* 9th Ed. (Detect.) $2.00
7. MUSSOLINI, MAN OF DESTINY, *by Vittorio de Fiori.* 5th Ed. (Biog.) $3.00
8. CLOWNING THROUGH LIFE, *by Eddie Foy.* 5th Ed. (Autobiog.) $3.00
9. ADVENTURES IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY, *by A. L. P. Dennis.* 4th Ed. (Gen.) $5.00
10. THE RIVER BETWEEN, *by Louis Forgione.* 3rd Ed. (Fict.) $2.50

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cludes Dr. Adler, "that the soul arises from a hereditary substance which functions both physically and psychically. Its development is entirely conditioned by social influences. . . . We have shown how the exaggerated development of ambition and vanity prevent the orderly development of the individual. The development of the social feeling is thus either stunted or made quite impossible. This law of psychic development seems to us irrefutable." A ponderous, repetitious book, in bad translation. It lacks both a bibliography and an index.

THE UNCONSCIOUS. *A Symposium.*
Edited by Ethel S. Dummer. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 260 pp. *New York*

This series of papers by Dr. John B. Watson, Prof. Edward Sapir, Prof. W. I. Thomas, Dr. William A. White, Prof. C. M. Child, Dr. K. Koffka, Dr. John E. Anderson, Dr. Marion E. Kenworthy and Dr. F. L. Wells presents the points of view of biology, psychology, psychiatry, sociology and anthropology on the highly debatable subject of the unconscious. A convenient text for the scientific student of psychology, but scarcely intelligible to the lay reader. Mrs. Dummer has contributed an introduction interpreting the symposium and its meaning for the mental hygiene movement.

THE STORY OF MYTHS.
By E. E. Kellett. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2.75 7¼ x 4¾; 275 pp. *New York*

Mr. Kellett lists eight psychological elements in the growth of myths: (1) ignorance; (2) the desire not to confess ignorance; (3) fear; (4) wonder; (5) analogy; (6) the association of ideas; (7) courage; (8) the story-telling impulse. His theories and explanations are exceedingly well presented, but the examples he has chosen, largely from Greek and Teutonic mythology, form by far the most interesting part of the book. It has an index, and though a formal bibliography is lacking, a statement and definition of sources is to be found in the initial chapter on the history of folk-lore.

FOLK-LORE

THE AFRICAN SAGA.
By Blaise Cendrars. *Payson & Clarke*
$5 8½ x 6; 378 pp. *New York*

It would be difficult to over-state the charm of this interesting book. It includes stories of the supernatural—cosmic legends, animal, human and vegetable jinns; charms; historical legends; wonder tales; anecdotes, adventures and romantic tales; moral

Continued on page xxvi

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tales; love stories; humorous tales; fables and proverbs that assuredly may be judged by the criteria of pure letters. In this excellent translation by Margery Bianco, nothing is lost: the spirit of Cendrars' book and the spirit of the folk-sources of his selections are faithfully preserved. Many of the stories are enchantingly simple, but a great many more are shrewd and full of a rich humor. Arthur B. Spingarn has contributed an introduction; there are a bibliography and many charming decorations.

CONGAREE SKETCHES.
By E. C. L. Adams.

The University of North Carolina Press
$2. 8 x 5¼; 116 pp. *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

These sketches of Negro life in the Congaree swamps of South Carolina are written in the Negro dialect of the region, and present every phase of Negro psychology. Dr. Adams lets the Negro speak for himself, and for all his humor, with a pathos that is deeply moving. Although the sketches are varied in their subjects, nearly all of them illustrate that philosophy of fatalism which is the most natural expression of Negro nature. The most representative are: "Judge Fool-Bird," "Jonas," "White Folks is White Folks," and "De Law Got Simon." "The Hopkins Nigger" is a small masterpiece.

LITERATURE

PROBLEMS IN SHAKSPEARE'S PENMANSHIP.
By Samuel A. Tannenbaum. *The Century Company*
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 241 pp. *New York*

An exhaustive study of the six unquestioned signatures of Shakspeare, the one disputed signature, and the three MS. pages in the play of "Sir Thomas Moore." Dr. Tannenbaum decides against the authenticity of the last-named. His work is for the specialist, and will probably try the general reader beyond endurance. It is published at the cost of the Revolving Publication Fund of the Modern Language Association.

THE JOURNAL OF KENKŌ.
By Herbert H. Gowen. *The University of Washington*
65 cents 7¼ x 5; 38 pp. *Seattle*

Yoshida no Kaneyoshi (known in Chinese as Kenkō) was a Japanese wise man who lived in the Fourteenth Century of this era. He came from the nobility, and in his younger days led quite a gay life, but toward middle age became a hermit and spent the rest of his days in preaching to the populace and in jotting down stray observations, several of which are included in this brief essay on him.

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Important New Publications

THE STREAM OF HISTORY — by Geoffrey Parsons

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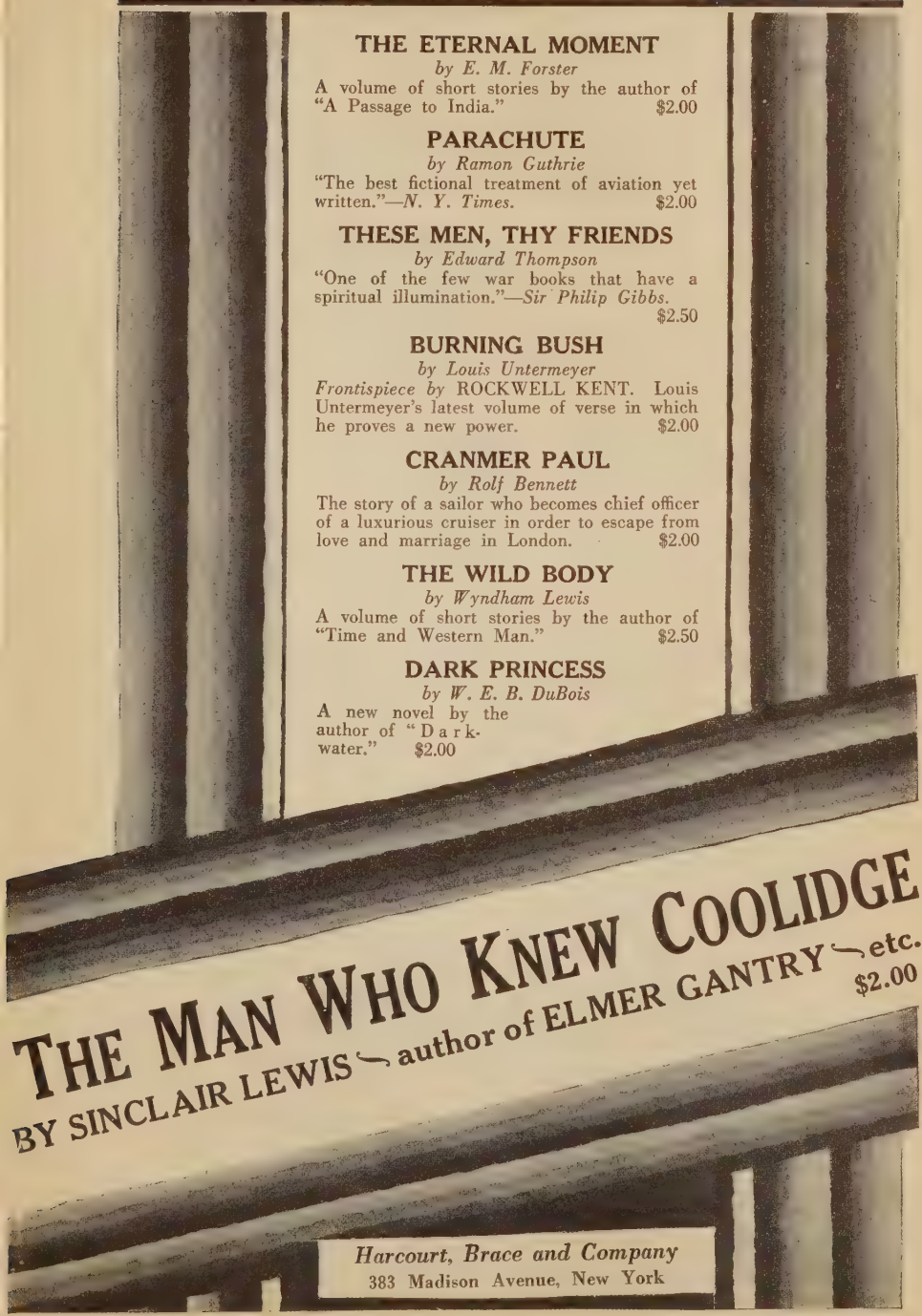
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BY RALPH COGHLAN

If Saul, King of Israel, was the first lunatic of whom there is record, then David was the first psychiatrist. At times, the King was depressed, suspicious and even suffered from mutism; again he was given to violent spells of excitement. In such a mood he would prophesy (that is, he would succumb to the state known to psychiatrists as ecstatic logorrhea), or become violently angry, or go berserk. This madness, it appeared, was visited upon him because he had failed to carry out a command from Jahveh, that every living thing in a neighboring tribe should be slain. Saul's butchery had been incomplete; therefore "the spirit of the Lord departed from Saul and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him."

David, at that time a rising young man (he had just hung his haymaker on Goliath), was known as "a cunning player on an harp." It was suggested that music might soothe the King in his lunatic moments, and David went to the palace to try his répertoire. The treatment worked the first time, but on two subsequent occasions (I Samuel, xviii and xvix) Saul hurled his javelin with great force at the toiling harpist. David narrowly escaped transfixion, and it is not written that he practiced psychiatry any more.

Have the intervening centuries developed a really superior treatment for lunacy? Probably not. Music, as a matter of fact, is still a standard item in mental therapy, though its effectiveness remains as dubious as it was in the days of old Israel. For all the light that modern psychiatry sheds on the case of poor Saul, David's technique was as good as any that has been developed since. Furthermore, modern psychiatry could add little to the description of Saul's symptoms set down in the Book of Samuel. It could not even offer conclusive refutation of the notion that his madness was caused by an evil spirit sent from the Lord. That is, it could not explain what lunacy is, or why. Perhaps it was just as well for Saul that he did not have the benefit of really expert medical attention. His royal comrade-in-distress, George III of England, was confined to quarters when a spell came upon him, and beaten by his attendants. The best we could do for Saul in 1928 would be to give his lunacy a high-sounding name (manic-depressive psychosis perhaps), and send him to a sanitorium.

The Greeks, it is true, under the inspiration of the astonishing Hippocrates, did some remarkable work in the field of mental disorders—work of such soundness and vitality that it may be said to form the basis of modern psychiatry. Hippocrates himself was the first human being with wit enough to deny that the *mal sacré* (epilepsy)

was, in fact, really sacred. The grand old man looked upon lunacy with the same lack of superstition with which he regarded a flock of measles, and took no stock in the current Greek theory that a man off his head had been singled out for divine wrath or divine favor—that is, that he was either a sinner or a prophet. I think it will be agreed that Hippocrates' insistence that mental disorders belong to the field of medicine and not to theology or necromancy was the most important single event in the history of psychiatry. But later on there was a reversion of psychiatry to theology and necromancy and until very recent times it remained there.

Hippocrates may have borrowed his notion from the Pythagoreans, who are said to have been inclined to regard insanity as a mere deviation from the normal, to be treated with music, discourse, good food, exercise and other such things. Nevertheless, he gave the idea professional authority for the time being, and it was amplified by his successors up to the time of Galen. From them we have the words mania and melancholia; moreover, they noted that the two were sometimes united in the same person, as they apparently had been in Saul. I quote from Clarence B. Farrar's "Origins of Psychiatry":

> A form of insanity which is very popular just now, the maniaco-depressive psychosis, we are inclined to look upon as peculiarly the property of our own century. It represents the fusion of the ancient types, mania and melancholia, as set forth by Falret, Baillarger and Kraepelin. And yet the possibility of this intimate relationship between two morbid states, on the surface so opposite, was clearly suggested by Aretaeus of Cappadocia, who lived toward the close of the Hippocratic epoch.

Aretaeus also described minutely a mental condition existing in patients of that time which, by no unreasonable stretch of the imagination, may be recognized as what we now know as dementia praecox. Thus, as Farrar says, the two most conspicuous mental disease concepts in current classifications are the offspring of the First Century, not the Nineteenth. Farrar has thus undertaken to summarize the extent of our debt to antiquity:

> In the causation of insanity, practically all the factors which are discussed in current textbooks were set down by the writers of antiquity. Physical and mental causes were distinguished and the effects of moral shock and of organic disease of the brain and remote organs were recognized, likewise the modifying influence of climate and season, of age and critical time of life.

But that isn't all. The Greeks also recognized

> the predilection of certain psychoses for the period of adolescence. . . . The results of alcoholic excesses and the prolonged use of other drugs, of excessive indulgence or repression of the appetites, of protracted watching and fatigue, of exposure to extremes of temperature, of injuries to the head, of disappointment in love, of the subjection of the mind to fear and superstition, of the sustained tension of sinew and nerve in the race for fame and fortune—all these things found places in the etiology of insanity as set forth by the Grecian school.

II

I wish to temper the emphasis on the Greeks, however, by pointing out that their practice of the psychiatric art was full of vagaries, fantastical theories and a great deal of nonsense. The same Aretaeus to whom I have been paying homage invented the idea that hysteria was caused by the wandering of the womb. He described this organ as a kind of visceral jumping-jack, whose jerkings to one side and the other, and up and down, caused a choking sensation that ended by sending the husbands of the afflicted rushing out to the agora. And, of course, all the Greeks believed in the old humoral pathology, which taught that the body was composed of four elements corresponding to earth, air, water and fire, and that these were represented in the body by yellow bile, black bile, blood and mucus. Hippocrates himself thought that madness was caused by a lack of balance of the four humors.

But, what did the Greeks do to treat it? I set down the measures they used, and I place opposite them their modern names. These modern names, it need hardly be said, represent practically the entire toolkit of the practitioner of today:

Baths and mineral waters	Hydrotherapy
Exposure to sunlight	Heliotherapy
Massage	Physiotherapy
Modification of diet	Dietotherapy
Rest in bed	The Weir Mitchell rest-cure
Isolation, Music, Diversion	Psychotherapy
Exercise	Medical gymnastics
Work	Occupational therapy

Such substitutions as occupational therapy for plain work suggest that a notable part of the difference between ancient and modern psychiatry is in the mere nomenclature. Madhouses became asylums, and now asylums have given way to hospitals and sanitaria. There are no more madmen, maniacs, lunatics, bedlamites, or nuts. Mentally disordered persons are just sick. A whole new lexicon has been created to designate insanity and its manifestations, and if many of the new terms are simply euphemistic or even quite inaccurate, it can only be said that every profession, every guild, must have its passwords.

I would not, however, quarrel about this. It is obvious that our insane hospitals (though they are actually not hospitals) are different from the madhouses of medieval times, or even of the last century. They have more air and light, and better plumbing; there are fewer chains, bars and fetters; cruelty is no longer part of the published schedule, but is practiced only furtively, to keep it out of the newspapers.

But nomenclature, however elegant, and humanitarianism, however to be desired, do not constitute progress in the scientific sense. The fact that we say our insane are only sick and that we do not fling them from the Tarpeian rock, as the Romans did, does not mean we know any more about madness.

After Galen, last of the Hippocratic school, the infant science of psychiatry was again appropriated by the theologians. To go cuckoo in pre-Christian times was often a lucky break. The yokels of the time paid homage to their madmen as to men divinely visited. But pity the poor nut of the Middle Ages! Heinroth, himself a practitioner with leanings toward demonology, put it generously when he said that from Hippocrates to Eighteenth Century Boerhaave, the gall was the only recognized cause of insanity, melancholia and mania the only recognized effects, and evacuation of the noxious matter the only recognized method of cure.

As a matter of fact, the Devil was really the recognized cause, and exorcism was the standard cure. If a demented lady were deemed to be a witch, there was invoked against her the Biblical injunction, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Thus those who were not burned at the stake or stretched on the rack or hung up by their thumbs were handed over to the church to be dispossessed of their demons. Records of thousands of exorcisms are extant, showing how, after violent assault upon the patient, devils in the forms of bats, crows, snakes and other sinister fauna were seen to issue from him. And so he was cured.

It need hardly be said that the treatment of madness during medieval times was a highly prosperous business. All the forms of lunacy thrived in that era of superstition and magic. It even produced types peculiar to itself, such as lycanthropy, in which men transformed themselves into werewolves. The werewolf was a mythical animal which robbed graves of their dead and devoured little children. The lycanthropes crept from their homes at night and prowled on all fours around cemeteries until dawn. The Middle Ages were times, too, of epidemics of hysteria, of which the Crusades were a salient example.

III

When did the modern era of psychiatry begin? An attempt was made by Plater as early as the Sixteenth Century to classify mental diseases. His classification, however, gained little acceptance. About 1800, the great humanitarian movement in behalf of the insane spread over Europe. It was fostered by Tuke in England, Pinel in

France, and Chiarugi in Italy. About the same time Cullen, an Englishman, made his famous classification of mental diseases, which has been the keystone of all subsequent ones. Cullen was deeply indebted to Aretaeus and the Hippocratic school. The humanitarian movement was inspired by the discovery that restraint in dungeons and punishment only accentuated madness, and that lunatics could be calmed down greatly—and thus made easier to handle—when treated gently.

Actually, however, scientific psychiatry did not and could not begin until madness was completely divorced from superstition. I think it fair to say that that has taken place only within the last hundred years, and is not complete even yet. Heinroth had great influence until his death in 1843, and he was a typical medieval billygoat. From his professorial chair at Leipzig, he gravely held that the cause of madness was sin, and the means of cure repentance and a return of faith. Said he:

> Whatever one may say, there is no mental disease except where there is complete defection from God. Where God is, there is strength, light, love and life; Satan is weakness, darkness, hatred and destruction everywhere. An evil spirit, therefore, abides in the mentally deranged. They are the truly possessed.

One may say, therefore, that modern psychiatry dates from 1850. And it is almost true to add that, setting aside such purely and obviously physical disorders as paresis, the problem of insanity is just as mysterious and just as insoluble today as it was in 1850. Let us go to the authorities.

The most conspicuous figure in modern psychiatry from 1896 until his recent death was the German, Emil Kraepelin. His contribution was a classification of mental diseases which for years was accepted universally. That this acceptance was proof of its extraordinary soundness is plain to everyone who surveys the field. But did Kraepelin, after examining his thousands of patients and devoting a lifetime of laborious and brilliant study to mental disorders, really unravel the mystery? Let us see. The major form of insanity is dementia praecox, and to its solution Kraepelin principally addressed himself. It is found in every land and in every race, so far as is known, and I single it out as representative of all the severer insanities. What is said of it is generally true of the other forms. Hear Kraepelin's final judgment:

> The causes of dementia praecox are at the present time *wrapped in impenetrable darkness.*

Obviously, therefore, Kraepelin developed no cure. But did he have any suggestions to make regarding amelioration? In his book, "Dementia Praecox," a fascinating and bizarre document, he advised rest in bed, baths, moist warm packs, evacuants, occupation, and leucocyte-production (building up the body physically). In other words, the most outstanding psychiatrist of modern times had nothing to add to the therapy of the ancient Greeks!

In 1928, however, Kraepelin is already considered outmoded. In the last few years, psychiatry has veered sharply from pathological and physiological inquiries into the vast and uncharted realm of the psychic. Even Kraepelin's term, dementia praecox, has been replaced by what is deemed a more descriptive one, schizophrenia, or splitting of the mind. Has the excursion into the psychic advanced the quest? If it has, then Ernest Jones, who pontificates in London as the authorized disciple of Dr. Freud, should surely know about it. In a recent article discussing the application of psychoanalysis of dementia praecox, Jones renders the following verdict:

> Little can be done in this disease except in its earliest stages.

If this statement is a bit less skeptical than Kraepelin's, it should be borne in mind that it is the phrase of an enthusiast in a field which has not yet been thoroughly explored. He adds:

> Hypnotism may be beneficially used in some cases for such purposes as the induction of sleep, the influencing of the taking of food, and so on.

> Much work has also been done in this field by means of the psycho-analytic method, and, thanks to the investigations of Jung and his pupils, considerable light has been thrown upon the psychogenesis of the condition.

But Jones straightway admits that

> the effect of the analysis may occasionally be *to worsen the patient's condition*, particularly when applied in unskilled hands without due precaution, but it must be remembered that the malady is a desperate one, where it is therefore justifiable *to run a certain amount of risk.*

Freud himself, it may be said as a footnote to Jones, makes no claim whatever as to the efficacy of psychoanalysis in dementia praecox. In this country, adventurous spirits who have experimented with it appear to be retreating from the field.

IV

What of others who have approached the problem?

There have been innumerable theories. One eminent American practitioner conceived the notion some years ago that insanity was caused by focal infections in various parts of the body. He was a man of great zeal and industry, and I forget how many patients were deprived of their teeth, tonsils, sinuses, appendixes, and large sections of intestines before he gave up. Kretschmer, a German, made extensive studies to determine whether or not insanity bore any relation to physical structure. He demonstrated that in a general way victims of dementia praecox are long and lean, and manic-depressive patients short and broad. The meaning, if any, of this work remains to be developed. Lewis, an American, found that the hearts and arterial systems of insane persons are in many cases quite small, and suggested the fact as a clue. It remains only a clue. Southard, a talented investigator, working on the brain with naked eye and finger tips (microscopic examination having proved a fruitless pursuit), thought he found variations in its structure peculiar to mentally disordered persons. But Southard's work has not been advanced. Kraepelin, taking note of the work of other experimenters, observed dryly:

> As we do not know the actual causes of dementia praecox, we shall not be able at present to consider how to combat it. Lomer has, it is true, proposed as a heroic prophylactic measure bilateral castration as early as possible, but scarcely anyone will be found who would have the courage to follow him. . . . Bruce . . . tried without success the immunization of a patient by sensitized goat serum. In another case, beginning acutely, he used dead bouillon cultures with favorable effect, according to his report. In the meantime, we shall regard this attempt also with expectancy. The same may be said of the partial excision of the thyroid gland which was carried out by Berkeley in ten cases and is said to have resulted in improvement or recovery in six. . . . This procedure has been several times repeated by others, almost always without result.

Enough has been said, I hope, to indicate that research into the cause of mental disease, up to the present time, has been in vain. For all we really know of insanity today, the old belief that a man insane is a man possessed of devils is just as plausible as any theory which has been offered since. The whole tribe of psychiatrists seem to be in vast confusion. All of the many theories that have been advanced have either been exploded, or their pursuit has been abandoned. Fads succeed one another nowadays in kaleidoscopic patterns and the gentlemen of the profession, torn by their conflicting views, can find no converging point. The titles of papers in the *Index Medicus* for the last twenty years show that no consistent, continuing research is being conducted anywhere in the world. In an era of organized study in all other departments of medicine, supported and encouraged by large philanthropy, psychiatry is truly poor little Cinderella. Though mental disease is one of the greatest scourges of mankind, no one leaves any money for its study, the medical schools neglect it, and the effort to cure it is confined to a relatively small number of men who seemingly have not the time, the money or the inclination to go deeply into it. The ordinary physician knows practically nothing about it, and a good many so-called psychiatrists are simply political doctors who happen to

have got themselves appointed to the superintendencies of public insane hospitals.

I know of no better way to illustrate this confusion in psychiatry than to refer to the familiar antics of its practitioners in criminal trials. It is a truism to say that it is possible to find an expert to contradict and, indeed, refute the testimony of any other expert as to the mental state of any given defendant. In almost any criminal trial where the insanity plea is made, this is what happens, reduced to the exactitude of a mathematical formula:

> All the psychiatrists hired by the defense solemnly swear that the defendant is insane.
>
> All the psychiatrists employed by the State swear with equal solemnity that the defendant is sane.

Is there any other scientific field in which conclusions drawn from the same sets of facts are so ludicrously antagonistic?

V

The most notable exhibition of the muddled state of psychiatric science in recent years, of course, was provided by the Loeb-Leopold case in Chicago. I single this out particularly because the experts gathered by the defense were among the most distinguished figures in American psychiatry. They included Dr. William A. White, superintendent of St. Elizabeth's, a government institution in Washington; Dr. William Healy of Boston, and Dr. Bernard Glueck of New York. All of them were men of the highest dignity and reputation. But was there anything in their testimony to show that they actually knew anything whatever about the mental disorders they so blithely discussed?

For stipends of $250 each a day, these men undertook to prove that the murderers of the little Franks boy were so mentally disordered that they were not responsible, or were only partially responsible, for their criminal acts. Leopold and Loeb had pleaded guilty and thrown themselves upon the mercy of the court, and the psychiatric testimony was offered in mitigation of the offense. No contention of downright insanity was made by the defense because this would have opened the way for a jury trial, the last thing in the world the defense wanted. It was, therefore, imperative for the psychiatrists to show that the boys were something less than insane. The word "insanity" was avoided as sedulously as the word "Nicaragua" at a Pan-American conference. An ironic cast was thrown over the whole proceeding by the chief defense attorney Clarence Darrow, in his book, "Crime: Its Cause and Treatment." Therein he had said:

> As a rule, the lawyer has little respect for expert opinion. He has so often seen and heard all sorts of experts testify for the side that employs them, and give such excellent reasons for their positive and contradictory opinions, that he is bound to regard them with doubt. In fact, while lawyers admire and respect many men who are expert witnesses and while many such men are men of worth, still they know that the expert is like a lawyer; he takes the case of the side that employs him, and does the best he can. . . . Of course, scientific men do not need to be told that the receipt or expectation of a fee is not conducive to arriving at scientific results.

For many days the defense psychiatrists held the floor at Chicago, and then what remained of their testimony after cross-examination was bluntly contradicted by the experts for the prosecution. Once Dr. Healy, to the intense amusement of the spectators, even turned upon his fellow defense witness, Dr. White. Healy was testifying along a certain line when State's Attorney Crowe interrupted him to read what was evidently a contradictory passage from a book written by White. Happening to notice that White's book was written some years before, Healy said anything written fifteen years ago on the subject of psychiatry was subject to correction.

"All right. How would you correct this?" asked Crowe, reading from the volume.

"By striking it all out," was the snappy retort.

Dr. White's testimony consumed three

court days. He undertook to trace the psychic lives of Dickie (Loeb) and Babe (Leopold), as he termed them, from the cradle upward. He presented as palliative evidence the fact that Babe had been nicknamed "the Flea" and other diminutives by his playmates, which offended and hurt him. "All that," said the doctor, "had an influence on his subsequent mental development." Painfully and elaborately, he built up a theory that the Franks murder was the result of phantasies which Dickie had indulged in since childhood, only to hear this from Dr. Hugh F. Patrick for the State:

> This thing of having phantasies for thirty minutes before going to sleep is not a pathological condition at all. Night before last *I* had a phantasy.

I give another sample of Dr. White's testimony. Asked to sum up his findings on Loeb, he said:

> They were several, one of the most important of which was the progressive growth of his antisocial tendencies. This was manifested in his lying, his drinking and other facts showing his rebellion against social standards. Another finding was as to his phantasy life. . . . He has lost the capacity to differentiate between the true and the false, between the phantasy life which has assumed such abnormal proportions and his real life.

But couldn't the same be said with equal force and validity in defense of any yeggman, burglar, corporation executive, pawnbroker or husband-killer now in or out of durance vile? Indeed, if rebellion against social standards is not the impulse of every normal boy, then this grand old Republic is tottering.

Such exchanges as this happened on cross-examination:

> CROWE: Did Loeb know it was wrong to kill Robert Franks?
> WHITE: He knew it was against the law.
> CROWE: Did he know it was morally wrong?
> WHITE: He could not distinguish exactly.

Did the medieval theologians ever split finer hairs?

Drs. Hulburt and Bowman, other defense experts, introduced the subject of glandular disorders. "Leopold," said Hulburt, "was fit mentally to fall in with Loeb's plan to commit the perfect crime because of the mental state to which he had been reduced through physical deficiencies, failure of certain glands to function normally, and a strange king-slave phantasy which had persisted since childhood." Crowe asked Hulburt for information as to the function of the pineal gland, and, on being told that it regulated the balance of the endocrine glands, asked if it were not true that medical men as a group knew practically nothing of the function of the pineal gland; moreover, was it not true that there was some doubt about it being a gland at all? The expert answered in the affirmative!

Drs. Hulburt and Bowman had made a joint report in which they had discovered some dreadful things about Dickie and Babe. Dickie, for example, showed his criminal leanings as a boy by stealing cookies from the kitchen! Hulburt on the stand thus unmasked Leopold: "He [Leopold] had a child-like, uncritical adoration of his mother." At which Crowe snapped: "Do you regard it as childish for a boy to have an uncritical love for his mother?"

All the defense experts found that the boys were suffering from some mental illness or disorder, caused by a multitude of things. All the prosecution experts found them mentally normal. Dr. Patrick saw nothing unusual in Loeb's periods of depression, declared building castles in Spain was a highly normal procedure, and commented grimly that Leopold's feelings of athletic inferiority showed that he had sized himself up with good judgment. Dr. Woodyatt, who had made a study of the endocrine glands, found nothing in the Hulburt-Bowman report on the youths "incompatible with health." Woodyatt said that little that was concrete and coherent was known about the endocrine glands, adding that the field of endocrinology had been exploited by romantic

writers, charlatans and others who were not to be classified as scientists. Dr. Archibald Church for the State testified:

> I asked Leopold if he did not know what he was doing and he said he did. I asked him if he knew the criminal nature of what he was doing and he said he did. . . . There is nothing in my examination, or written reports I have read, to justify in my opinion the idea of mental disease.

VI

Is it any wonder that the public, witnessing such sights as the battle of these experts, should get the impression that psychiatry has sunk to the level of chiropractic? But curiously enough, far from confessing the obstacles in the way of anything like scientific understanding of that vastly complex thing, the human mind, psychiatry is becoming steadily more blatant in its contentions. Having disposed of the insane by marking them "sick" and chucking them into asylums, its practitioners now pass learned resolutions declaring that there is no such thing as crime. The cry is taken up by lady reformers and such like, and is even being injected into politics. The psychiatrists say that, instead of being tried in courts of law for their crimes, so-called criminals should be turned over to experts for "treatment." But who are the experts? Are we to accept the dynamic psychiatrist of Washington, the habit-dissociationist of Baltimore, the psychoanalyst of New York, or the Kraepelinian of Ann Arbor? Or the eclectic school of Boston, or the peripatetic group of the Mental Hygiene Society?

Of 692 convicts examined for mental abnormality recently at the Illinois State Penitentiary, 495 were classed as possessing "psychopathic personality." This was also the label attached to the eminent George Remus in Cincinnati after a jury had found him insane. But what is psychopathic personality? There are various definitions. In their text-books of psychiatry, Henderson and Gillespie, calling it "constitutional psychopathic inferiority," say:

> Under this heading we include persons who have been from childhood to early youth habitually abnormal in their emotional reaction and in their general behaviour, but who do not reach, except perhaps episodically, a degree of abnormality amounting to certifiable insanity, and who show no demonstrable intellectual defect.

All of us have good friends, including stockbrokers, bootleggers, parsons and (certainly!) newspaper men, whom this description fits perfectly. Far more drastic diagnoses are being made every day of some of our most notable public men. And suppose we admit the existence of a definite abnormality called "psychopathic personality," is there any cure or effective treatment for it? There is none.

As a further example of the current mumbo-jumbo I quote some passages from the revised report and recommendations of the Committee on Legal Aspects of Psychiatry, adopted June 2, 1927, by the American Psychiatric Association. The opening paragraph resolves

> that the psychiatrist's chief concern is with the understanding and evaluating of the social and individual factors entering into failures in human life adaptations.

This, obviously, is a large and rather indefinite order. It takes in, apparently, every problem of human behavior, about many of which psychiatrists haven't an inkling of knowledge. But to go on:

> That this study includes a consideration of the hereditary, physical, chemical, biological, social and psychological factors entering into the personality concerned throughout his life as well as (merely) [*sic*] in the specific criminal situation.

A grand ideal, truly! How long would it take to make such a study of just one single criminal? A score of psychiatrists, working day and night for six months, at time-and-a-half for overtime, could not be sure that they had charted one case exactly!

The report goes on:

> That these studies can be made effectively only by those properly qualified, *i.e.*, scientists who have made it their life interest and study to understand and treat behavior disorders.

Aside from the arrogance of this state-

ment, it may be asked again: Who are the "properly qualified" experts? Which of the various schools of psychiatry in this country or in Europe should be called upon to make the studies? And if the Kraepelinian comes to different conclusions from the Dynamic Psychiatrist, which shall prevail?

As "practical" considerations, the report recommends that disposition and treatment of the criminal, including punishment, should be based upon "a study of the individual"; that no maximum term be set to any sentence; that courts of law eliminate the hypothetical question and the terms "insane," "insanity," and "lunacy"; and the exemption of the psychiatrist from passing upon such concepts as "responsibility," "punishment" and "justice"!

It must be evident by this time that the modern psychiatrist, though he does not suffer from the mutism of King Saul, sometimes suffers from a touch of the old boy's ecstatic logorrhea. These notes are not written with reactionary intent. Quite the contrary. It may be that psychiatry will some day solve the baffling problems the human mind presents to medicine. Speed that day when we shall be able to cure the lunatic and reform the habitual criminal! Some of the most conservative medical men believe that the causes of mental disorders will be discovered eventually, and perhaps that time is near at hand. Although it is never clearly separated from hokum, there has been created a great and growing mass of evidence concerning the nature and therapeutics of mental disorders. In this pile of slag there may be a shiny ore.

What is needed in psychiatry is more research and less ballyhoo, more work in laboratory and clinic and less in courtroom and legislative lobby. The most dreadful thing that could happen to the science of psychiatry as it stands is for society to admit its pretensions and ask it to take over the whole problem of the insane and the criminal. Such an act would strip it of its gauds and baubles and exhibit it as what it is: a very young and still incompetent science, advanced not very far beyond where it was left by Hippocrates.

THE GREAT PAPIST PLOT

BY W. A. S. DOUGLAS

Five men sat around the stove in Buddy Reisenfeld's hotel. A tool-dresser and a well-driller from the Red River field back of Burkburnett, just paid off and both of them more than half-lit; Buddy's clerk, who had been lushing with the oil men but was holding his liquor better because he was at it every day of his life; a film salesman from Dallas, and this new guy that nobody knew.

He was a hard-looking, black-haired bird with his eyes jumping around in his head. Might have been a Jew, a Wop, a Scotchman or a Polak as far as guessing went. He was talking about Broadway to the film-peddler when John Kane's cute little soubrette come in and made a dive for the stove. She was shivering, but nobody got up to give her a chair and they were using all of them. But this stranger seemed to be better raised than the rest.

"Come over here and sit on my knee, Honey, and warm your toesies," he says to her.

"How's the show today?" he asks after she'd sat down on him.

"Lousy," she tells him. "Fourteen hicks in the house and two of them in on Annie Oakleys! That's three bucks—and our end is two of that. Tonight Kane will pick up about four more if he gets a break. That's six bucks among seven people. Jeesis, I'd walk back home to Amarillo if it wasn't for the snow! I got the *chile* D. T.'s right now."

So this bird started telling her what was the matter with the show. John Kane called it "The New York Follies." He had five girls and a comic in the troupe besides himself. Just a Texas tab trying to get along. They'd come into Burkburnett on the bum from Anadarko in an old Ford car, and here they were playing to breakfast money.

The tool-dresser was passing around a bottle of mule and this girl—Bucko, they called her—was taking a man's size swig when Kane and his sweetie, who was a tap dancer and a bum one at that, came in. The new guy was saying that what the show called for was a megaphone ballyhoo.

"And which of the Shuberts are you, Jake or Lee?" asks Kane behind his chair, ugly like.

That didn't phaze this bird.

"Neither one," he says, grinning. "But at that, they're buddies of mine. I got to send in a report to Lee about this territory tonight."

Now, Kane was just a Dallas boy and Lubbock was the biggest town he'd ever played in. This bird was all dressed up and had what looked like a diamond on his finger.

"Well," says Kane, "when you do write him, tell him to send Al Jolson down here on a special. It's a clean-up."

With that he threw the hotel clerk out of his chair and sat down.

The other three girls in the show came in and started bellyaching about food. Kane up and gave them a dollar.

"I'm fifty-fifty with the gang all the time," he hollers. "That's for you three and Joe."

Joe was the comic.

"Two bits apiece!" squawks one of the janes. "*Chile* again! God Almighty, take a look in my ears! There's beans sprouting in them."

"Cut out the cup of coffee and you can make it *chile con carne*. That'll be a change," says the clerk from behind the desk. He put himself down as being a smart guy all the time.

"Hey, you, can that!" yells the driller. "I don't stand for no insulting of women."

But he didn't get up to let the girls any nearer the fire. He swung his chair round instead and looked at the clerk dirty.

"Remember your mother was a lady," he says.

Buddy, the boss of the hotel, came out of his room figuring there might be a fight. He's a little chunky guy known all over Texas. He could have built himself a twelve-story brick hotel with the money he'd thrown away cashing bum checks alone. A Jew at that, but he was shell-shocked in the war.

Seeing a chance to get the girls a good feed, he went over to the driller, who was an old pal of hisn, and told him to take them out and buy a big steak. They weren't bad-looking babies, and the drunk was willing enough. The gang started off down the stairs and Kane dug his sweetie in the ribs. She up and dove after them.

"I'll fix your eats, Sugar," this new guy tells the soubrette who was still on his knee.

"I'll go along with you," says Kane. "I'm just as sick of *chile* as they are because nobody can say I ever eat better than my gang. I guess the show's blowed up allrighty."

"It don't have to be," says this new guy. "I'm a show doctor and I'm looking for Texas folks for a Texas show. Something that means jack at the box-office."

"You can't run that hoochie-coochie stuff no more," Kane tells him. "That's the only thing that will nail these rubes, and it's out. They pinched her"—pointing at Bucko—"for just a couple of wriggles over at Childress. I had gauze over her front and all, but it didn't make no damn difference to the blue-snoots. Bounced me twenty bucks for indecent exposure."

"Listen," this guy says. "I don't touch cooch stuff except when I import one of them big French dames to New York. I've a grift that *is* a grift. You call me Lute. The rest of my name don't matter right now, you being weak from hunger, but I'm the only fellow that has the nerve to tell Al Woods to pull his socks up. You ask the Halperin boys what I done to Chicago. Ask Georgie White—"

"Listen," Bucko cuts in, "let's eat."

So they went on over to the restaurant and the whole cast of "The New York Follies" ate the first good meal they'd had since the troupe started out. The tool-dresser was at the next table buying steak and peas and home-fried and pie and coffee for the other section, with slugs of mule between each course.

"I'll review the show again tonight and tell you what I got in mind," says Lute when he left them at the theatre.

But he only spent ten minutes there, and then went back to the hotel. He started a crap game with the driller and the toolie, and took two hundred smackers away from them in less than no time. Buddy had the rest of their bankroll and turned them down on a yelp for more dough. He was too smart to notify them that he didn't think this guy was on the up and up. He told them instead that they were too drunk to play and use good sense at the same time.

II

Bucko was right about business for the night. Kane's end was four dollars and twenty cents and he was as sore as a boil.

"Whatever you have, I'm with you," he tells Lute when he got back to the stove again.

"All I can use is three people," says Lute. "That will be Bucko here"—she was back on his knee again, loving him up for some supper—"and you and your gal."

The other three janes and the comic started hollering.

"Lay low, lay low!" hollers Lute at them. "I'll give you a break if I close

with Kane. I'll let you have fifty dollars to take the four of you back to Dallas. That's your tickets and eight dollars apiece."

"For four weeks work!" says the comic. "What the hell!"

"Better than nothing, and that's what you'll get by sticking. I came through that way and the Happyland Theatre is starting up in stock and hollering for people. You'll all land if you shake a leg."

Then he pulled out the roll of bills he had taken off the two oil men and gave them a flash.

"Come into my office," he says to Kane. "You and Bucko and this jane of yourn that thinks she's a tap dancer."

He handed a deuce to the rest of the gang and told them not to get drunk on it. Then he marched into his room and lay down on the bed. Kane and his girl sat on the radiator to keep warm and Bucko took the chair which had its cane bottom all broke out.

"Who is this wise-cracking bird?" says Kane's tap dancer, pretending to whisper but making it so that Lute could hear. "I may not be any Ruby Keeler, but at that I don't know any jane playing tab that's got me beat as a hoofer."

"Shut your mouth or I'll shut it for you!" Kane tells her out loud. "If this thing works out you may be able to have underwear again."

Lute let on he hadn't heard and was doing some heavy thinking.

"Well, what's the grift?" asks Kane after a while.

"A straight fifty-fifty proposition," says Lute, setting up on the bed and handing his butt to Bucko for a couple of drags. "That's the only deal I know. What are you paying the gals now?"

"What's he *paying* us?" squawks the tap dancer. "Don't make me laugh!"

Kane handed her one that kept her quiet for quite a spell.

"Twenty-five bucks a week," he tells Lute, "and free transportation in the Ford."

"All right. I'll go one better than that for Bucko, and you'll do the same. Fifty-fifty, you and me, and each of us will take care of their own janes. Everything comes out and then the split. How's that suit you, sweetie?" he asks Bucko.

"Fine," she answers, having figured him out for a good guy when he had it.

"All right, then. Now let's get down to cases. We get in that Ford of yourn tomorrow, and while it's your car I'll pay the gas. We'll have Buicks apiece in a month if I know show business, and Georgie Cohan will tell you I do. We're heading south and I've got the wardrobe waiting at Austin."

"Wardrobe?" says Kane. "I got some yet in the trunk."

"Not the kind I want," Lute tells him. "You're not in a leg show no more. From now on you're a holy man."

"A holy man?" asks Kane. "Just what is this?"

"You're an escaped monk and Bucko is a reformed nun. What I'll do with that highfalutin baby of yourn I haven't figured out yet, but anybody that travels with me earns their pay. I knew you were the guy I wanted when I heard you recite 'The Return of the Unknown Soldier!' "

"Ain't that a darb?" says Kane. "I've had write-ups on that. Over in Quanah the American Legion had me put it on special at a smoker. Does it go in the new show?"

"Like hell it does! I told you you were a monk. Sandals and a couple of feed-sacks for wardrobe."

"Some wardrobe! What does Bucko wear?"

"Nun stuff," says Lute. "Starched white hat and black dress and beads. Going to run into money, her make-up is."

"Where's the jack in that sort of boloney?" asks Bucko.

"Didn't you know the Democrats were going to Houston to pick a President?" Lute asks her.

"I did not. But what of it?" she says.

"What of it? What of it?" he hollers.

"Just nothing but a clean-up for a smart showman, that's all. When they set down to do the real picking in June I'll be buying a drawing-room to New York and paying for it off a roll that would choke a horse. This is one time the evangelists are going to be whipped at their own game. And if a certain baby I know of keeps her nose clean maybe I'll take her along and introduce her to Earl Carroll."

"I'll be good," says Bucko.

"I'm still scratching around trying to find out something," says Kane. "Come clean with the whole business."

Lute got up and used his hands while talking.

"The title of this opera will be 'The Great Papist Plot,'" he hollers. "That's red-hot stuff. These Democrats are going to try to make Al Smith President of the United States. I hope they do. I'm sorry I got to run a show against a great guy like him, but it's every man for himself. Down in that territory around Houston they used to be all Kluxers. May be yet for all I know. If they are, that's more gravy. But first, last and foremost, it's Bibletown and always has been. I'll bill the show like a circus."

"That'll run into jack, billing a show," says Kane. "I always light cold in a town. Never had the kale to do anything else outside of what the theater man might do before we got in."

"How many times have I got to tell you you're hooked up with a Broadway showman now?" answers Lute. "I got all the paper ready in Austin. I got it off a guy that got the D. T.'s and had to give up—one-sheets, three-sheets, and all the rest of it, in every color you ever heard of. And I know how to handle it. You'll have an advance man, a man with you and a man behind you. The same guy will do it all and it'll be me. I'm the fastest worker you ever saw when I smell kale."

He pulled a worn-out map from his pocket. It was of Texas and he had it red-ringed all around Houston.

"Every one a pipe," he says, pointing to the towns. "Just lousy with Methodists and Baptists that haven't taken a real smack at the Pope since Dan Moody cracked the Klan! Raring to go! I'll sew up with the leading preacher in each town."

"Where you going to show?" asks Kane. "Lots of them burgs ain't got no theaters."

"I don't want no theaters," shouts Lute, getting excited again. "I wouldn't have them if you give them to me. I go in the churches and the schools. No cut except a slip-cross to the parson. My one-sheet's a darb!"

"Tell us," says the tap dancer, who had got over her slap on the nose and was warming up to this guy's oratory.

"Kane and the Pope wrestling," says Lute. "Kane dressed up in his monk's uniform and the Pope wearing his diamond beads and his red robes. Kane has his knee on the Pope's chest and is choking him. Back of them stands the title of the show in red letters: 'The Great Papist Plot.' In smaller type under that runs: 'Exposed in All its Horrors by Brother Gregory, the Escaped Monk, and by Sister Mary, the Ruined Nun.' Class, hey?"

"I'll say," says Bucko.

"I got some window-cards in red," Lute goes on, "with Bucko all dolled out in her nun's stuff and being helped over a wall by Kane while a lot of tough priests and cardinals are grabbing at her skirts and trying to pull her back. Same titles as the one-sheets, with letters of fire. Hot, hey?"

"Sounds kind of," admits Kane.

"I got stickers too. Mottoes of all kinds. And I'll get some new ones. Some I have thought out run like this:'Are You Going to Let the Pope be Enthroned in the White House?' 'Are You Going to Allow the Nation's Capital to be Moved to Rome?' 'Al Smith Stands for Rum, Rome and Rough-Stuff.' Lots of them like that and all carrying the come-on 'See Father Gregory, the Unfrocked Monk, at such and such a place' or 'Hear what Sister Mary

the Beautiful Nun suffered at the hands of Papist Fiends wearing the Glittering Robes of the Roman Church.' Don't tell me them Baptist babies won't want to know all about what she suffered and how!"

III

The next morning the four of them set out for Austin in Kane's flivver. Buddy stopped them as they came down the stairs and wanted to know how about his bill.

"You got my trunk with the costumes," says Kane. "Keep that for thirty days and I'll send you a check. We'll be rolling in jack by then."

"I got enough costumes now from busted tab shows to start in the masquerade business if I lived in a bigger town," says Buddy. "How about your new partner squaring up this bill? It's only twenty bucks. You owe me two yourself," he says, turning to Lute.

"Twenty bucks is twenty bucks when you're staging a big show," Lute tells him. "You let her ride for thirty days and I'll endorse the note."

"That may make it worse instead of better," says Buddy. "But go ahead. It's all the chance I have."

They made out an I Promise You for twenty-two bucks and Lute and Kane signed it.

"Why put your two on there?" argues Buddy. "That was a cash deal."

"Two bucks is also two bucks when you're building a show," says Lute. "You be nice and I'll send you lots of trade."

Well, anyhow, they ate good all the way to Austin. The wardrobe was already waiting. Gown and sandals for Kane and the nun's dress for Bucko. He kicked like hell when he found he had to wear the gown on and off, but that was no holler at all to the one he put up when Lute told him he had to have his head shaved clean round the top.

"It ain't enough that I have to wear sandals and wash my feet every day!" he yelps.

"The reason Belasco and me are successful," Lute tells him, "is because we let no detail get away from us. You're a monk and you'll be an honest-to-God monk or I'll hire another guy. All I've got to do is wire Chicago. I know a dozen fine actors hanging around the Loop just raring to go. Do you play Brother Gregory or don't you?"

Kane guessed he'd go ahead. He'd been hungry a long time.

When he came out of the barber-shop, bare-headed, bald-headed and with his gown and sandals on, a crowd gathered and followed behind. They were quiet and respectful-like, taking him for a holy man. Lute was so impressed that he thought of opening right there. Then he figured it was perhaps better to clean up close to Houston first and hit the far-off towns on the heels of the convention. Bucko looked like a million dollars' worth of piety in her robe and hat and beads.

"I guess I'll have to lay off the corn liquor while I'm running around in these duds," she says.

"Sure thing," answers Lute. "But what a drunk you can have when we clean up! And not corn either, but real red-eye. How's that hit you?"

"Hurry it along," she tells him.

They laid around in Austin a few days getting the window cards and stickers ready. The one-sheets that Lute had got off the guy with the D. T.'s were swell stuff. Lute stuck a few in the windows for teasers and the folks just packed the sidewalks to get a look. Somebody started cheering. Two cases of books come in and Lute started shipping them off in sections to preachers he had already tied up with over the long-distance 'phone.

"Those are Bibles and educational literature," he told the gang. "Kane's sweetie can earn her keep by selling them in the lobby. These books are red-hot. 'Secrets of the Monastery' and 'Confessions of a Nun.' Two bits apiece. Clear profit on every one: twenty cents."

"When do we open?" asks Kane.

"Sugarland, day after tomorrow," says Lute.

"We'd better do a bit of rehearsing," advised Bucko. "All I know now is that Kane helps me over a prop wall and I'm screaming blue murder trying to get away from a gang of cardinals."

"That's about all you'll have to do and know," Lute tells her. "I'll polish you up this afternoon."

He borrowed the stage of an empty theatre that afternoon and put them through their paces.

"Who is going to play all the priests who are supposed to be grabbing at me?" asks Bucko when she was poised on the wall.

"I will," says Lute. "I'll be behind here and I'll make a noise like the whole College of Cardinals. I'll be grabbing at you when Kane is trying to pull you away. I'll still have your skirts in my mitts when he's got you on the other side."

"I thought you told me this was no leg-show," she says.

"Say," he answers her, "the thing that speared you this job in the first place was the shape of your calves. Don't you think these Bible-thumpers are entitled to an eye-full of you after they've heard your sad story? That's jack at the box-office and means that you'll have to wear pink silk underwear."

"I got you," says Bucko. "I'm doing the same old show under a new title."

"Where's my recitation?" asks Kane.

With that he hands Kane a copy of "Speeches by United States Senator J. Thomas Heflin, of Alabama."

"Read up what I've marked in red ink," he says. "You're trouper enough to patch it into sound material that'll burn 'em up. Don't be afraid to holler! Give 'em the old-time red-hot Methodist stuff!"

WRITTEN IN SAND

BY EDA LOU WALTON

The mountains were denied her,
And the plains
With their corn-shadowed lanes.
But the desert stretched beside her
And the sunset was ahead
Where she should one day make her bed.
Promised the years between with sand
On either hand,
There was some pity in her need to love
This barren land,
Some will-to-understand.
There were strange cacti blossoms here,
Like blood-pricks on the windy dunes,
And bloody moons rose near
Paled stars.

Where harsh white bars of light
Shut in a night so blue
There was no passing through
To dreams.
Sleep was a blanket thrown
On a tired shoulder worn to bone,
And there was never any hand
To fill for long another hand
In this most desolate land.
But there was sand,
And one could build with sand
Mirage of water and of green
Where neither water nor a tree was seen,
And there were always castles
Not yet conquered by the wind,
And there were thinned
Weeds like the hair upon an ancient head,
Under the arm-pits weeds, and red
Cacti at the breast.
If there were never rest,
If scenes shifted
Whenever the winds lifted,
There was ecstatic strain
To ascertain

How worlds be readjusted.
Wherever the hawk had nested
He was blown therefrom.
Whatever bloomed was blotted, and some
Heights made pits and pits made heights
In every change of lights.

With mind from body more than half estranged
She loved this world so often rearranged.
Therefore she gave her body to the sand,
Was written by the wind and by the sand;
Time had its way, love sterile, incomplete
And shifting had its way and its defeat,
While her high mind, a tower within the waste
Of crumbling towers, held its solid base.
Though the world plunged and reeled and sank,
And her body its own fury drank
And died more slowly for its thirst,
Though the sun blew up and burst
And winds swept like death's shawl
Across the light,
And it was sudden night,
She understood this place:
Nothing could ever quite efface
Its flux of color and eternal blue,
Though it were but an hourglass
Sands were sifting through;
Nor would she of such passion quite despair
Till sand had covered over her long hair.

THIEVES AND VAGABONDS

BY JIM TULLY

No bird flew through the air. No bare branch stirred.

The turbulent water of Lake Huron was icily supine in the midst of the frozen desolation. The little town in the Thunder Bay river section was buried deep in snow. For days the weather had remained the same.

The cold cut to the marrow of sparsely clad bones, like frost-bitten razor blades. The deep drifted snow glinted chameleon-like under the spasmodically shining sun. It, too, seemed a frozen candle in the sky.

All day the wind had whirled the snow in every direction. It abated by night, and the snow ceased falling. A deadly calm, and a deadlier cold settled over the earth. It was twenty degrees below zero.

Every living thing had hunted shelter for the night. The stars glistened above, as if piercing through the atmosphere with swords of burning steel. The moon was a mist of frozen white and yellow.

To keep beggars from freezing the calaboose was left open. A pine structure for the lesser offenders, it stood on a side street—alone.

A group of vagabonds huddled around a jumbo stove in a wretchedly furnished room that faced a row of cells. The window of the room was stuffed with rags; there were but three unbroken panes of glass left. The door was cracked and frost-bitten. The unbroken panes were covered with a heavy frost. A large lamp, fastened with a bracket, was above the door.

The echo of a locomotive whistle was heard, like the faraway sound of vibrant music. The vagabonds listened, and a flare of interest passed over their life-beaten and weather-lashed faces. But no word was said as they turned their eyes to the round stove again, like tired dogs dozing. The engine whistled once more and all eyes became alert.

"That old boy's a ramblin' to git out o' the cold," said a derelict with a weazened face. "He thinks it'll be warmer 'n Detroit."

"Yeap," said a one-legged man, "it's a hell of a night for yeggs and hoboes. I wouldn't even want a railroad bull out on a night like this. We're gittin' punished for our sins."

"It'll be hotter 'n this when you git punished fur *your* sins, One Leg," grunted a heavy man with a red kerchief around his neck.

"Maybe so, maybe so," drawled One Leg. "I been punished enough in my time for all I ever done."

The heavy man, a crumbling mountain of muscle, smiled a crooked smile, rubbed his week-old beard with a knuckle-cracked hand, and said, "What da hell, what da hell—gittin' soft, One Leg? You'd steal pennies from dead men's eyes."

"You bet your life I would, Husky. Dead men don't need no pennies, and they don't need their eyes shut—they can't see nothin'."

The group laughed without mirth.

"I hope no hobo's on that rattler just pullin' in. He'd freeze—sure's Gawd is just," said the derelict with the weazened face.

"Don't worry your potato soul, Weazle," advised the man called One Leg. "They ain't no smart 'boes ridin' freights tonight. And them that ain't smart—

well, the deader the better. Too many dumb ones on the road already."

The decrepit of the earth lapsed into silence. The husky vagabond arose and reached into the bottom of the wood-box. He pulled out a chunk of wood. "Don't know what we'll do when the wood's gone," he sneered. "Burn the shack down, I guess."

"I'd just as soon," responded One Leg. "These jails are gettin' rottener every year. A self-respectin' tramp can't stop in them no more. It used to be when I first went on the road they was decent jails. You'd git good eats and java. Now all you git is hell from the jailers and corn bread and chicory."

He was interrupted by the man with the weazened face. "Well, if you don't like the jails you kin quit trampin'." Then, scornfully, "Quit your crabbin'! You're lucky they let the jails open."

II

The large man moved his shoulder and neck muscles nervously, completely oblivious of the conversation.

"What's the matter, Husky, old snowbird, do you want a shot?" asked a vagabond, looking at him.

"Naw, I don't want a shot. Gosh! Can't a man sit quiet without you mosquitoes buzzin' at him? I was jist thinkin' o' the days I was a man—and a damn good one at that."

"What you was don't buy any ham an' eggs," laughed One Leg. "People go to Hell 'cause they was what they was. No one gives a cockeyed nigger for what you was. What you was is all over—has-beens ain't useful to society nohow."

"That may be, One Leg, but a has-been's better 'n a never-was, any day. What you were shows what you was—and I was one of the two best men of his weight in the world. Think o' that, you bums and would-be yeggs! The world's damn big—and they wasn't any man in it—millions and millions o' them—that could lick me. Huh," he looked about with scorn, "that'll make your eyes pop out like eggs —*huh*—the world's damn big." He raised an immense hand. "Lookit that mitt—and this mug"—putting his hand to his jaw. "It's stopped wallops from all o' them—an' the best any o' them ever got was an even break wit' me—and only one o' them ever done that.

"I used to go 'round 'em like hoops on a barrel and they called me the Ghost Wit' the Kick of a Mule. I put the fear o' Gawd in their hearts, I did. I played on their ribs till they cracked. Didden I put the Chicago Slasher out wit' a rabbit punch—and he croaks before mornin'? I'll say I been a *man* in my time!"

The derelicts looked at Husky in a disinterested manner. He rose and went on.

"When Regan was champeen, who fought him a twenty-round draw? Me! An' the gong saves him in the last round. I was gittin' better 'n the twentieth. I kin hear the crowd hollerin' yet. No one ever stood up in front o' him twenty rounds before, neither. In the third round he sez to me, he sez—'Say your prayers, Husky, you're a goin' to Heaven to-night,' and I grunts back at him, 'Not 'til I gives you hell first,' I sez. And then we went at it. Lord almighty, what a battle! In the 'leventh round I drops him for a count of eight. Eight, do you hear that? I jest come within two counts o' bein' the champeen o' the world, I did. But the Kid he gets up and shakes in his knees and then comes at me with his right sailing plumb fer my jaw, an' quicker 'n lightnin' I squared 'roun 'n' hooked my left—an' doubles him up like a rusty knife."

Husky gulped.

"It was a night like this an' colder 'n Hell wit' the door open. They was forty thousand people there an' I come near bein' champeen. You git that—you bread-beggars—you crums—you meat-snatchers —you unbathed bastards!—an' don't make fun o' your betters! I'm still man enough to clap your heads together." He slapped his immense broken-knuckled and finger-

twisted hands together and went on: "Don't you never call me Snowbird agin, One Leg, or I'll make you pick your teeth with that crutch o' yourn. I'll make you dig your grave with it if you say I'm a hophead out loud."

One Leg looked about the room, then turned with a bored expression away from Husky. The other vagabonds did the same.

The ex-bruiser, baffled by their unconcern, trembled with the memory of past glory. The crumbling muscled hero of a little hour that had passed, he looked about forlornly.

His hands dropped from their clenched position; his taut muscles relaxed. He jerked the soiled red kerchief from around his neck and wiped his rheumy eyes. He then seated himself by the stove. A strained silence followed.

III

One Leg broke it with, "Well, 'boes, any of you want to see my new invention?"

"Sure—what did you invent?" asked Weazle.

"A dog-fooler," answered One Leg, pulling up the trouser of his remaining leg and showing the calf of it wrapped about with heavy brown paper. "There ain't a dog in this country can bite through that," he said proudly.

Husky felt the paper and exclaimed, "Gosh, it's only paper!"

"Sure! What did you think it was—cement?" One Leg snarled.

"Well, a fellow needs somethin' like that—there's a lot of dogs in Michigan," commented a vagabond.

"Well, I ain't very fast on this one leg," resumed the inventor, "so I had to rig up somethin' to protect it."

"I'll bet a Newfoundlan' kin bite through that," said a vagabond who had not spoken before. "I seen 'em up in Maine bigger 'n cows."

"How about a bull-dog?" asked another.

"Oh, they can't bite very hard," answered One Leg. "Their jaws don't open very far—it takes a big mouth for a hard bite."

"A collie's mean, though," ventured Husky. "They'd bite their uncle if he wasn't lookin'."

"Them little terriers are pizen to me," said a nondescript. "They don't bite so hard, but they raise old Ned till they git all the darn dogs in the neighborhood after a guy."

Husky looked bored. "Let's forgit about dogs," he said. "Doc don't care about dogs, do you, Doc?"

The vagabond addressed might have been any age from fifty to eighty. His shoulders were round, his hands delicate, slender and bloodless. His face was pinched pink and blue. His hair straggled silver into his bleared and insane eyes.

His pockets were ripped on his buttonless coat, the collar of which hid his thin neck. There remained still a touch of authority in his incisive manner, as if he belonged not in such crass surroundings. With precise enunciation he turned to his mountainous questioner.

"My name is Dr. John Abercombie, if you please, sir, and I may say that I am not at all interested in dogs—only the human brain." He raised his right hand in the manner of a professor before a class. "It is, gentlemen, the most marvelous gift of God. I speak of man's brain—not woman's."

Laughter interrupted him. He frowned at his audience.

"And I often said to her,'But, dear, remember our position—and your own good name—even if you do not love me—you cannot afford a scandal. You surely would not trade a brain specialist for an Italian teacher of the dance! Ah, dear wife, do you not recall the words of the woman-weary Shakespeare, "Frailty, thy name is woman?" Madness lies in getting what we want—one should be careful of the brain. The convolutions of the cerebrum are many—this man belongs in the medulla oblongata position. He has touched the pia

mater which connects the nerves of your body—it is that most delicate portion of the brain.' "

Weazle rubbed his yellow eyebrows in a bored manner.

"Well, one thing's a cinch—none of us has any brains—that's why we're here." He looked at Doc. "Believe me, herdin' sheep in Idaho beats this life. The sheep may be dumb, but they hain't any dumber than us."

"Chortle for yourself, Weazle," snapped One Leg.

"Well, I'll sing, then," returned Weazle beginning in a cracked tenor voice:

Oh, all you young Dukes and you Duchess,
Just listen to what I do say,
Because it ain't ourn that we touches,
You send us to Botany Bay.

Singin' too-ral-too-ral-looralay,
And too-ral-loo-ral-lorray,
Because it ain't ourn that we touches,
You send us to Botany Bay.

Oh, had I the wings of a buzzard,
I'd spread out my pinions and fly
'Way back to Old England forever,
And there I'd be willin' to die!

"Gentlemen," said Doc slowly, "most anyone would be willing to die in England."

Weazle flared into a cockney accent:

"England's a white man's country—and the women are all beautiful—not like in this hick country."

Doc rubbed his thin, bloodless hands, and gazed at Weazle with the round eyes of the insane.

"Slandering womanhood ill becomes a gentleman, young man. Perhaps you have never known a real American woman."

"No—but that wop did."

Doc was frozen dignity.

"I shall not discuss such matters with children."

His head sank. He looked a fragment for the pity of his fellows.

All were oblivious except Husky. He rose from his seat and put a heavy hand on Doc's shoulder. "Don't take it so hard, old boy. You were up an' now you're down. I know what you mean—these yaps don't. They're just a lotta hogs an' they hain't never seen but one pen in their life. We been in real ones, ain't we, Doc?"

He patted the remnant of science. Doc did not stir.

"No use talkin' to these yaps about brains, Doc. They don't know what you mean."

IV

The door opened.

A rugged fellow of about thirty-three entered. He held his hands funnel-like to his mouth and blew hot breath upon them.

He wore a dark suit that had been well tailored. Full of the grease-stains of the road and pricked in several places by the sharp pieces of coke upon which he had lain, it nevertheless fit him well and accentuated the lines of his powerful body. He was about six feet tall. His hair curled around the edges of his cap. His face was intelligent, well cut; his eyes a vivid blue. When he removed his hands he showed a sardonic sneer. He tried to smile. The sneer remained.

All in the group save Husky were deferential to the new arrival. They acted as though a man had appeared among them. He walked toward the stove.

"God Almighty, what a night! Is this all the wood you've got?" He blew on his hands again. Then as if irritated at the scarcity of wood, "What a hell of a bunch of vagabonds and thieves you are! You'd all sit here and freeze before you'd rustle some wood."

He pushed One Leg from his chair, tore it apart, and put it in the stove.

He pulled a quart of whisky from a sagging coat pocket.

A constable's voice was heard.

"Come on, here! It's a wonder you ain't froze! You oughta be in school instead of galavantin' around the country."

He stood in the door with a youth of fine features.

All the vagabonds looked up except Doc. He still stared at the rotting floor.

The youth walked to the stove.

"They're comin' younger an' younger. Soon babies'll be on the road," laughed a vagabond.

"Yes—lovely babies," remarked Doc, looking at the youth. The sound of the constable's footsteps could be heard, dying.

Tacked to the wall was part of a map of America. The ruffian in the tailored suit walked toward it.

"It's not all here. The Gulf of Mexico and the Southern States are missing."

"Well, you don't count 'em anyhow," laughed One Leg.

The man traced a route with his finger.

"We're a hell of a ways from nowhere . . . and a long ways to go."

He walked away and stood with his back to the stove. His eyes scanned the array of derelicts.

"Where you from, Bozo?" He turned to the youth.

"Over yonder," returned the lad, circling the room with his hand.

"We're all from over yonder," put in Doc.

The wind rose in a terrifying crescendo. The kerosene lamp flickered. A shadow passed over the room.

The wind died down, then rose again, louder than before. Doors and window rattled violently.

"It'll blow the cells outta the building if it keeps this up," laughed Weazle.

"Or the wool off a sheep's tail, eh, Weaz?" suggested One Leg.

Doc spoke in a cracked, appealing voice to the youth who had taken his fancy.

"So you're from over yonder?" He broke into a half song:

> Over yonder—when the roll is called
> Over yonder—I'll be there!

The ruffian in the worn tailored suit took up the words in a rich vibrant voice:

> On that bright and glorious morning
> When old time shall be no more. . .
> When the roll is called over yonder
> I'll be there!

He beat time with feet and hands. The youth and Weazle took up the song.

They stopped suddenly. The wind pounded at the door. The ruffian in the tailored suit took another drink.

"Gimme a swig o' that, for God's sake!" pleaded Husky. "I'm needin' a drink for a week. I'm goin' nuts in here —two whole days of it."

"Who ran your saloon last year? I'm not feedin' good liquor to hoboes. You get a couple of swigs of this an' it'd blow your empty can off. It's not regular liquor, you know. It's nitro-glycerine. I use it for soup—it opens anything." He looked at Husky, trembling on his pine box seat.

"Lord, have a little pity, 'bo! I'd give everybody a drink if I had it. I'd give the sun away an' sit in the shade. . . . . That's why I'm here."

The man's sneer vanished for a second. "I'll give you a swig—just to watch it work." He handed him the bottle. "Bathe your troubles on Nitro Dugan."

V

The vagabonds became alert at mention of the name.

Husky clamped his immense jaws about the neck of the bottle.

"Here—what the hell! I'm giving you a drink—not the whole bottle!"

Nitro Dugan wrestled with Husky, who held the gurgling fluid upward.

Impatient, he stepped backward and slammed a heavy fist against Husky's jaw. The bottle broke and fell to the floor.

Husky stood, legs apart, the neck of the bottle in his mouth.

"Give a bum a horse and he'll want a stable," snapped Nitro, looking at the spilled liquor. The bottle neck rattled to the floor.

Husky's mountain of muscle trembled as though lava poured through it. He frowned at his benefactor with menace and seated himself on the pine box. Nitro sneered at him, "Now would you like some ham and eggs?" His voice rose. "What do you think I am—a traveling bartender?" Pointing to the floor, "Look

what you did—you'd muss up Heaven if they let you in."

Husky's heavy voice boomed. "Gwan away from me—afore I tap you on the button!"

"Don't talk to me that way, 'bo. I'll put a hole through you so big you can bury yourself in it," sneered Nitro Dugan.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen—remember where you are," pleaded Doc. "It ill behooves men to forget themselves over such trifling matters."

"Shut up!" snarled Husky, pushing the emaciated vagabond backward.

He stood before Nitro with fearful menace. "Go ahead and try to put your hole through me, 'bo. They hain't a bullet made that kin go through my hide."

Nitro stood with his defiant sneer, his right hand buried in his coat pocket.

All eyes opened startled wide.

"Don't, for God's sake! Don't you see he's just a wreck? And now you've drove him mad with hooch," the youth pleaded.

"The hell I'm a wreck! I'm Battlin' Hagen, you whippersnapper! No long-legged sap kin talk about drillin' holes through me an' git away wit' it."

All drew in closer. The youth held Nitro's right hand. Nitro commanded, "Hands up, you bum, or I'll throw a bullet through you!"

Husky dashed toward Nitro. A bullet missed him. He twisted the snub blue revolver from Nitro's hand. The youth picked it up.

Nitro made a move for the gun, but Husky was upon him.

"Now we'll take it—man to man—you yellow dog!" Nitro, with the same defiant sneer, twisted a left fist upward. It connected under Husky's chin. The blood spurted from his teeth.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" pleaded Doc. A wild blow caught him. His jaw went to one side. His eyes popped. He fell unnoticed.

One Leg decided against Husky and thumped him with his crutch. The blows rattled from his head.

Then, as if irritated, Husky pulled his right shoulder back in the midst of the general mêlée. His fist caught One Leg on the right ear. It shot him perpendicular for at least six feet. He then fell like a telegraph pole, chopped low.

Husky did not look at him.

Now roused, he rushed in relentlessly, using every trick long years in the ring had taught him.

Nitro parried, feinted, and stalled for time. His blows rattled on Husky's jaws like pebbles on an iron roof.

Hurtling bodies drowned the noise of the roaring wind. Nitro's coat was torn from his shoulders. Crushed against the door, he began to push his knees upward in an effort to cripple Husky. The ex-bruiser, equal to the occasion, used the same tactics.

"Stop it! Stop it! I'll shoot," the youth cried.

The gun was leveled at the bloody assailants. As if eager for a breathing spell, they stopped hostilities and looked at the youth.

Doc sat erect, rubbing his jaw. He rose shakily and stood, a ghoulish spectator, blood dripping from the corners of his mouth.

One Leg still slept, like a crippled soldier, with the crutch across his breast.

The blue gun was held firmly. The monsters of men looked down its barrel.

The lamp above the youth accentuated his fine cut features. A strand of blondish-brown hair fell from under his cap. The vagabonds faced him in a half-circle as he leaned against the door.

"You wouldn't shoot, would you, kid? Why do you care if we kill each other?" coaxed Nitro.

"I don't—but if you do, they'll blame it on us—and throw the key away."

"Ho ho—that's it—lookin' out for yourself!" Nitro again sneered, stepping closer.

"Sure—ain't I human? But stand where you are!"

The revolver was shoved forward.

"Now quit your fightin'—both of you. You'll get us all thrown out in the cold. If you want a fight, beat it on out of here. Then you kin freeze and go to Heaven like little babies swattin' flies."

Husky sprang forward. He grabbed the gun with one hand; and with the other he ripped the youth's clothing to his waist. The lad's cap came off in the scuffle.

The half-circle of vagabonds gasped in unison.

"God Almighty! It's a *girl!*"

VI

The words awoke One Leg. He clattered to his one foot.

Centuries fell from every face save Doc's. Impassive as stone, he saw not a girl, but a fellow vagabond.

The girl, with hair falling over her slender shoulders, now stood with the expression of a trapped animal; arms folded across her breast. The half-circle began to close in.

"You dirty devils! Now you want to paw me! You're all alike—every one of you—even the damned preacher in the Reform School!"

Her words made them hesitate. Her left hand searched for the door knob. An awful stillness followed. The wind could be heard trumpeting outside.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" pleaded Doc.

"Shut up, you nutty yap!" from Nitro Dugan.

Husky, his mind on weightier matters, held the revolver loosely in his hand. He touched the girl's arm. She shrank.

Nitro Dugan moved closer, and delivered a powerful blow to Husky's jaw. He grappled for the gun.

It turned downward and exploded.

A moan followed.

The girl looked upward for a second. Her left hand searched for the door-knob again. Her right crashed the lamp to the floor. A blue flame spread over the kerosene in Husky's direction.

Dodging low, she was gone.

The door slammed shut.

Husky awaited the fast creeping flames.

Nitro Dugan jerked the door open with, "Well, it's our move—damn the luck!"

Doc remained.

The other vagabonds scurried after Nitro Dugan.

"Wait a moment, gentlemen," Doc called. "Perhaps he isn't dead."

No hobo heard.

An obscure paragraph in a Detroit paper announced next day that the jail at——— had burned to the ground.

Two unknown tramps, seeking shelter for the night, had been found dead among the ruins.

EDITORIAL

If there is a bishop (ἐπίσκοπος) in this great Christian land who has not, at some time or other, composed and uttered an article or diatribe entitled "What Is the Matter With the Churches?" then the present subscriber is prepared to pay $10 cash for his name and address, or, if he has been translated to G. H. Q., for a hair of his episcopal head. And if there is a great organ of refined opinion, ecclesiastical or profane, that has not, within the meagre years of the present century, printed at least six such articles or diatribes, either by ἐπίσκοποι or by lesser fauna, then the subscriber offers the same sum for news of it. Many public journals of high tone, in fact, have made themselves specialists in the matter, as the New York tabloids are specialists in fiends—notably the *New Republic* and the *Forum*. And all the rest have dwelt upon it incessantly, and with more or less libido.

Well, to what end? What have the *episkopoi* and the lesser ruminants to say about the malaises now alleged to afflict the Christian church among us, and the Christian faith with it? How do they account for the apparent decay of both, at least in the great towns? In the main, they account for it by saying that church and faith have been corrupted and made impotent by human agencies, working under the orders, or at least with the connivance, of Satan, that scoundrel—that the way of deliverance for both lies through a return to the austere simplicities of the Founder. His teachings, it appears, are the only true teachings, and in them is to be found the only perfect way of life, satisfactory to God and salubrious to man. We must get rid of dogma and go back to faith, hope and charity. We must get rid of priestcraft and go back to love.

Christ, we are told, preached no complicated mysteries and demanded no pedantic allegiance. He knew nothing of transubstantiation, or of reserved sacraments, or of the adoration of the saints, or of the vestments controversy; He was even somewhat vague about original sin. Alive today, could He qualify as a bishop? He could not. Even the Salvation Army would put Him on probation, at least until He had mastered the cornet. Even the Christian Scientists would bar him from their auction-block, at least until He had got a morning coat and paid cash for a copy of "Science and Health." What would the Congregatio Sancti Officii say of His theology? What would the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals say of His ethics? What would Monsignor Manning say of His patriotism, or of His economic views, or of His probable opinion of the great spiritual filling-station on Morningside Heights? What these high authorities would say, I venture, would be a plenty.

Nevertheless, the bishops join the lay pathologists in arguing that the only salvation for the church is to go back to His teaching. It has taken on crusts, excrescences, an unhealthy and forbidding patina. It is covered with boils, and racked interiorly by grinding pains. The world has debauched it, and it shines with a baleful light. Its deliverance lies in the fifth chapter of Matthew, among the glorious asseverations known as the Sermon on the Mount. Let it throw off its gaudy trappings and its lust for pomp and power, and teach once more that the poor in spirit are the really blessed, and that theirs is the kingdom of Heaven. Let its ordained pastors abandon their blood-

thirsty wowserism and delirious money-chasing, and give ocular proof that the meek shall inherit the earth. Let its customers cease their attempts to dispose of one another by the sword, and so restore the old savor to the salt. Thus advise the bishops, who would not be bishops if they were not grave and judicious men. And to the same effect speak the lay pathologists, many of them eminent in good works and some of them, unlike the bishops, actual Christians.

II

All this is grateful to my gills, for as a lazy man I love peace and deplore the uproars now going on. It seems to me to be a pretty safe guess that Christ, coming back to earth, would be against them, as He was against the shouting of the theologians while He lived. I think it evident enough that a Methodist pastor, damning Al Smith and the Pope from the sacred desk and bawling for capital punishment for bootleggers, would please Him very little, and that He would take no interest in such enterprises as Monsignor Manning's effort to knock out Mr. Woolworth, or Monsignor Hayes' smiting of the birth controllers with the secular arm, or Monsignor O'Connell's mad, sad endeavor to close the Boston bookshops, or the vast striving of the Ku Klux klergy to make us all Baptists by force. He would counsel milder measures, and a good deal less clubbing and noise. If He sought friends among His current agents among us, they would not be the bull-roarers and high-steppers. I'd expect him to be very amiable to the sisters in the hospitals, and perhaps even to some of the rectors of poor parishes, but it would surprise me greatly to hear of Him snooping along Broadway in search of hot stuff or taking to the stump for the Anti-Saloon League.

So far my personal prejudices, which only echo the warnings of the seers I have mentioned. Cherishing them, I long for their satisfaction, and even go to the length of opening negotiations to that end. That is to say, I offer formally to cease denouncing the rev. bishops and their gun-men as public nuisances if they will only agree to cease their cracking of heads and whooping of whoops. What could be fairer: I engage to abandon my holy war for theirs? But I regret to have to add at once that I cherish no hope that they will accept. More, I find myself impelled to say that I believe they are too intelligent to accept. For bishops, whatever their liking for hollow and lascivious utterance, are surely not ignorant men. Their magical trade makes them privy to the secrets of the human heart. They understand mankind, even though they often act as if they did not. And at no time do they give better proof of their understanding than when they forget their own soft murmurs, and give their customers rough and bloody shows. It is, indeed, the rough stuff that maintains them in their levantine luxury; it is hatred that they feed upon, as lawyers feed upon folly. The minute they really went back to the Beatitudes, that minute the business to which they have consecrated their lives would blow up, and the name of Christ would disappear from His Churches, and follow that of Mithras into learned and unreadable books.

The plain fact is that the Sermon on the Mount is today quite as unworkable as it was the day it was uttered. It lies wholly outside the ordinary bounds of human desire and experience. That it represents a sweet dream must be admitted, even by bishops, but that dream remains only a dream: it has no more reality than a young man's hallucination of the damsel who has snared him. There is no record that even the earliest Christians tried to mold their lives according to its counsels. If, for a space, they were humble, then it was with the humility, not of excessive goodness, but simply of sound caution. The minute they escaped from the catacombs, they began the eternal business

of driving other folks into them. The history of those days, having been recorded by Christian hands, is discreetly evasive upon the subject. But those schooled in such matters know very well that the Holy Office was in full blast at least a thousand years before its official establishment, and that the throats of heretics were being slit as early as the Fourth Century.

III

Did the early Christians, remembering Matthew v, 3-11, protest against this bloodshed? They did not. On the contrary, they were hot for it, as the Methodists and Baptists are hot for flogging and poisoning to this day. If they protested at all, it was against too much mercy. It was the growing softness of the decaying Roman Empire, in the Seventh Century, that opened the way for Mohammedanism, a frankly sanguinary and hence charmingly satisfying religion, just as it was the fat ease and careless tolerance of Holy Church, in the Sixteenth Century, that opened the way for Luther, and the pervasive skepticism of England in the Eighteenth Century that brought in Wesley and his terrible swift sword. The truly religious man can never be really tolerant and humble. Either he must retreat to the snobbish shades of mysticism, or he must arm himself with an ax. The Beatitudes are as incomprehensible to him as the epigrams of La Rochefoucauld. He cannot imagine a heretic headed for anything save the fires of Hell. Always his demand is for pastors who carry side-arms and are ready to take the field. He is happiest when crusades are on, and saddest when the police forbid them.

To argue that Ku Kluxry has damaged the evangelical sects in the South and Middle West is to argue the most palpable nonsense. It has really revived them and put them on their legs, as every pastor of the Bible Belt well knows. So long as he confined himself to dunning his customers in the interest of the heathen he dunned deaf and flapping ears. But the moment he leaped into his night-shirt and began chasing Jews, Unitarians, Aframericans, fancy women, bootleggers and the Pope, they followed him as ecstatically as the peasants of the Eleventh Century Rhineland followed Peter the Hermit. His takings over the altar-rail doubled overnight, and presently he had the job of Grand Cyclops or Grand Kleagle and was riding around town in a new Buick, chewing the most expensive tobacco made in Richmond. The Klan Krusade, in truth, has produced a vast revival of religion throughout the malaria country. It is almost comparable to the Great Awakening of 1740-42. The faithful are on the march everywhere, radiating a pious and almost cannibalistic zeal. The Old Time Religion, *i.e.*, the Religion With Teeth In It and hair on those teeth, is triumphant again, and there is not a politician south of the Potomac or west of the Susquehanna who has not felt its supernatural pull within him. The Holy Spirit walks the land, armed with a pitchfork and carrying a bucket of tar.

The difficulty is that it probably won't last. Soon or late the Bible Belt ecclesiastics, debauching by the gabble of idealists who remember the Beatitudes, will lose their holy fire. They will compromise with the Pope, maybe even with the Darwinians, just as Dr. Hayes will compromise with the birth controllers and Dr. O'Connell will compromise with the literati. And then Christianity will go into eclipse again, and doubt will stalk the land. And there will be atheism everywhere until some new Peter the Hermit (or Imperial Wizard Evans, or William Jennings Bryan) gets out the old blunderbuss, and starts another hunt. H. L. M.

LATIN AMERICA FALLS IN LINE

BY GENARO ARBAIZA

MANY of the leading Latin-American newspapers, from the Rio Grande all the way to the Rio de la Plata, show a strong, permeating American influence. They use American mechanical equipment, buy American news, borrow American methods, and display American advertising. As you look through them you will find world news imported from New York, American printing types, American typographical style, American scareheads, American illustrations, American rotogravure pictures, translated American articles and short stories, syndicated American features and cartoons, American motion-picture announcements, American boxing news, radio programmes of American jazz, cross-word puzzles—a veritable second-hand shop of American journalistic wares.

The Latin-American press has been going through this process of Americanization only during recent years, yet, save perhaps the American motion-picture, it is already the strongest foreign cultural force among the people of the southern countries. There are two aspects to this phenomenon: distribution of American news and imitation of American journalism. While the first appears as a part of American economic expansion, the second is a spontaneous growth that cannot be explained alone by the overflow of American goods and American dollars. It shows the centrifugal force of American ideas.

Of the approximate total of 600 daily newspapers in Latin America, the largest ones, about 170 in number, are served directly or indirectly by American news agencies as far as foreign news is concerned; the rest cannot afford, or are not greatly interested in, foreign news, and simply rewrite it from the more prosperous journals. The wealthiest dailies have special cable correspondents in the more important European capitals, but the great bulk of their world news they get from American agencies. Thus more than 20,000,000 readers from Mexico to Cape Horn, making up the ruling and middle classes of Latin America, see the outside world exactly as American news editors may want them to see it. This vast system of news distribution has knitted all the Latin-American countries into what is really a province of the American news world.

About a decade ago there was practically no American news organization in Latin America. But then the European trade rivals were forced to neglect the Latin-American markets because of the war, and the American trader captured them without a shot. Following the American trader, the American news vendor went south, and almost overnight a network of news bureaux was woven throughout the territory. The history of journalism offers no other example of such a comprehensive scheme of news dissemination being carried out in so short a time. The first American news bureau started business in the southern continent in 1916. Within a year all the chief American international news organizations were operating there, and a steady stream of news from New York and Washington fed hundreds of Latin-American presses.

It was one of the tremendous improvisations of the war. Prior to 1914

London was the gathering center and the broadcasting tower of world news. At the center of a globe-embracing submarine cable system extending nearly 150,000 miles, it received news reports from all parts of the world, sifted them, and then distributed them. The Reuter Agency, the great semi-official British press bureau, reached the press of practically every country, either directly or indirectly, through exchange arrangements.

Latin America was then a province of the British news domain. A few newspapers in Mexico, Central America and the West Indies did receive some news from the United States, but it was as the result of individual enterprise rather than organized endeavor. The Latin-American press, as I have said, imported the greater part of its foreign news from London, although not directly. The territory was covered by the French semi-official press bureau, the Agence Havas, which, outside of news pertaining to France and the French Empire, mostly retransmitted Reuter reports. There was a sentimental reason for this. Latin-American editors, for some mysterious reason, regarded France as the trustworthy leader of the Latin world, and it was considerably easier to sell them a French news service than an English one.

News control by British and French agencies was so complete that news from one Latin-American country to another was often sent *via* London. A revolution in Colombia or an earthquake in Ecuador was known in Argentina only when reported from England. American news also reached South America by way of London, and mostly through British cables, just as American goods were carried in British bottoms to the southern continent, and American business there was transacted by English commission houses.

Reuter obtained Associated Press reports in New York, and either sent them directly to South America or turned them over in London to the Havas representative, who transmitted them to Paris, whence, after recieving the French touch, they were finally cabled to South America. In the same manner, South American news in the United States before the war and up to 1916 was gathered by Havas and Reuter and transmitted to the Associated Press. Of course, as even then American trade loomed very dangerous to British commercial hegemony in the southern continent, American news to South America received special treatment in passing through British hands. American editors have complained that American lynchings, graft scandals, railroad wrecks and similar unpleasant matters were carefully picked out by the British for Latin-American consumption. According to Mr. Roy W. Howard, formerly of the United Press, South America received from the Havas agency only such news as the Frenchman felt certain would not cause "the Rue de la Paix to run second to Fifth avenue, or would not permit Broadway to alienate the Latin-Americans' affection for the Boulevard des Italiens."

II

Up to the time of the war, no nation challenged the British cable and foreign news control in Latin America but Germany. Germany, which had expanded in defiance of British trade and shipping, planned to organize a rival system of cable communication with Latin America, and had made a good beginning. The Germans laid a cable running from Germany to the Azores, then down the African coast to Monrovia, Liberia, and thence across the Atlantic to Pernambuco, Brazil. This cable, the first German one to penetrate the Latin-American news field in support of German trade, was cut in 1916, and the South American end has not been connected up again.

During the first two years of the war, with British and other cables under censorship, New York became the news center of the Western hemisphere. The official propaganda poured out upon the world by the Reuter, Havas, Wolff and other semi-

official press bureaux could not satiate the voracious demand for news aroused by the European butchery, and the larger Latin-American dailies turned to the United States for "impartial" views of the great fight. New York thus took the place of London in the Latin-American news field, precisely in the same manner in which it had superseded the British metropolis as the financial center for Latin-American borrowers. The foremost Latin-American journals established connections or opened bureaux in New York during the conflict.

When the United States entered the war in 1917, the American government joined hands with the British government in the task of hunting down German trade and persuading or forcing the Latin-American governments to break with Germany. Most of them were not willing or easily compelled, so the two Allies resorted to trade espionage, intrigue and persecution. Latin-American newspapers which stood for neutrality or sympathized with Germany were blacklisted, denied cable news, commercially and financially blockaded, and prevented from getting ink and paper. A censor sat at the cable offices in New York with a blue pencil and a pair of shears to pass upon press reports to Latin America.

While Great Britain and the United States were equally eager to destroy the common German trade rival in Latin America, they were not at all sure of each other. British credit and exports to the southern countries had been cut off by the war, and the rapid growth of American trade was supplanting not only the German, but the British, trade as well. The Americans soon found that their allies, the British, were maneuvering against their interests. At the Fourth National Foreign Trade Convention, early in 1917, Mr. James Carson, of the Associated Press, who had just returned from a tour of Latin America, warned the American merchants thus:

> Your European competitors have inaugurated one of the cleverest press campaigns in the history of trade, and are using publicity in the guise of news throughout a large area in an effort to discredit American merchants and take from them the trade which the accident of war has thrown to them. . . . Your rivals are deliberately trying to discredit you with a large number of your foreign customers. . . . It seemed to me that it was the purpose of our European trade rivals to play upon the fears and prejudices of the Latin-Americans by continually having inserted in the vernacular press articles on the North American peril . . . and in a dozen other ways endeavoring to discredit Americans by a skillful system of indirect publicity through the news columns. . . . We have heard a great deal about the German peril in South America, but the peril we have got to face in the future in that market is English.

It was in 1916 and 1917 that American newspaper men first endeavored to arouse the young and inexperienced American industrial empire to the need of organizing its world-wide publicity. They pointed to the British system of publicity encircling the planet, and urged the necessity of American news directly accessible to the press of foreign countries. Mr. Roy W. Howard, then head of the United Press, said at a banquet of the Pittsburgh Press Club in March, 1917, that

> while America had been sound asleep, England, Germany and France had been making international hay. Reuter, the English agency; Wolff, the German, and Havas, the French, have all been furthering the interests of their particular countries abroad. . . . The suggestion that the American news agencies should have years ago begun trail blazing for our commercial control endeavors is received with surprise. The idea that the foreign correspondents of American news agencies could be and should be the most valued assistants of our diplomats is difficult of acceptance for the minister or ambassador whose "deservingness" for his appointment was determined by the size of his campaign contribution. . . . Uncle Sam has had his press agent behind his show, instead of ahead of it.

It was not long after this indictment by Mr. Howard that the chief American news organizations, which had already made experimental arrangements, set to work perfecting their Latin-American service. Their path was not smooth, however. They found the British not only in possession of machinery for the spread of news through their own and allied agencies, but also in control of cable lines, and in some sections entrenched behind cable monopolies. The British-American competition in the cable field dated, in fact, from before

the war. For some time before 1914 American cable interests had given strong battle to the British, and penetrated Mexico, Central America and the West Indies, and extended their lines along the west coast of South America down to Chile, then over the Andes to Argentina, to Uruguay, and finally to Southern Brazil.

In the southeastern part of South America the British interests were strongly intrenched and fought tenaciously before surrendering to the Americans. At the present time, the Americans are engaged in the task of completing the Latin-American circuit, as there is a large zone to be covered in northeastern South America, where the British still hold their ground. From Rio de Janeiro three projected lines will bring the American cable system up to Pernambuco. North of Pernambuco the British maintain a monopoly which the Americans are reported seeking to break. From 1914 to 1928, it is conservatively estimated, the American cable system has increased its lines in and to Latin America by more than 13,000 miles. This growth was coincident with the organization of the American news bureaux in Latin America. When American news agencies started their South American service, the Central and South American Cable Company reduced the press rate between New York and South American cities from twenty-two to fifteen cents a word. Lately, American-controlled radio companies have begun handling news.

The first American press association to station correspondents in South America was the United Press, which established an office there in 1916. Now it claims more than 100 subscribers among Latin-American newspapers. Up to November, 1927, the Associated Press had taken into full membership forty-three Latin-American dailies. The International News Service has about thirty subscribers in the territory. The smaller news organizations serve a limited number of Latin-American journals.

American news purveyors chose the right moment for the South American venture. They knocked at the door of the South American press when the European news service had broken down with the war, when the people were tired of official European propaganda, and when the scarcity of authentic news had developed keen competition among local newspapers. Early in 1916 Mr. Roy W. Howard of the United Press offered *La Nación*, of Buenos Aires, a two-months' demonstration, and at the end of that period obtained a ten-year contract. Before long he obtained other contracts in Chile, Brazil, Uruguay and other Latin-American countries.

At the same time, the Associated Press, which prior to 1917 had been barred from operating in the southern continent by its own exchange arrangement with the Reuter and Havas agencies, altered its policy in order to extend its membership to South American newspapers.

III

The Americanization of the foreign news columns in the southern press has been one of the most interesting achievements in American post-war economic expansion. American press bureaux now form an impregnable chain on the Latin-American map, and there is hardly a piece of foreign news printed there which cannot be traced to New York, New Orleans, Galveston or the European bureaux of American news agencies. The American press associations have accomplished two things in Latin America: (*a*) they have taken by storm the position held for many years there by the European press bureaux, and (*b*) they have set up the best foreign news service Latin America has ever had.

Never was Latin America so profusely informed. Up to 1914 the European press bureaux served the southern countries with contemptuous parsimony. When during and after the war, impoverished, bankrupt Europe was forced to seek food credits in South America, its news writers changed their attitude, but it was too late. The flood of American cable news since the war has drowned nearly all European

news. Today Latin America reads more than ever before about American events, American political figures, multimillionaires, prizefighters, film stars and other such matters. A well-known Chilean journalist, Señor Ernesto Montenegro, said before the Pan-American Congress of Journalists, held in 1926 in Washington:

> We in Latin America are publishing an enormous amount of information about the United States, from the debates of the Senate at Washington to the mean Winter temperature in Helena, Mont. If someone invents here a new radio device, a new religion or a new style in fashion, we hear the news forthwith in the Argentina pampas or out in the Strait of Magellan. We discuss passionately the possibilities of any of your political issues or the illness of one of your multimillionaires.

The Americans have learned the British lesson so well that now American news agencies distribute most of the European news reaching Latin America. The rôles have been reversed. In some sections all European news, including British, is received from New York or from American news bureaux in Europe. Sir Malcolm Robertson, British Minister in Buenos Aires, sadly spoke of the fact in London not long ago. As Mr. Roy W. Howard put it, the American news agencies "have applied the Monroe Doctrine to news."

This penetration of American news into the southern continent has had a significant outcome from a purely Latin-American viewpoint. It has brought about for the first time an active inter-Latin-American exchange of news. Before the war there was very little such exchange between the Latin-American countries. Separated by immense distances and geographic barriers, and lacking outgoing cables of their own, some of them lived for many years without direct and frequent communication with one another. The European cable lines with Latin America had not been laid to foster amity among Latin-American countries, but to connect their trade centers with Europe, and only incidentally did they link them up.

Profitable expansion since the war has led American cable companies and news organizations to develop this inter-Latin-American service, and now every Latin-American capital, thanks to American enterprise, keeps in daily news contact with its neighbors. The reporting of Latin-American news to the American public also has greatly increased in volume, though most of the stuff available seems to be wasted, for the average American editor shows very little interest in Latin-American news outside of investments, revolutions and interventions.

News distribution in Latin America is by no means unremunerative. The newspapers of the Latin-American capitals, except Mexico City, Havana and perhaps one or two more, pay a higher cost for their cable reports than the American newspapers. News to Mexico and Cuba is sent telegraphically at a comparatively low cost, whereas the South American dailies pay more for their foreign service than any other group of equal number in the world. The American news agencies have well-organized branches dotting the whole territory, and an able body of correspondents who have specialized in Latin America. The competition among them going on at the moment shows that the market has been somewhat oversupplied.

But while it is true that American news agencies are in Latin America to do business, their organizations there are planned on the model of the tactics employed by the great trading empires of our age in the mighty struggle for markets. Trade wars are fought not only with competitive quotations, shipping rates, manufacturing machines, tariff regulations, rates of interest and advertisements, but also with news. You can sell better than your competitors where you are known and liked better. Thus the great industrial nations during the past few decades have organized globe-circling schemes for news distribution, and sent out their journalistic missionaries along with their diplomats, their salesmen and their engineers. International news vendors, therefore, have a practical task. They are expert advertisers and censors of national news, and reporters of inter-

national facts intended to shape national opinion. World news bureaux nowadays function more and more as part of the national equipment for economic expansion. World powers must have world-wide news systems just as they have ocean transportation or submarine cable systems. The European semi-official, subsidized press bureau was an inevitable outcome in the evolution of national propaganda.

News organizations overseas, whether European, American or Asiatic, evolve the same technique. In times of peace, they aim by crude advertising methods to focus the attention of other peoples upon the life and achievements of their own. In times of war, they are mobilized and assigned the duty of fighting with news; their war methods since 1914 have been too obvious to deserve analysis.

American news agencies have an extremely easy task in holding Latin-American attention constantly directed toward American life and achievements, for no one anywhere can ignore them. American life is in itself the most spectacular national life upon the earth today. Moreover, Latin-Americans have reasons of their own for being absorbingly interested in the doings and sayings of their northern neighbor. By keeping American news in the spotlight and controlling the conveyance of the greater part of news from all other countries to Latin America, the American news bureaux are, it is plain, in a position greatly to influence Latin-American public opinion.

Thus, regarding events within Latin America, and particularly the relations between the United States and the southern countries, they have greatly strengthened the American position in the Latin-American press. Now Washington can give Latin-Americans in their own newspapers its side of every international comedy or tragedy staged in the Caribbean Sea or the Central American jungle. This was hardly possible ten years ago.

However, American news bureaux are confronted by a serious difficulty—the anti-American movement. Latin-American distrust of the United States becomes at times so loud-spoken and abusive in the newspapers that it threatens to defeat American propaganda. Every southward step of the American colossus, no matter how quiet and gentle, raises a din of editorial indictments and admonitions against American imperialism from one end of Latin America to the other. Washington used to shrug its shoulders at all this. But when Latin-Americans began organizing anti-imperialist leagues and talking of an anti-American boycott, the noise became a defying reality. American news writers assigned to the Latin-American service are now doing their best to tame and conquer this Latin-American distrust.

The amusing thing is that since the American news bureaux penetrated the southern continent, Latin-Americans have been advised better than ever about the American moves on the Latin-American checker-board. Intervention in Haiti and Santo Domingo in 1915 and 1916, when news from American sources was scarce, went almost unnoticed for a long while in the southern continent, whereas intervention in Nicaragua last year was given wider and more stirring publicity in Latin America by the American news bureaux than any other past American adventure below the Rio Grande.

Recently, leaders of Pan-Americanism decided to Pan-Americanize the Latin-American editor, and to that purpose called the First Pan-American Congress of Journalists, held in Washington in the Spring of 1926. It was a see-what-we-have-done affair. More than a hundred Latin-American journalists, representing the most influential buyers of American news, were paraded and fêted. They were solemnly called upon to work for Pan-Americanism and do their share toward "stilling international distrust." All in vain. When a few months later the marines landed in Nicaragua, the Latin-American chorus of distrust went up louder than ever before.

IV

While the American press bureaux have built up their news export trade to Latin America, the Latin-American editors have been freely importing ideas from American journalism. Many large journals have adopted American methods and style. From El Paso to Patagonia, American inspiration is so conspicuous in the make-up and contents that some sheets would look familiar to a New Yorker not knowing a word of Spanish.

This aspect of the Americanization of the Latin-American press is of far greater significance than the penetration of its news field. The daily circularization of American newspaper literature with American illustrations among millions of readers cannot help having the same subtle influence as the daily showing of American films. Probably it is aiding American trade there more than all the American news bureaux combined. Involving immeasurable changes in tastes and ideas, it also is bound to be an important cultural agency.

The Latin-American press has an old and proud tradition dating back nearly four centuries. In colonial Latin America reading was a privilege of the ruling classes, and the first Latin-American newspapers followed the pattern of the old Spanish gazettes. Environment and post-colonial political strife soon gave them a local color. Then they went through decades of personal, provincial and partisan journalism. This sort of journalism is still to be found in sections untouched by modern economics.

Economic development and European immigration in the second half of the Nineteenth Century brought Latin America into active news exchange with the rest of the world, stimulated the growth of strong middle classes, and thus created a market for the modern newspaper. The great Latin-American journals of today came to life or reached full growth during that period. The literary genius of the various Latin-American peoples had then an opportunity to exhibit its creativeness. The newspaper, at that time almost the only vehicle of ideas, was developed as a keeper of the Hispanic literary tradition. Latin-American journalism produced very fine and original pieces of newspaper literature in those days, with a local flavor in every country. Yet it remained conservative in its methods of appeal and lacked business sense for the exploitation of news. It was only toward the end of last century that it developed in these directions, thanks largely to the influence of French and English journalism.

But the most remarkable change in the press of the southern continent came when American journalism awakened the Latin-American editor's interest. The overflowing vividness of the American newspaper tempted him to experiment with the revolutionary methods. The experiment proved a success. Gradually Latin-American newspapers abandoned their old-fashioned style to put on the multicolor American garments: news features, cartoons, rotogravure pictures, magazine sections, classified advertisements, Sunday editions, screamer heads, alluring illustrations.

Havana, Mexico City, Guatemala, Panama, San Juan, Buenos Aires, Santiago, and Bogotá saw the change first, and from them the movement spread to the cities of the Caribbean Sea, the Andean highlands and the Argentina pampas. It appears to have taken hold much more firmly north of Panama than in the southern continent, the press of the Spanish-speaking West Indies, Mexico and Central America being under more immediate American influence than that of South America.

In fact, all the foremost newspapers in the Near South have embraced Americanization. The Cuban press shows a more complete degree of Americanization than that of any other Latin-American country, except perhaps Mexico. *El Mundo*, *El Sol*, *El Diario de la Marina*, and *El Heraldo*, all of Havana, have taken the lead in the movement side by side with *El Universal*

and *Excelsior* of Mexico City. Many provincial news-sheets in both countries follow along similar lines. In Central America, Americanization is noticeable in a number of dailies, such as *Excelsior* of Guatemala, *El Diario del Salvador* of San Salvador, and *La Estrella* and *El Heraldo* of Panama. The leading papers of Porto Rico, including *El Mundo* of San Juan, *El Tiempo* and *La Correspondencia*, probably were the first to show the effects of Americanization.

In South America, the movement is not as general among small newspapers as it is further north, but it is progressing. The outstanding instance of Americanization in the Far South is *La Nación* of Buenos Aires, one of the largest and most influential dailies of Latin America. The Americanization of *La Nación* is particularly significant because many Latin-American newssheets take it as a model. Explaining the adoption of American journalistic methods, Señor Jorge A. Mitre, publisher of *La Nación*, said in a speech before the New York City Newspaper Publishers Association in April, 1926: "I dress myself in British clothes because I believe the English tailors are the best; and I adopt some of your methods of dressing my newspaper because I believe you are the best paper-tailors in the world." Another of the largest South American dailies, *La Prensa*, of Buenos Aires, which has a daily edition of about forty pages and reached a Sunday circulation of more than 350,000 copies in November, 1927, also has been influenced by the Americanization movement. The same may be said of *La Razón*, *Crítica* and almost every other important paper in Argentina, as well as of various pictorial weeklies and magazines.

Second to Argentina in South America, Chile is the country where Americanization has developed most. The leading Chilean dailies, such as *El Mercurio* and *La Nación* of Santiago, as well as several illustrated periodicals, show that Americanization is thriving on the banks of the Mapocho. Señor Carlos Dávila, present Chilean ambassador at Washington and former editor of the latter paper, was quoted by the New York *Times* upon his arrival in the United States in October, 1927, as saying that "American printing machinery and methods of producing newspapers and magazines have done more for the Chilean reading public in the last five years than had been done in the previous half century."

Although in no other South American countries has the Americanization of the press covered as much ground as in Argentina and Chile, the movement is spreading as rapidly as is possible with the mechanical equipment available, particularly in Colombia, Venezuela and Uruguay.

Some of the aforementioned dailies are painstaking in their imitation of American methods, from the weather forecast to the cross-word puzzle; others follow reluctantly; but all feel in some manner the influence of American journalism. American cartoonists amuse Latin-American readers thousands of miles away. Even *Listin Diario* in tradition-loving Santo Domingo falls for McManus' comics. Mutt and Jeff are rebaptized as Eneas and Benitin in their tropical venture. The American humorous drawings and magazine illustration are evolving a new school among Latin-American artists. Frank Crane's editorials travel as far south as Antofagasta, Chile, and Arthur Brisbane seems to have steady readers in Cuba. The marriage probabilities of Bebe Daniels are discussed in the *Excelsior* of Guatemala with the same awe as in the New York *Graphic*.

American correspondents convey from the Vatican the greetings of Pius XI to the Latin-American faithful, and Italian immigrants in South America read Mussolini's dicta in Spanish translations of American news-letters. The sports section in the southern press grows as the influence of American life spreads. The Tunney-Dempsey fight in the Fall of 1927 received more space in Latin-American dailies than any other single event in a long time. Out of its twelve pages, *El Plata*

of Montevideo, Uruguay, gave more than three to the historic fight. *El Mercurio*, of Santiago, Chile, prints the memoirs of Colonel House in serial form, while a Cuban journal, *El Sol*, of Havana, features a composite picture of Earl Carroll and his celebrated bath-tub fest. American scandals, American divorces, American beauty contests, American humor, and above all American advertising daily fill columns in Latin-American papers.

The American feature syndicates, like the American news bureaux, have found a market down there, and a number of them, including the King Feature Service, the Bell Syndicate, the North American Newspaper Alliance, International Newsreel Photos, the Pan-American News Service and the Spanish-American Press Syndicate distribute in Latin America translated stories, news mats, photographs, sport pictures, illustrations and all other exportable journalistic products.

V

This Americanization movement was not the result of the sale of American equipment. On the contrary, in many cases it was the interest aroused by American methods that created a demand for the equipment.

When Latin America rose to be a factor of first magnitude in world economics, the old-fashioned journalism proved inadequate to meet modern requirements. A change became inevitable, and American journalism furnished a timely guidance for modernization. Compelled to make a new newspaper, the Latin-American editor used the ready-made tools and technique of the American press. The war, arousing everywhere a feverish thirst for world news never known before, accelerated the process.

This Americanization, as I have said, is chiefly manifested in the presentation of news. Previously, the Latin-American dailies were too conservative in their news columns. For example, they used to announce the death of a Pope, which ranks among the biggest items there, in a single-column headline. Americanization is changing all that. It is giving the Latin-American editor a lesson in sensationalism and flippancy. Fifty years ago a scarehead would have thrown a Latin-American capital into panic, and a picture of a semi-nude chorine would have brought a crowd of bigots to burn the sheet that published it. Now many papers show a tendency to be tolerant, garrulous and trivial in the American way, and everybody seems to like it. American yellow and tabloid journalism also has imitators in Latin America. Tradition has taken refuge in the editorial column, but even there, in some instances, an effort at Americanization is apparent.

Then there is the matter of bulk. Some wealthy Latin-American newspapers are striving to be as lavish as their American colleagues in the use of newsprint. The largest dailies are second only to the big American newspapers in volume. The Sunday edition, run along American lines, is being adopted more and more under the pressure of competition. One of the wholesome effects of Americanization has been the loosening of the dignified stiffness assumed by prominent journals in the past. As a rule, they seldom endeavored to be entertaining, and disliked to be instructive. Now they are becoming more amusing.

All these changes have lengthened the arm of the press. It so happens that they are being carried out at a moment when the Latin-American middle classes have grown powerful enough to demand a new sort of journalism. During the greater part of the Nineteenth Century these classes, small at first, then gradually enlarged by natural growth and new European blood, and bettered by education and economic development, had no newspapers for their own sphere of interest. The newspaper of those days was not really addressed to them. Consequently, many middle class people did not read newspapers. Now they read them eagerly. American news-presentation and advertising methods are thus

helping the Latin-American editors to circulate their newspapers among the middle classes, and the graphical features are helping them to place them in the hands of the illiterate. Americanization has tapped new levels previously unexploited by the Latin-American newspaper publisher.

Everyone—reader, publisher and advertiser—seems to have benefited by the introduction of American methods. There is one victim, however—the Spanish language. In many instances Latin-American editors have not thoroughly assimilated the new methods. Crude imitation and hasty translation are making serious inroads in the Castilian literary form. The journalistic revolution is raising havoc with Spanish diction, particularly in countries under strong American political influence. The number and calibre of americanisms, anglicisms and barbarisms is simply appalling in some sections. English words have been adopted, not because the Spanish language lacks the equivalents, but simply because it is the fashion. Of course, languages are enriched by this process, but they are thus destroyed, also. It all depends upon the capacity of a language for assimilation, and the Spanish has very little of it. Castilian grammatical construction is likewise suffering from Americanization in some parts of Latin America. The Spanish tongue is too tidy and elaborate to survive barbaric distortion.

As a result of such matters, a bilingual civilization dawns south of Florida. Many newspapers and reviews appear both in Spanish and English, and people who can hardly be expected to talk one language well are forced to use an abominable mixture of two languages. The English language today in some sections of Latin America is playing a rôle similar to that of Latin in the Middle Ages. The old, seasoned flavor of the Spanish tongue is fast disappearing in some Latin-American newspapers under the American onslaught. Yet a certain degree of assimilation without a betrayal of literary form seems possible. Colombian dailies have made a successful effort to chew and well digest the American recipe. It is up to Latin-American editors to channel Americanization so as to make it innocuous to the beautiful language of Darío, Prada and Rodó.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

CULTURAL note from the eminent *Filmograph*, the *Times* of Heavenly Hollywood:

> Percy and Ernst Westmore made a noble offer the other day in the form of their services gratis to the family of anyone in the profession who happens to meet with an accident, and the family desires that their loved one lies in state to make up their faces so that they will make a good appearance, so as to not create a wrong impression by outward appearances at such a time. The Westmore boys are among the best artists in their particular line of work, and their offer is a very commendable one to aid those in the motion picture industry.

THE *Film Daily* reports the appearance of a movie St. Simeon Stylites in the same marvellous town:

> For two years, Gerrit Lloyd stopped reading entirely, so he could get the printed word out of his mind. Nothing but pictures. Then he began writing for the screen, and the result is something really noteworthy, a real screen language. The story was "Drums of Love," and out of it D. W. Griffith has made one of his greatest classics.

DELAWARE

THE *Weekly Bulletin*, official organ of the Wilmington Rotarians:

> If Rotary had been established in Lincoln's day, he would have been its outstanding personality.

THE Smyrna *Times* hands out a puff to a prominent townsman:

> One of the busiest men in town is W. E. Matthews, Jr., who is fast forging to the front as the leading undertaker of the community. He has been having several funerals a week beside being occupied with his other activities. To-morrow he conducts the big funeral of Mrs. Beulah C. Hoffecker, wife of Former Congressman Walter O. Hoffecker. Mr. Matthews takes time from his busy funeral directing activities to participate with the fraternal orders of the town. He is a Mason, a Legionnaire, a Rotarian and active in a number of enterprises. Friends of Mr. Matthews feel he has a bright and successful future ahead of him.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE rewards of a Christian Senator, as revealed by the eminent *Congressional Record:*

> METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH,
> *Iuka, Miss.*
>
> Hon. J. THOMAS HEFLIN,
> *United States Senator, Washington, D. C.*
>
> MY DEAR SIR: I have just finished the *Congressional Record* and write to praise, commend, yes bless you, for the noble rôle that you played recently on the floor of the United States Senate.
>
> Continue this noble work, remembering that you are doing God's work in a mighty dark hour. Let nothing deter you from this crusade of righteousness. Stand forth as God's anointed and rebuke this dangerous dragon of Romanism, which has destroyed so many fair civilizations and reduced others to impotency.
>
> The writer is a disabled chaplain of the World War, a 100% American, whose ancestors came to this country in 1805.
>
> I pray daily that our party will not nominate Al Smith, but if our leaders do that suicidal act they must not expect the common people to vote for him, for we will not do it. I am close to the heart of the man in the street, and I say to you that there will be a revolt among Mississippi Democrats if our party gives them that wringing wet Tammany Romanist from New York.
>
> It would be better for us to go down in honor with a clean, true American than to go into the White House with such a hybrid American as Al Smith.
>
> I feel this impulse: the next time you come up for election I would like to steal across the Alabama line and cast a vote for you, but being a Methodist minister, I am, of course, above those tactics which have been carried out by Tammany for years in New York City.
>
> Remember this: thousands of true Americans do not retire at night without carrying your name to the throne of Divine Grace.
>
> Go forward with God and remember that "no weapon formed against thee shall prosper."
>
> May God bless you, give strength to your good right arm, and make you invincible in this holy war.
>
> Your friend and brother in Christ,
> G. C. SCHWARTZ
>
> P. S.—My good wife and my little girl, Virginia, send their love and assure you of their prayers.

BEDFORD VALLE, PA.

Hon. J. THOMAS HEFLIN,
United States Senate, Washington, D. C.

DEAR SENATOR: Just a few words to let you know how we, the Bethel M. E. Sunday-school, feel about the noble and courageous stand you have taken the last year in national affairs.

You certainly have our sincere congratulations, and hope you may continue in the noble work. Our little Sunday-school voted unanimously in favor of congratulating you on all the good work you have done.

We feel it our duty to inform you that you do not stand alone.

We hope and pray God will raise up more men like you in our dear old United States of America; men with backbone.

T. J. GROUDEN,
W. R. HITE,
Committee

KENNEWICK, WASH.

To: J. THOMAS HEFLIN,
United States Senator.
From: B. F. Patheal, Kligrapp.
Subject: Americanism.

We wish to commend you on your stand for Americanism in the Senate; your work is sure to do inestimable good.

We are proud of a man who has the courage of his convictions and the ability to put it before the public.

You are undoubtedly making thousands of enemies among the Romans, but every red-blooded American is with you.

May your work go forward so that America may be safe for Americans.

Columbia Valley Klan is with you 100%.

Yours in the sacred unfailing bond,

COLUMBIA VALLEY KLAN NO. 57
B. F. PATHEAL, *Kligrapp*

Address: Route 1, Kennewick, Wash.

THE Hon. James O'Connor, LL.B., representative of the First Louisiana District in the House of Representatives, entertains his fellow lawmakers with a voluptuous account of a junket to the State of Tabasco, Mexico:

> Here I might digress to say something about the meals that were lavished upon us. Usually, upon sitting down to table, one could gauge the number of courses to come by the number of plates stacked before him, often three and four. But oftentimes one got fooled, for the waiters would whisk away plate after plate as the courses went by and slyly return several more plates. There was always a good soup, fish, several different meats, chicken, turkey, or duck, rice, and potatoes in plenty, various wines, salads, fruits, other sweets, and dessert, with coffee and smokes topping off a belt-stretching list.
>
> Also, though it be *lèse-majesté*, one could recount the list of liquors served; beer always, champagne frequently, white and red wines, a brandy of the country, which various members of the party long will remember as "habanero," other cordials and whiskies, till the round came back to beer and the feasted one forgot just which he was drinking. [*Prolonged applause.*]

PROUD record of a free American citizen now gracing the nation's capital:

> The national capital presents to the world the world's greatest Rotarian. He is George Plitt, forty-year-old realty broker. Plitt has missed but four weekly luncheon meetings in 15 years. He has attended 793 meetings, at which he consumed approximately 2000 chicken croquettes. He has paid $79.30 for hat checking and $1200 for luncheons. His meeting time aggregates about 3000 business hours.

FLORIDA

FROM the public records of Jacksonville:

> *Be it ordained by the Mayor and City Council of Jacksonville:*
>
> Section 1. That no Negro contractor shall engage in the construction or repair of any dwelling-house or building of any character within the city limits of the city of Jacksonville in any block which shall contain the places of residence or business of white people exclusively; nor shall any white contractor engage in the construction or repair of any dwelling-house or building of any character within the same limits in any block which shall contain the places of residence or business of Negroes exclusively.
>
> Section 2. All building permits issued by the city of Jacksonville shall comply with the provisions of this ordinance.
>
> Section 3. Any person violating any of the provisions of this ordinance shall, upon conviction thereof, be punished by fine not exceeding $25 or imprisonment not exceeding ten days for each and every offense, and each day that any person shall violate any of the provisions of this ordinance shall be taken and considered as a separate offense.

GEORGIA

LIFE in Bristol, Pierce county, as disclosed by an Associated Press dispatch:

> One man is dead, another may lose his arm and two other persons are under arrest as a result of a quarrel among a group of boys over a marble game.

SURGICAL science among the free American citizens of Dahlonega, as reported by the Hon. W. B. Townsend, editor of the eminent *Nugget:*

> Very often when a person gets choked and a doctor is not convenient they can be relieved by beating them in the back. And there are other ways. We once had an aunt who frequently got

choked while eating. Worse after losing most of her teeth. Her husband relieved her by sticking the end of a feather down her throat until it tickled her and she coughed. When the two went off on a visit the husband carried a bunch of wing feathers along. One day upon being invited to a corn shucking and a play they lit in the wagon which had been sent for them, forgetting the bunch of feathers. While eating supper after the corn was shucked, the old lady got choked. Her husband felt in his pocket and realized what had been forgotten, yelled for someone to bring him a feather. One was soon in his hands. Then a lady took hold of aunt's head, holding it back like preparing for the extraction of a tooth. Uncle put the feather in motion at the proper place. She coughed, and a big dumpling tempered with chicken gravy flew out of her mouth, clear across the room, hitting the strings of a fiddle which had been tuned and laid on the bed to be started up for the dance as soon as supper was over. Aunt wiped her tearful eyes dry, soon quit coughing and enjoyed herself sitting by the side of her husband watching the young people dance. But there is still another way of relieving a choked person in Dahlonega besides pounding them in the back or tickling their throat, by putting the sufferer in a car and dashing across the public square, or up or down a street after a rain and a freeze. It will make the dumplings fly.

CONSTRUCTIVE suggestion by a 100% American reader of the Macon *Telegraph:*

A law should be passed making it compulsory for hotels, etc., to deny house room to all parties registering as married couples unless they present for identification the following: a card, which could be made the same size as any lodge membership card, which would have on it the photographs of the man and wife, in addition to the date, place and State seal, the name of the person issuing the marriage license, and which would be issued at the time the license was issued. These should be serially numbered, each State using a different letter or some other identifying symbol and the hotel registers should show these numbers and periodically be checked by the police authorities and verified.

JEROME BROWN

LYRIC recently added to the musical repertory of the sales department of the Bibb Manufacturing Company of the same high-toned town:

(Tune: "*I Got a Wife and a Bulldog Too*")

I had corns—and sore feet, too,
I had corns—and sore feet, too,
I had corns and sore feet, too,
Tried Torpedoes and the corns they flew,
All my corns been taken away—taken away.

Torpedo Socks—will do for you,
Torpedo Socks—will do for you,
Torpedo Socks will do for you,
You don't even hafter wear a shoe,
All my corns been taken away—taken away.

Torpedo Socks—are good, you know,
Torpedo Socks—are good, you know,
Torpedo Socks are good, you know,
Take a look at that Seamless Toe,
All other brands—are faden away—faden away.

Torpedo Socks—are gua-ran-teed,
Torpedo Socks—are gua-ran-teed,
Torpedo Socks—are guaranteed,
From taking a chance you done been freed,
Two for one—sounds good to me—sounds good to me.

Torpedo Socks—are geared to the road,
Torpedo Socks—are geared to the road,
Torpedo Socks are geared to the road,
Not a seam in a whole carload.
Oh so soft—they satisfy—they satisfy.

Torpedo Socks—in any weather,
Torpedo Socks—in any weather,
Torpedo Socks in any weather,
Are just as soft as a goofer feather,
And oh those tops—just won't pull off—just won't pull off.

ILLINOIS

THE Christian life in the Chicago Harlem, as reported by the Associated Press:

A blackjack in the hands of a Negro choirmaster stopped the source of blue notes at the services in the Friendship Baptist Church yesterday, and though the leader and the singer were unconscious, the worship continued.

Deacon Thomas Chapman disliked the sour notes and, silently drawing a blackjack, felled Casey McGurick Jones, baritone, who was singing off key. George Washington McGavock, basso, objected, and tearing a telephone from the wall, felled the deacon.

Later, when Sergeant Mulvihill dropped in, as was his custom, the choir, led by McGavock, was singing "Throw Out the Lifeline," while both Deacon Chapman and Jones lay unconscious side by side in front of the choir.

PLEA for help from a benefactor of humanity, with his center of operations in Big Bill Thompson's *Kaiserstadt:*

HELP STOP CRIME

Are you honestly interested in the prevention and elimination of poverty, disease, crime, war, depressed agriculture, cyclones, tornadoes, floods and famine?

What would Abraham Lincoln do if living today? Great evils can not be eliminated by compromise. The abolition of slavery saved the American Republic.

Again, today, American Agriculture, the American Republic and Western Civilization can be saved only by the abolition of the slaughter-house. In other words, "Food will win the War."

"Education is the Door to Success." The School Children of America are educated to kill and eat our most valuable friends—the cow, sheep and hen. Why is this kind of education a great crime?

Kindly read the following two statements carefully:

Next to air and water, dairy products, wool clothing and eggs are the most vital necessities to the existence of human life in the temperate zones.

The production and slaughter of hogs and beef cattle (stuffed, perverted forms of life) for human food produces world-wide poverty, disease, crime, war, depressed agriculture, cyclones, tornadoes, floods, famine and other agencies for the foolish and needless destruction of mankind.

This educator and scientist desires moral and financial aid in getting the people of America interested in public school education and Federal legislation which will save American Agriculture, the American Republic and Western Civilization.

Real Americans can assist in saving many millions of human lives by giving moral and financial assistance. If you are interested and doubt the truth of any statements presented herewith, write me a letter and I will be pleased to explain in detail.

James Russell Clark, *President*,
Scientific Humane Education Society, Inc.,
909 Lytle Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Important Postscript:

This writer claims to be one of the world's greatest industrial and agricultural experts. At present the leading object of agriculture in America is the production and slaughter of hogs, beef cattle and sheep. The supreme object of Agriculture in America should be the production and contented living of strong, healthy human Live Stock.

If you will give me moral and financial aid I can secure employment as the next president of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The people of this world need a genuine Abraham Lincoln American in the White House.

$1,000 WILL MAKE IT POSSIBLE TO SAVE MANY MILLIONS OF HUMAN LIVES.

IOWA

Card of a scientific Admirable Crichton in this great State:

DR. HUGH H. CARNEY

When you think of Chiropractic, think of Dr. Carney, Specializing in stomach, heart, kidney, liver, sinus and female trouble, asthma, rheumatism, headaches, paralysis, nervousness, appendicitis, high blood pressure, gall-stones, backache, goitre, dizziness, etc.

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Sioux City, Iowa

Phone 55193 611 Iowa Bldg.

LOUISIANA

The Rev. James I. Vance, of Nashville, Tenn., to the astonished Calvinists of the St. Charles Avenue Presbyterian Church, New Orleans:

God is the rage in Paris today.

MASSACHUSETTS

Contribution to science by a learned reader of the *Old Colony Memorial*, published at Plymouth, the cradle of American civilization:

It is not generally known that a pain in the eye will be quickly relieved by finding a tender spot somewhere under the eyebrow or above on the forehead. Feel all about until you locate a sore feeling, then press it! The more it hurts the harder you press. Often after a while there is a twitching sensation. Anyway, the pain in the eye passes off. If a pain in the face, as soon as it begins, press under the ear, one finger on the pain and another under the ear, if not well, press hard until the pain leaves. So all over the body where there is a soreness by pressing on it, the more the pain the harder you press, it will go. The greatest of Seers told this years ago. Did I not know to do it, I would be a confirmed sufferer and not able to use my eyes, which to others seem remarkably strong. There is something else, those sparsely clothed women and girls that continually scratch, should know that health doctors tell us there is no need to scratch. When a spot itches, quickly tell it to leave, and place your mind on something else, it will pass off. Scratching when I was young was a vulgarity! One would be horrified to see that performance under the table at meals! Manners were prettier then, when people were taught to keep feet and knees together, not sprawling about without respect to others. Your pardon,

Ada A. Brewster

MICHIGAN

From the official stenographic record of the cross-examination of a colored witness by a Greek lawyer in a Detroit court of justice:

Q. You said a little while ago to the jury that your attention has been attracted to the car with the slowness of the amount of speed it has passed you.

A. That is so.

Q. The fact is, the truth is, you think, you imagine, you don't know for sure, you can not wander off; you can't swear that you are telling true to this jury, as to the amount of speed that was the taxicab using, did you?

A. No, I couldn't swear to that.

Q. How many feet, can you answer to the Court and jury, how many feet can he take with a speed of four to five miles an hour at the space of time when he was attracted to your attention, from the corner where he left to the point where was the accident happened?

A. Well, sir, that is something that I could not answer.

Q. Can you answer this question, when your further opinion that you rendered before to the Court and jury is not correct, is it, either, then?

A. What isn't correct? Everything I said is correct.

Q. Well, now then, if you are so sure about it, that you can so faithfully state to the Court and jury, why don't you say, if you know, what is the distance that a car can take in that time, between four and five miles an hour, from that corner to the middle of the street, where was the accident happened?

A. Which?

Q. Which, you stated before, about the mileage, respecting which the driver used? Do you understand what I say?

A. I understand that you mean like this here: For me to tell you how many feet that he would have to go where he was going at the rate of speed that I said he was going, until he got to the place where he was at.

THE HON. GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS in the *Free Press* of the same Christian town:

I am not sure about many things, but I am sure about God. I am sure that there is a God in the world. . . . I always see God in the play of a child. I also see Him in the wag of a dog's tail.

MISSOURI

THE editor of *Mizpah Lodge Tidings*, official organ of Mizpah Lodge No. 639, A. F. & A. M., of St. Louis, outlines a philosophy of life for 100% Americans:

THE SIMPLE LIFE

Breathe, eat, move about, sleep, wear suitable clothing and be happy. Do not drink, work too hard, talk too much, spend too much money, nor try to be too happy. Avoid excitement and stimulation. Let the mind rest whenever possible, and above all things shun thought. The habit of thinking is extremely boresome, or else it leads the victim into complexities that make the simple life recede into the background. Plain living and high thinking were once considered compatible, but with the coming of the skyscraper, the limousine, and all the other modern improvements, a new formula has had to be framed. It is now either high living and low thinking or, if one really wants the Simple Life, just any living within reach and no thinking at all.

HISTORICAL pronouncement of the eminent Kansas City *Journal-Post:*

Dempsey, like Abraham Lincoln, belongs to the ages.

NEW YORK

CONTRIBUTION to exegetic science reported by the Buffalo *Evening News:*

Declaring that the prophets, saints and patriarchs of old knew all about radio and had efficient broadcasting equipment, Evangelist Clinton H. Churchill, in the Churchill Tabernacle Sunday night, said that these ancients also had radio laws and a radio commission, and that if a man wanted a good wave length and high power he had to observe the laws. "The radio commission then," he said, "consisted of three members instead of five as at present. The three were the same as have been ruling all through time —the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. David, as a citizen, had a right to a broadcasting license, and knew how to talk to the commission and put on the most interesting programmes that ever went on the air. We don't know who the opera singers of his day were, or the comedians, or the Modernists; we don't know what soap company broadcast in David's day or what newspapers had a tie-up with the radio, but you are still tuning in on David's programmes. His programmes were of public interest, convenience and necessity."

In closing, Evangelist Churchill said he was impressed with the clear wave these old broadcasters had. Their reception of distance was absolutely marvelous. The kilocycle separation with the Almighty was a little better than it is with the government.

THE Higher Learning at Syracuse University, the old stronghold of Chancellor Day, as revealed by a questionnaire circulated among the learned by an aspirant to the Ph.D. in the School of Citizenship and Public Affairs:

This study is a part of a doctoral dissertation on "The Personality and Politics of Warren G. Harding."

The Object of the Test

We have attempted to glean from 1500 extracts, taken from 125 of Harding's speeches, a number of quotations that are "most like Harding," that is, in which one can see the whole or integrated Harding. Our test has been subjective, based on what we read and thought of him. If the findings are to be verified, they must be corroborated by people who knew Harding or who had occasion to read his speeches and be conversant with his personality. Therefore, we are sending you one of the objective tests. In these 25 extracts, there is a sprinkling of all shades of the Hardingesque. It remains, if it is your pleasure, for you to rank them in order by the method indicated in the instructions below. No. 1 would indicate the extract you believe to be "most like Harding," "most Hardingesque," and the one for which you could say most surely, "That is Harding all over." At the other end would be the extract that least personifies Harding. Do not forget to number the extracts as per instructions. Do not study each extract with the view of analysing its parts, but make your choice on the impression of the whole extract with your idea of Harding in mind.

Instructions

1. Read over all the extracts without making any choice.

2. Read them one by one, arranging them in five divisions under the enclosed headings in this fashion:

Most Like Harding	*More Like Harding*
1.	6.
2.	7.
3.	8.
4.	9.
5.	10.

Like Harding	*Less Like Harding*	*Least Like Harding*
11.	16.	21.
12.	17.	22.
13.	18.	23.
14.	19.	24.
15.	20.	25.

3. Examine your classification carefully, especially those extracts at conjunction points, that is, No. 5 and No. 6, No. 10 and No. 11, No. 15 and No. 16, No. 20 and No. 21, with a view of being as accurate as possible about your impressions. Do not hesitate to change places of extracts if your judgment calls for it.

4. Number the extracts on the left hand margin in the manner indicated above.

5. If you care to make comments about your reasons for placing these extracts in certain positions, write on the back of the extract itself. This would be especially helpful in the case of the first and last five.

6. Kindly return the extracts with their marginal number in the enclosed envelope as soon as conveniently possible.

NORTH CAROLINA

THE life of learning at the University of North Carolina, as reported by the celebrated Chapel Hill *Weekly:*

Members of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity have recently inaugurated the great old Anglican custom of serving tea at their lodge every Sunday afternoon. Last Sunday proved a particularly quiet day on the Hill and the Dekes found their weekly party failing woefully from lack of feminine guests. Espying a lonely appearing lady seated in a large sedan in front of the frat house, a hospitable lad resolved to offer her refreshments.

"My dear madam," quoth the youth, "may I offer you a cup of tea?"

"Listen, son," the fair stranger replied, "don't trifle with me; my husband is a bootlegger."

OHIO

SERMON subject at the Central Baptist Church, of Dayton:

IS GOD A PAPA OR A FATHER?

LUGUBRIOUS thoughts of a Christian lady, as set down in the *Ohio Messenger*, official organ of the State W.C.T.U.:

SHORT SKIRTS

H. E. G. D.

One day we sat with bated breath
While on the platform cold in death,
Fair conscience sat the soul to freeze,
Because of skirts above the knees.

Some sit as ladies should—I ween,
But some are not fit to be seen,
And if they're leaders of them all
The louder to our hearts will call.

If women would hold high the Light
Of standards that no soul would blight,
They must not sit in places high
With limbs in view so near the thigh.

And this is what we saw, one day
From those who should a better way
Reveal to us who sit and listen,
If they'd have their words to glisten.

Some skirts when standing fall in length
Sufficient to renew our strength,
But Oh, when sitting, they pull up
And give to us a bitter cup.

For better things we want to see
Than silken legs above the knee,
When women on the platform sit
To make this world a "place more fit."

O women, women, watch your skirts,
And have them not like thoughtless flirts,
And spoil the good that all would do,
When in attempt to lead us through

The deepening maze of sin and death
That causes us to hold our breath;
But when on platforms you must be,
Watch lest words and legs do not agree,

And we must hang our heads in shame
Because of things we cannot name,
And listen to fair words from lips,
When legs and skirts their nectar sips.

PENNSYLVANIA

WHAT it means to be a free-born American in the grand old town of Towanda, as revealed by a dispatch to the eminent New York *World:*

Glenn W. Atwood, twenty-five, of Towanda, who was brought back Saturday night from Honolulu to answer the charge here of illegal possession of a pint of moonshine liquor, pleaded guily in court this afternoon. Judge C. M. Culver sentenced him to pay $100 fine and costs and serve six months in the County Jail. He said he was being especially lenient because of Atwood's family, one of the most prominent and highly respected in Bradford county. Atwood declared he did not own the pint of liquor found in his home and never saw the container until one of the officers produced it from a corner.

THE REHABILITATION OF WHISKEY

BY R. H. TOWNER

The first effect of Prohibition in the United States, as everyone knows and as might have been expected, has been the rehabilitation of whiskey. The habits of good Americans in respect to the drinking of distilled spirits may be studied through nearly three centuries; and for the latter half of that period, the one hundred and fifty years from 1770 to 1920, the cheapest spirit in common use was whiskey made in America from American grains. Until 1861 it was untaxed and incredibly cheap. It sold in respectable New York bars for three cents a drink; in the country, it might sell for ten cents a gallon. In Mark Twain's boyhood, about 1850, a country storekeeper would give a drink of native corn whiskey free to any man who made a trifling purchase in his store.

In 1793, at the time of the Whiskey Insurrection in Pennsylvania, the Legislature memorialized Congress that "whiskey was the common drink of the nation." In the newly-settled Ohio Valley, at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, it was a common form of currency among the pioneers. "Three hundred barrels of whiskey" was Audubon's capital when he left Louisville for Hendersonville, Ky., in March, 1810. Tom Lincoln accepted whiskey as payment for his Kentucky holdings, and when he started for Indiana in 1816 he took this whiskey with him as part payment for the land he was to buy there.

Naturally, at the beginning of this period, while whiskey was still a new temptation to many, there was much intemperance. In 1800, writes Henry Adams,[1] "almost every American family, however respectable, could show some victim to intemperance among its men." In 1816 Thomas Jefferson, writing in favor of the establishment of a brewery, added, "I wish to see this beverage become common instead of the whiskey which kills a third of our citizens and ruins their families." Such a drastic selection of the intemperate for ruin effected a rapid improvement in American habits.

Temperance and sobriety, indeed, would have increased throughout the century with no other aid. Put winged insects on an island where the winds are of such strength that those insects which fly highest and farthest will be blown to sea and perish, and it will follow inevitably by selection alone, and without moral effort on their part, that in a few generations the surviving insects will be those with the weakest wings who fly the least and do not venture far from the protection of the ground and foliage. Temptation to self-destructive vice has on human beings the same effect as destructive winds on winged insects; it selects for survival those who best avoid it. Let all the inhabitants of a country be equally tempted by strong liquor so that intemperance causes some of them to perish, and, as in the case of the winged insects, it will inevitably follow that the survivors will be those who drink least. Temperance and sobriety give them a perennial advantage over the intemperate and unsober.

While the temptation of cheap whiskey, therefore, by natural selection alone, would have aided the survival of the temperate and the sober, Americans did

[1] "A History of the United States from 1801 to 1817," ch. II.

not leave this natural law to operate without moral aids. The moral sense of the whole community worked effectively, unceasingly, and triumphantly against the vice of intemperance. Stagnant and declining civilizations are always chained by the authority of the past. They worship their ancestors and they are ruled by the written and visible symbols handed down to them by ancient tradition. Rising civilizations take arms against the authority of the past, throw off their chains, and shape their lives for the present and the future. In the Nineteenth Century, American civilization had an unexampled rise, each generation forging ahead of all those that had preceded it. As it rose, the habits, customs and traditions of the past had less and less authority. Each new generation tended to mold its own life according to its own ideals, more and more heedless of the past and more and more warned and guided by what it saw in the present. Beset with the perennial temptation of cheap whiskey and seeing on every side the fatal effects of intemperance, it was aroused to abandon the pernicious drinking habits of its own nearest ancestors, and to exalt temperance and even total abstinence as the highest virtues to which young men could aspire.

It was during the Nineteenth Century, while whiskey was still cheap and common, that temperance agitation in the United States began and reached its greatest height. Temperance was preached from every pulpit and from every platform. Men like John B. Gough gained national fame for their eloquence in the temperance cause. Exhortation was seconded by literature and the drama. Beginning with 1785, when Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia published a famous essay on "The Effects of Ardent Spirits on the Human Body and Mind," there followed a century of writers vying with each other in the denunciation of drink. A vast literature grew up, ranging from medical treatises and religious tracts to poems and plays, all of which were directed against King Alcohol, the common enemy. "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," first published as a religious tract, was dramatized and toured the country for years with a success second only to that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Every American able to see could witness a temperance play; every American able to hear could listen to a temperance lecture; and every American able to read could read a temperance tract or treatise. With millions of Americans temperance became a religion, and total abstinence its highest form of worship.

II

In 1805 a Sober Society was founded in New Jersey, and in 1808 a Temperance Society in New York. A Massachusetts Society was formed in 1813 and in 1826 an American Society for the Promotion of Temperance. By 1834 this movement had spread to twenty-one States, and more than 5,000 county and local societies had been organized with a membership exceeding a million. Importation of distilled liquor had decreased from 5,774,774 gallons in 1824 to 2,810,140 gallons in 1830, and there had also been a very striking reduction in the domestic output. National Temperance Conventions were held in Philadelphia in 1833, in Saratoga in 1836, 1841, 1851, 1865, 1873, and 1881; and in Cleveland in 1868, Chicago in 1875, and New York in 1890. Beside the national societies, scores of other associations, societies and leagues, pledging total abstinence, were founded. Practically every considerable group of people, whether bound together by religious ties or party affiliations, had its own temperance society. Many of these were especially directed to the rescue of American youth. Many of them enlisted women in the cause. The first and boldest women agitators in America were anti-slavery and anti-saloon.

The vice of intemperance was almost universally confined to men; and from the sober and temperate women of that time were born the generations of Americans

who became not only sober and temperate but advanced the dominion of man over nature with a rapidity never before approached in the history of the world. At the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, Americans tilled the soil with about the same tools that their Saxon ancestors had used a thousand years before. In the two generations from 1800 to 1860, these Americans, tempted with cheap, untaxed whiskey, effected more improvements in the mechanical arts and in the practice of agriculture than had been accomplished by mankind since the reign of the Pharaohs.

The augmentation of the American nervous organization was astounding. From being mostly idle, dissolute and poor, they became energetic, industrious and rich. "The thoroughfares," wrote Grattan, British consul at Boston, 1839–1846, "are full of well-clad, plain-looking, serious-visaged men. . . . But little wine is drunk in the more domestic circle." Two generations earlier all travellers complained of America as uncivilized; but the British consul, who served seven years in Boston, entitled his book "Civilized America." From being ignorant and unlettered, Americans developed a galaxy of literary talent, challenging the most splendid eras of other civilizations.

The truth is that during this period whiskey was so cheap and common, and drunkenness so easily attained, that both grew quite out of favor. Americans of substance stocked their cellars with wines. Wine was drunk at toasts. Earlier in the century, foreigners travelling in America make frequent mention of the use of spirits. In the decade between 1850 and 1860, whiskey was hardly ever mentioned by them. Tobacco chewing, smoking and spitting were universal annoyances. But there was little complaint of drunkenness and hardly any mention of whiskey. Americans had taken to drinking wine and had invented the sherry cobbler, one of the few things that Dickens in "Martin Chuzzlewit" found to praise. "A certain idiosyncrasy of mind in England," said Grattan, regarded America as "an independent State, with rival interests, uncongenial feelings, and a cotton-growing, tobacco-chewing, *sherry-cobbler-drinking*, lynch-law practising, and slaveholding population."

Frances Trollope, writing of the "Domestic Manners of the Americans," in 1830, makes frequent mention of whiskey, and often deplores the effects of its misuse. Twenty-five years later, America was visited by Lord Acton, a young English nobleman, who was received and entertained by a class of American society not greatly different from that with which Mrs. Trollope was acquainted. His diary of that visit has recently been published. Although he was curious about American drinks, it does not appear that during the whole visit he was ever offered a drink of whiskey. He exclaims at the fabulous price of Madeira (when whiskey was selling at ten cents a gallon, Madeira brought $12 a bottle—so strong was the taste of that generation of Americans for wine in preference to whiskey!), and he drinks champagne and sherry-cobblers, but in the whole diary the word whiskey only appears once, and then in connection with the story of a New York dealer who bought some whiskey from a country merchant and resold it to him as good wine at a profit of 500%. What a striking contrast to 1928, after eight years of Prohibition! Let an Englishman now tour America and there is no hospitable home at which he will not be offered whiskey.

III

Thus, in a period of sixty years, from 1800 to 1860, whiskey had been untaxed and incredibly cheap, and temperance, sobriety, wealth and civilization had made in two generations the most remarkable strides ever seen in the history of the world. The public conscience had grown with them. Great spiritual revivals culminated in the Great Awakening of 1858; and the anti-slavery sentiment grew to a

pitch that brought on the Civil War, which ended in the emancipation of the slaves.

There followed a second period of sixty years, from 1861 to 1920, during which whiskey was taxed; but for much of this period the tax was light and stationary, whereas wealth, incomes and daily wages were increasing. Until about 1900, whiskey was still relatively cheap. It sold, tax-paid, for about $1.40 a gallon, and at respectable bars at from ten to fifteen cents a drink, but the rise in wages and incomes had fairly offset the increase in its price, and it was nearly as available to all classes of the population as it had been a century earlier.

Counting the whole Nineteenth Century, therefore, it may be said that throughout the entire hundred years Americans of every class of society and of each generation were tempted by cheap whiskey. The growth of temperance and sobriety, as would be expected, was most marvelous during this century. These virtues were necessary to success, and in no century of the world's history has any people ever been so successful as the Americans of the Nineteenth Century. Adams' charge that in 1800 nearly every family counted at least one victim to intemperance, and Jefferson's charge that in 1816 it killed a third of the Virginia poor, would have been, in 1900, ridiculous. Such changes had been wrought that in that year it would have been difficult to find one habitual drunkard among a thousand Americans of old American descent. In the registration area of thirty-eight States deaths from alcoholism in 1920, the year that Prohibition went into effect, had dropped to one person in 100,000. Great multitudes of Americans had formed a peculiar aversion for whiskey, and nothing could induce them to drink it. Their aversion for the drink itself spread to its manufacture and to the traffic in it, and this aversion was increased by the resentment which all mankind has ever felt toward those who farm the taxes.

For, at the beginning of the Twentieth Century, the manufacturers and sellers of whiskey had become tax-farmers on a gigantic scale. The tax-farmer is a well-known figure in history. He existed, and was hated, throughout the Roman Empire for a thousand years. As modern civilization began again to rise, his sinister figure reappeared on the continent of Europe. The hatred with which he was regarded under the *ancien régime* is familiar to all readers of the French literature of that period. He had almost got a start in England, under Elizabeth, but even that haughty queen had to yield to the aroused commons and withdraw her grants of monoplies.

In all the English-speaking world, the trade in spirits has offered almost the only example of farming the public taxes on a gigantic scale. It contracted, therefore, many of the abuses, suffered some of the vices, and attracted all the odium invariably attached to that calling. As the trade grew, and as the taxes were increased, the hatred felt for the tax-farmers increased proportionately. Every year they advanced to the government enormous sums of money, all of which was paid out by the trade before it could be taken back from the public.

Necessarily, to recoup themselves for these huge advances of taxes, they must stimulate the sale of whiskey. During the period of non-taxation, when it was so cheap as to be almost given away, no one had any interest in stimulating its sale. There was hardly any profit in it for anybody. The wine merchant could make a handsome income by building up his trade in imported wines, which sold at a fair price, but no large income could be derived from selling the cheap and common whiskey. But from the time that whiskey was heavily taxed, the traffic in it could be carried on only by a large capital and by the grant of a monopoly. The American aversion to the drink itself extended to the trade, and was increased by the universal popular aversion to tax-farmers and to

monopolies; and to offset this, the trade itself, which risked enormous sums in taxes paid in advance, must use every means to stimulate sales, to recoup itself for its advances, and to make profits proportionate to the capital required and to the risk incurred.

In the literature of this period, it is the liquor traffic rather than liquor itself which is most heatedly denounced, just as in England today temperance reformers denounce the trade. While there was a Prohibition party, it never got enough votes to be significant. It was the Anti-Saloon League, an organization ostensibly aimed at the retail traffic in liquor, that finally succeeded in putting over nation-wide Prohibition. But the odium incurred by the saloon and the traffic in liquors was due to the universal hatred of tax-farmers at least as much as to the hatred of liquor itself. The evils of the saloon were evils inherent in the business of tax-farmers.

IV

By the year 1920, whiskey and the traffic in liquors had incurred together the accumulated odium of more than 100 years. The aversion to whiskey had begun and strengthened while it was cheap and untaxed; and after it was taxed, the traffic in it incurred the odium that is everywhere fastened upon tax-farmers. These two sources of hatred taken together directed against liquor and the liquor traffic an amount of popular aversion that found no parallel in anything else in American life.

Great and populous denominations of churches condemned both utterly, and required total abstinence not only by the occupants of their pulpits but by the occupants of their pews. Membership in these churches was denied not only to anyone engaging in the liquor traffic but to anyone suspected of drinking liquor. Hatred of whiskey was taught not only in the churches but in the public-schools; and whole States legislated against it and adopted constitutions intended to ban liquor and the liquor traffic forever from their borders. One must go back to the dark ages to find in the superstitious hatred of magic, sorcery and witchcraft anything nearly resembling the American popular attitude toward whiskey and the saloon in the period immediately before the Eighteenth Amendment. Then there began the so-called experiment of national Prohibition in 1920.

The psychological effect of rations, restrictions, or prohibitions upon a high-spirited, freedom-loving people has been often tested and its results are always the same. Resentment, resistance and rebellion invariably follow. A few examples will suffice. In ancient Rome, law and religion granted to the husband unbounded authority over his wife; and as soon as Rome became civilized, *i.e.*, as soon as the nervous organization of the Romans was sufficiently augmented, the women rebelled. Wives felt bound to disobey their husbands in order to avoid the accusation of vulgarity. In France, in the Eighteenth Century, the church claimed the right to prescribe, regulate and censor not only the worship, diet, and domestic morals of men, but even their letters and their thoughts. French civilization was then bounding upward, and the more authority the church claimed, the more French genius rebelled against it. It was as necessary to the character of an accomplished man that he should despise the religion of his country as that he should know his letters. In America, at about the end of the Nineteenth Century, an old sentiment, perpetuated by custom, restricted women from smoking. That generation of women had attained an augmented nervous organization and promptly rebelled against the restriction. The cigarette became the badge of feminine independence, and it became almost as necessary for an advanced woman of the Twentieth Century to smoke as for an advanced Frenchman of the Eighteenth Century to deride the orthodox church. Augmented nervous organizations are not dependent and obedient but independent

and rebellious. They will listen to the voice of conscience that speaks to them from within, but they reject the voice of authority imposed from without. They refuse to be standardized by church or state, and under prohibitions and espionage they become protestants, dissenters, non-conformists, passive resisters.

Prohibitions have always the same effect upon them. Until 1914, while food in London or Berlin was cheap and abundant, and anyone could eat and drink what he liked, eating and drinking were seldom the topics of conversation. The war came on and food and drink were restricted, rationed, and sometimes prohibited. There were meatless days. There were drinkless hours. The immediate result was to set everybody to talking about food. It became one of the interesting things in every person's life. Talk at every dinner turned on how and where to get prohibited foods, how to get more than the government ration, how to have meat on meatless days.

The immediate effect of Prohibition in America was the same. From the time that the saloons were closed and the traffic in intoxicating beverages forbidden, the prohibited beverages became the favorite subject of conversation. Every dinner party was enlivened with stories of how and where they could be obtained and of their quality and price. Neighbors confided to each other the names and addresses of their favorite bootleggers, exchanged recipes for home brew, and it became as necessary for a polite hostess to serve forbidden drinks to her guests as it was in the First Century, B. C., for an aristocratic Roman matron to disobey her husband, or in the Eighteenth Century, A. D., for an accomplished Frenchman to despise his country's religion.

Thus Protestants will not endure prohibitions. When the Bible was forbidden and bootlegged in England, every zealous Protestant was sure to have one. Anyone may read in Franklin's autobiography the anecdote of his great-great-grandfather, who possessed a copy of the forbidden book, which he concealed under the cover of a joint stool. When he was reading it to his family, "one of the children stood at the door to give notice if he saw the apparitor coming, who was an officer of the spiritual court. In that case, the stool was turned down again upon its feet, where the Bible remained concealed under it as before."

V

On freedom-loving Americans, Prohibition had the same effect that it always has on people of augmented nervous organizations. They and their ancestors had enjoyed for centuries the right to eat and drink without intrusion into their habits or diet, and without rations, restrictions, prohibitions, or espionage. Every American family had set a perfectly free table with a clear conscience. Prohibition came, promoted by the Anti-Saloon League ostensibly to abolish the saloon, but the Volstead Act set up absurd and impossible standards of intoxicating beverages, discriminated between the various classes of the community, and made unlawful a multitude of acts that were perfectly innocent in themselves. As if to heap up the measure of humiliation, the Act itself was followed by the "regulations" of the Prohibition Commissioner, who now employs an army of spies to enforce them.

The result has been a violent reversal of the American attitude toward drink, but particularly toward whiskey. By the steps that I have related, the aversion for whiskey as a beverage had become general in America by the middle of the Nineteenth Century, when it was untaxed and cheap; by the end of the century, when it was taxed but was still comparatively cheap, this aversion had extended to the distillers themselves and to the tax-farmers who trafficked in it. Higher taxes in the decade between 1910 and 1920 had redoubled the efforts of the tax-farmers to popularize it and to stimulate sales, and it

regained something of public esteem as it became more expensive. Finally, the Volstead Act has at last effected its complete rehabilitation. By this Act, every factor that once made whiskey hated and despised has been repealed, and every factor that might make it esteemed and respected has been enacted into law. The traffic in it has been taken out of the hands of the tax-farmers, whose methods of stimulating sales deepened the iniquities of the old-time saloon, and has been taken up by the adventurous and secretive bootleggers, who brave new perils to obtain it and then sell the precious stuff to their customers almost as a favor.

But while it is untaxed, it has not again become cheap and common. On the contrary, it is scarce enough to be precious and expensive enough to be respectable. The aversion that once centered on it and on the traffic in it has now attached to the Volstead Act. To many Americans of the younger generation that Act has all, and more than all, the iniquities that past generations imputed to the saloon. It inspires as fervent a hatred as was ever felt for whiskey itself. The hatred of the Act extends to the prohibition officers and spies who attempt to enforce it, so that the old American aversion to whiskey has now, in the hearts of millions of Americans, changed to an equal aversion for the law and the enforcement agents who seek to forbid its use. Whiskey has become a symbol of freedom and independence, the badge of rebellion against a hated and despised law. It has become in 1928 as necessary for a self-respecting American citizen to drink whiskey as it was in 1900 for a self-respecting woman suffragist to smoke cigarettes. Every investigator into the effects of Prohibition repeats the same tale of whiskey on sale everywhere.

The Prohibition units themselves estimate by the millions of gallons the quantity of non-beverage alcohol withdrawn and devoted to bootleg purposes. Whiskey cures are advertised in the newspapers. The death-rate from alcoholism is rising and arrests for drunkenness are on the increase.

The Moderation League, toward the close of 1927, published the results of a national survey of conditions under Prohibition. The police departments of 403 places supplied their figures of arrests for intoxication for the thirteen years from 1914 to 1926. The results were tabulated and these are the figures:

> To be exact, arrests for drunkenness in 1914 in the 403 places were 531,574, reached the war boom peak of 563,792 in 1916, dropped to 237,101 in 1920 and rose in 1926 to 559,074.

The survey showed, moreover, that in former dry States there is more drinking now under the Volstead Act than there was formerly under State restrictions. And the vice of drinking has extended to boys and girls. In a survey conducted in 1926 by the New York *Herald Tribune*, the chiefs of police of Topeka, Kansas, and of Boise, Idaho, each of which cities is the capital of a former dry State, reported as one of the *new* results of nation-wide Prohibition the widespread vice of drinking by the young—the boys and girls not yet of age, who carry pocket-flasks to their dances and sports.

The Prohibitionists, seeing such unexpected results flowing out of what they thought was a simple matter, are looking upon the country's plight with something like dismay. They have retained, for themselves, the fanatical aversion to whiskey that enabled them to sell the Prohibition law to the politicians. Being very bad psychologists, they are now attempting to stem the tide of liquor and of lawbreaking and official corruption by selling fanaticism to the American people. This attempt will undoubtedly fail. By restoring whiskey to popular esteem they have handicapped themselves at the start, and time is against them. Each year the number of those who grew up in contact with the saloon and thus acquired in their youth an aversion for whiskey will grow less as the old generation of Prohibition agitators gradually dies; and each year the number of those who never saw an open saloon but

who are outraged by the spy system of Prohibition enforcement will increase.

Moreover, to the new generation, the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act will have none of the sanctions claimed for them by the generation that debated Prohibition and enacted it into law. By 1950 America will have an electorate that took no part either in the discussion or the vote on the Eighteenth Amendment. It was never consulted on the question of Prohibition and it will be deaf to the argument that it should obey a law which it never enacted. We see now, in many of the older States, Sunday laws handed down from Colonial times, enacted by a generation that never knew automobiles, golf, moving pictures, radio or vending machines. As all these things become part of the common life, the new generation, without troubling itself to examine or repeal the ancient statutes, simply disregards them, and modifies its Sunday activities according to the age in which it lives. It will be so with Prohibition when the generation that knew the open saloon and had a violent aversion to whiskey has passed away and is succeeded by a new generation which holds whiskey in considerable esteem and feels a violent aversion to the methods of spy government.

VI

Thus, by prohibiting it, whiskey has been restored to popular favor. It is but one more example of the fact, so often repeated in history, that Prohibition does not prohibit. The so-called experiment of Prohibition began at least as far back as the Garden of Eden. Adam's first transgression was to defy Prohibition. Civilized man has been defying it ever since.

The most successful gospel ever preached, the gospel of Jesus, is without prohibitions; and it is strange indeed that Christians, who daily read this gospel or who know anything of Christian history, should believe in Prohibition. If Prohibition had been effective, there would be no Christians, no Protestants and no Bibles. Prohibition was tried against the first Christians, against the first Protestants, and against the first Bibles printed in a popular tongue. It was not only completely ineffective in each case, although enforced with a rigor and harshness that would almost satisfy a fanatical Methodist bishop today, but it multiplied the numbers of those it was directed against. It became a Christian maxim that the "blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church"—a maxim again illustrated in the popular sympathy which follows every victim of Prohibition enforcement officers.

Thus Prohibition is now popularizing whiskey just as in the early history of the Church persecution popularized Christianity. Persecutors are the best publicity agents and persecution the best advertising medium in the world. From Nero to Diocletian the prohibited Christians of the early Church endured ten persecutions, and flourished and increased through them all. Every Christian thrown to the lions, tortured, beaten or slain, animated Roman youth with an intense desire to test the precious gospel that inspired such devotion. Finally, under Diocletian, the tenth and last persecution was the most terrible of all; and following it the Roman Empire turned Christian.

Prohibition is doing for whiskey what persecution did for Christianity. It is giving it publicity and popularity. Every still that is destroyed, every cabaret that is raided, every rum-runner sunk or captured, every bootlegger slain, and every miserable fellow sent to jail for the crime of possessing a pint of whiskey incites thousands of young Americans to taste the precious stuff for which men run such risks. If the fanatical drys who preach Law Enforcement are ever persuaded to embark on a zealous campaign of real enforcement, with all its accompanying terrors, it will undoubtedly end in America's going wet. Publicity is the road to popularity, and Prohibition has given whiskey the most effective publicity it has ever had.

A NEGRO LOOKS AT RACE PREJUDICE

BY JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

I ONCE heard a Negro say, "It's no disgrace to be black, but sometimes it's mighty inconvenient." That expresses the general attitude of Negroes in the United States regarding their situation on account of race prejudice. Undoubtedly, the thought that Negroes are naturally ashamed of their color furnishes white people with a pleasing expansion of self-esteem. I can understand how the idea that the primary urge of the millions of colored people in the United States to be white or at least whiter would add to the swollen condition of the Nordic superiority complex; but, speaking out of a lifetime experience as a Negro, I know the idea is false. The American Negro is not innately ashamed of his color. Such efforts as he makes to approach the American color standard are due fundamentally to strong economic and social urges. One thing the Negro has learned so well that it has sunk down into his subconsciousness, and that is that the United States puts a higher premium upon color or, better, lack of color than upon anything else. Few Negroes there are who have not brains enough to analyze their capabilities and reach the sound conclusion that the only thing standing between them and a good job as a plumber or a higher position as an executive is a shade or two of complexion.

Now, in the little over three hundred years that the Negro has been in America his complexion has undergone considerable lightening; however, the most of it has been accomplished not by any artificial means but with the voluntary coöperation of the whites through a well-known biological process. The artificial practices of today do not evidence any innate shame of race or color; rather do they signify an effort to circumvent the handicapping inconvenience and what is often the actual danger of being black in these United States. They are, indeed, more or less the manifestation of a natural defense adaptation. These tendencies are being studied by the scientific-minded and much written about by others. The others draw a number of deductions—most of them derogatory to the Negro—from the fact that among urban colored people the darker men show a general tendency to marry lighter women. The true deduction to be drawn, when all the facts are considered, is that these men are doing merely what is quite natural and in no small degree inescapable. And I cannot see where they are making any greater sacrifice of self-respect than the rich of this great democracy who purchase for their children's children the advantages which they think titled ancestry and aristocracy carry.

During the major portion of my life I have given voluntary and compulsory study to this question of race prejudice in the United States. I have looked at it from many angles. I have taken in a close-up of it in the heart of the darkest South. I have viewed it in perspective from across the seas. Yet, I must confess, the longer I study it the more paradoxical and absurd it seems. And, contrary to what many people may think, the closer the view the greater the paradoxicality and absurdity. What, now, is the honor point on the escutcheon of Southern aristocracy? In a word, what is the *sine qua non* of a background of social prestige below the Mason and Dixon line?

The one and only answer is, the Black Mammy. I have met and talked with a great many Southern white people, and I make the conservative estimate that not one in ten of those who make any pretension to family and good breeding has ever failed to mention and stress his having had a black mammy—at farthest, one generation back. And what does having had a black mammy mean? It means having spent the greater part of one's infancy and childhood in the arms of a black woman and, perhaps, having nursed at a black breast.

II

Of course, most white people who boast of black mammies are romancing. Naturally, Negroes had black mammies, but black mammies for white people were expensive luxuries and, comparatively, few had them. But even for those of the Simonpure aristocracy who were fortunate enough to have black mammies it strikes me as being in bad taste to be continually calling attention to the fact. I was born in the South, in Jacksonville, Fla., and when I was born my mother was too sick to nurse me. On the corner, in the next block, there lived a Southern white family—and not poor white trash—in which a girl baby was born a few days before. The white mother took me and nursed me during the whole period of my own mother's inability to do it. And so I may say that I had a white mammy; and it may be something to be proud of, but it has never occurred to me to go around bragging about it. Between my white mammy and me there existed a tender relationship through all my childhood; and after I was grown and had left the South, I never, up to the time of her death, went back to my old home without paying her a visit and taking her a small gift.

It is in the South, where race prejudice is the force that moves and regulates and determines the whole social order, where it is the very corner-stone of civilization, that we find it manifested in the most contradictory extremes. It can be said that nobody loves the Negro more or hates him as much as do the Southern whites. Their reactions run from affectionately allowing some faithful old black servitor to tyrannize the whole family all the way to making a Roman holiday by baptizing some young Negro with gasoline and setting him on fire.

The great American taboo is miscegenation, and the nerve center of the national agony about it is in the South. One Southern regular can put to flight any number of pro-Negro volunteers by firing this broadside: "Would you want your daughter or your sister to marry a nigger?" And, by the way, that is a question which deserves closer analysis than it has yet received. It has been the custom to yield the field before it or reply with some such volley fired in the air as: "Men can be brothers without being brothers-in-law." Some day somebody is going to take that flabbergasting question as a thesis and write a book on race prejudice in the United States that will not omit the most important factor in the whole problem, the factor of sex. But I was going to say that although miscegenation is not only taboo but is also a great bugaboo in the South, it is Dixie Land that has been the chief station for the experiment in race intermingling. When I lived in Jacksonville I knew several families whose white and black branches mutually acknowledged the blood tie, and between whom there was a friendly relationship among the half brothers and sisters and the cousins and the uncles and the aunts. Moreover, there is not a Negro over thirty years old and familiar with the South who does not know of the same sort of thing.

Considerable effort is made to create the belief that this intermixture is due only to the lowest class of whites. This is on a par with the report which came out of the Great War that it was only the most dissolute women of Europe, the dregs and lees of womankind, who looked with

favoring glances upon the colored American soldiers over there. There are Negroes who claim descent on the white side from those whose names are among the brightest on the Southern honor roll. I would not undertake to say how many such boasts are true, but I do know that the bi-color families I referred to above belonged, on the white side, to the "leading families." At any rate, it is a well-known fact that in the olden days it was in and around the big house the mixed bloods flourished.

Through my study and observation of the tragedies and farces of race prejudice, especially as they are enacted in the South, I long ago reached the conclusion that the so-called race problem is not based upon innate racial antipathies; indeed, the opposite is more nearly true. Some seven or eight years ago I went to Atlanta in company with a white friend. When the train arrived the Pullman porter put our bags out, and when we alighted they were both in the hands of one and the same red-cap. As we followed this red-cap along the platform and up the stairs I could see through the back of his head how his brain was working on a serious problem which increased in imminence with each step that he took. And the problem was whether to break the laws of Georgia by taking the white man through the Jim Crow exit with me or by taking me through the white folks' exit with him.

I was so fascinated by his mental processes and the probabilities of their result that I lost sight of the fact that the poor fellow and ourselves were between the upper and nether millstones of all the power of the sovereign State of Georgia. Now, Atlanta, like all Southern communities, is a city in which there is not a white household worth going into in which Negroes have not gone and even lived and slept. The finer and wealthier the household, the more certain is this to be true. Negroes keep such houses clean, they take care of the children, they nurse the sick, and with their own black hands they prepare the food; yet, the entrance to the Union Station, as wide as a city street, is too narrow for the two races to pass in and out of together!

It is easy to see that no question of innate antipathy is here involved; it is a feeling of class, of caste. It is the feeling that permits the presence of Negro servants where independent and cultured Negroes would not be tolerated. There is a sort of irrational boundary established by the imagination. However, it is nonetheless real, either for the Negroes who are circumscribed by it or for the whites who conjure it up. I can understand that to a white person strongly possessed with this feeling the presence of a cultured, well-dressed, well-behaved Negro in a hotel or a restaurant or a theatre or a Pullman car is an ominous portent. Such a white person may see so far as to discover in it a sign of the coming overthrow of white civilization and the impending black domination of the whole white race. Still, it is as heartless to laugh at such a person's fears as it is to laugh at a man with delirium tremens; for to the drunk the pink serpents are just as real as though they existed. And the cultured Negro fares just about the same as though the overthrow of white civilization and the black domination of the white race were actually impending.

III

Some timid white souls fear culture on the part of the Negro as a threat of social equality. What is the truth about this thing termed social equality? The truth appears to me to be that it is something that white people are much more concerned about than colored people. As I go round the country in my capacity as a public speech-maker I am continually being asked about social equality by white people, but very rarely do I hear it even mentioned among Negroes. The idea that cultured colored people spend the major portion of their time moping around and waiting for a chance to slip into some

white person's parlor is seriously held by a great many white Americans, but it is sure to get a laugh in any group of intelligent Negroes. They do carry a heavy burden and have their periods of lamentation and indignation, but the fact is, Negroes, no matter what their class, do very little moping for any reason whatsoever; they find it too easy to have a good time.

Others must occasionally wonder how, considering all the conditions, they can enjoy themselves so fully. Indeed, we Negroes are sometimes ashamed that we can so utterly enjoy ourselves; we somehow feel it is a reflection on our intellectuality. When white people get into the social life of cultured Negroes on terms of equality—and that is not an entirely easy thing to do—they must be amazed at the degree of spontaneous gaiety indulged in by these sorely oppressed people. I have said that Negroes are sometimes ashamed that they can so utterly enjoy themselves, but the fact remains that they do enjoy themselves. I have not found among them the hollow pretense of having a good time, which I am sure I have at times detected among white people. It may be, in the final analysis of life, that the Negro here possesses a capacity not to be ashamed of but to be envied.

There are some whites who, I judge, suffer from a feeling akin to disgust at any demonstration of culture on the part of Negroes. It actually gives them a feeling of sickness or of rage. It upsets their whole vegetative nervous system. When they see a Negro wearing good clothes or living in a fine house or driving his own automobile they discount the universality of human nature completely and feel that such a Negro is giving a monkey-like imitation of white folks. When they see a Negro in a hotel or a restaurant they feel that he is there because he wants to be among white people, not thinking that he may be just hungry or wanting a place to sleep. At any rate, down to the present time, the thing that widens and deepens the gulf between blacks and whites, particularly in the South, is culture on the part of the blacks. Here is a field for the psychologist, or, maybe, the alienist; however, I think it is plain that the crisis in this whole national malady will not be passed until culture on the part of Negroes begins to have the effect of lessening prejudice. There are signs of this change for the better in parts of the North. And where this change has come and social equality along with it no upheaval in the general order of nature, cosmic or human, has been noted.

In the South the race elements farthest apart are the intelligent whites and the intelligent blacks. The closest contact is between the well-to-do whites and the servant class of blacks. It is through the Negro servants that the cultured whites get their information about that world so close to them and yet so far away, the world of the well-to-do, cultured Negro. This information is given to them sometimes voluntarily and sometimes under pressure of indirect and direct queries. And strange, indeed, are some of the tales they are told.

I wonder if it sounds strange when I say that I do not object to anyone having prejudice, even this particular brand we are talking about? I should rather, for a man's own sake, that he had a free mind; but if he really wants them, he can, so far as I am concerned, retain and maintain as many prejudices as he pleases. My faith in the coming brotherhood of man would scarcely move an ant-hill. I have no shining hope that the time is coming when everybody will just love everybody else for no particular reason whatever. And if such a time should come I am not sure it would be quite as blessed as it has been pictured. But I do long for and look for the day when people will not allow their lack of love or even their hate to interfere with the rights of other people. This day may be as distant as the day of universal brotherhood; nevertheless, to my mind, no happier era could be wished for. So I am willing to let every man have his prejudices, if he will agree not to have them interfere with me.

Once I was coming back from Europe on board a Cunarder. The steward had assigned

me to a very good seat at a very good table. I noticed after the first meal that the chair which had been occupied by a man on my right remained vacant. I paid no attention to this and would not have given it another thought but for the fact that when we were about a day out of New York one of the passengers with whom I had struck up a slight acquaintance said to me, "Do you object to my telling you something unpleasant?" I replied that my curiosity overcame any objections I might have. Then he told me that the man who sat next to me at the first meal had asked the steward to move him, and afterwards had attempted to circulate a petition among the passengers to have me excluded from the first-class dining-saloon. I said to my informer that I granted the man in question the right to move if I in any way disturbed his appetite or his digestion; that so far as I cared he could move to the farthest table in the saloon or get off the ship; but that I did object when his prejudice reached the point of making *me* move.

The meanest aspect of race prejudice is demonstrated by the person who goes about injecting the virus into other people. Suppose a man does need race prejudice to bolster up his own self-esteem and sense of superiority, yet why must he consider it his duty to go around administering his nostrum to those who are getting on very well without it? I grant him his need, but protest against his acting on the assumption that everybody else lacks what he lacks. The professional Southerner argues that anti-Negro prejudice is absolutely necessary for the preservation of Southern white civilization—whatever that may be worth —and there is a certain logic in what he says; for, given a fair chance, the Negro would make some changes in Southern white civilization and would at the same time, I think, make some improvements. But what logical reason can the professional Southerner give for crusading for anti-Negro prejudice like a good Mussulman carrying the faith of Islam by fire and sword to all the world? What is it in him that makes the sight of a solitary Negro sitting in a café in Paris or Berlin allow him no peace of mind until he has put forth every effort to have the black man kicked out? I admit he is a fanatic, but I also insist he is a vulgarian and a bounder.

A NEW YORK CHILDHOOD

BY CATHARINE BRODY

In spite of the *cliché*, there is no dearth of New Yorkers whose earliest memories are set in the midst of the city. But they seem to lack articulateness, and not only are there few records of a flavor recognizable by one who spent a not too long ago childhood in New York, but those few are invariably devoted to the doings of boys. One would never guess that there were also girls on the streets of New York twenty years ago, and that they, too, remember the songs they sang and the games they played.

To have the true flavor, one's early years must have been spent in close communion with the metropolitan sidewalks. Otherwise, I suppose, one might as well have been brought up in Chicago or Dubuque or on Main Street. And it was among the lower middle class, on the unfashionable East or the unfashionable West Side, that the sidewalks permeated most fully the lives of the children. The streets were the true homes of the small guineas, micks and sheenies, the small Italians, Irish and Jews, the only classifications that seemed apparent at that time. Sweets tasted better in the streets; a new dress waited for the verdict of the streets; a beating or a scolding faded in the noise of all the beatings and scoldings audible and visible through the many open windows on the streets.

Though there were insuperable obstacles of caste and religion to home visits between the three classes, in the streets they all met on fairly equal terms. Visiting the houses of friends was not a procedure in good taste, anyhow. It was even fraught with peril. The best plan was to go into the back-yard or stand on the front sidewalk, depending on the location of a friend's house, and there holler lustily—not that this method itself lacked danger, for too prolonged shouts might bring a rain of mimicry and comment from neighboring windows and, once in a while, a rain of water! If all else failed, one could take extreme measures and face the unknown terrors of the girl friend's stairs. A timid rap on the door that closed off a generally mysterious domicile, a breathless murmur, "I want Jennie (or Mary, or Annunciata)," with the quick defensive addenda, "She told me to come for her."

Sometimes Jennie or Mary or Annunciata would be ushered out. Sometimes Jennie or Mary or Annunciata would sneak out, after an argument about dishes and babies and such things, clearly audible, if not always comprehensible. Sometimes the door would slam in one's face without further parley. But there was no such thing as gathering or playing in the house. One friend, indeed, I remember whose mother would permit us to play in the dining-room-parlor, among shadowy, draped plush furniture. But this friend's mother had been born in America and spoke English without an accent. To this day I have not got over my twinge of surprise at meeting a mother who spoke English perfectly.

Children who play on the streets have to take as full cognizance of the weather and the season of the year in their games as country children. We had no barns for rainy days, but we had dozens of hallways to play tag in. City snow seldom lasts long enough for sleighing and snowballing, but, on the other hand, we could roller-skate all the year round. If we could not throw

snowballs, we could, on Hallowe'en, watch our chance to chalk the backs of passersby with colored chalks. If we could not give dramatic performances in barns, we could, on Thanksgiving, dress in grown-up clothes and go up and down tenement-house stairs knocking at one door after another for pennies. We could not go into the woods hunting for the first violets, but on the day that the sidewalks bloomed with the chalked boxes and numbers of "potsies," on that day we knew that Spring had come.

II

Potsies, as I learned long after, since we never heard it called by any other name, is the New York version of hopscotch. The regulation hopscotch game requires a large, square box, marked on the sidewalk with chalk, and subdivided into six or nine parts. The object is not so much to throw the counter—a bit of wood or tin—into each part successively (this is easy) as to make the circuit of the parts on one foot, without touching the chalk-lines, and to skip over, still on one foot, boxes which others have won by their agility. But our game was a straggling performance of three pairs of twin boxes, connected by two central boxes. The field lay long on the sidewalk instead of being square, and the feat was not only to hop on one foot, and, in time, to skip the preëmpted boxes, but to throw the potsy into the space free of chalk-lines in each box. As the boxes were much farther apart than in the square game, this required no mean skill.

Furthermore, we had to make the throwing and skipping circuit twice, nor could we choose any box for our own, as in hopscotch. We stood some distance away and threw the potsy over our heads into space. If it hit a box within the chalk-lines, that was our box. If not, we were out, and had to repeat the process next chance. So much depended on the potsy, on its being flat enough, heavy enough, but not too heavy, that it was carefully hoarded. The best potsy was a piece of tin box pressed double by many fingers and stamped flat by many heels.

When one was six or eight and fond parents would not trust one to the traffic with roller-skates, and one was bored with jacks, which is a sedentary game, potsies formed the mainstay of the afternoon and evening. Ring games and "London Bridge is Falling Down" were all very well for little children, but potsies could be played well on to the eleventh year, for it was a game at once of chance and of skill and strength, and no mere hop, skip and jump. It had advantages over skipping (jumping, we always said) rope. One could mind the current baby in its carriage by the stoop and still play potsies. One could, after strict injunctions to playmates, run an errand to the corner grocer for one's mother and still keep a place in the game.

Just before supper, which was any time the men of the family came home from work, a hail of bread and butter for the potsy players would descend from the windows and strike the heads of those nuisances of passersby who were always erasing the chalk-marks with their clumsy footsteps. A rain of bread and butter in pieces of newspaper, and sometimes pennies, screwed very tight in paper jackets.

We would often go up to supper with hands and arms decorated by what looked like the tattooing of prizefighters and other such celebrities. These tattooings were made with thin pictures, drawn on a system of dots and colored. The boys may have collected them. They probably came with cigars. From time to time we would manage to get some of them from brothers, and the proper thing to do was to spread the picture on one's hand, face down, moisten the back with the tongue or a few drops of water, and then rub it evenly. The tattoo-pictures would resist soap and water for a long time. Furthermore, they held the spice of danger. We always thought the colors might give us blood poisoning.

After supper, and after lessons were done, came the evening instalment of playtime, when the fortunate children ran down to the streets with pennies coaxed from the grown-ups. Then, if it were late Spring or Summer, each house, but more particularly the Italian and the Jewish houses, spilled its profusion of life into the streets—through the windows, from which matrons hung their fat breasts; on to the stoop railings, which were festooned with children; to the edge of the pavement, cluttered with kitchen chairs and coveys of women; to the corners of the street, decorated with soda-water stands under gas-jets and knots of serely bearded elders. Each house was flanked by garbage-cans which spilled their profusions in the same way—rotting profusions of reds and grays and yellows and blacks.

Here and there the Gentile houses stood aloof, of depressing red and brownstone, smelling unaired rather than putrid, hushed behind their dingy curtains, hushed in their arid entrances, dark as midnight. And here and there a saloon glared among them. Few sat before the Gentile houses, and even the garbage-cans clustered at their sides were characteristically devoid of color and filled only with the dullness of gray ash.

Trolley cars clanked and there was the swish of whips, the clump-clump of plodding horses, a gabble of languages. But the little girls' ears retained none of the noise, their noses none of the odors of rotting, their eyes only the fairness and easiness of the sky as it covered the edges of the houses foggily, like a tender blanket. They had met their girl friends and were skipping up the street, arms linked, pennies clutched. If they were very young, they were chanting over and over:

> Hop, skip, the barber-shop;
> Buy a penny ca-a-a-ndy.

How the barber-shop came in I can't imagine, except that the pole before it, swimming red, white and blue, might have reminded one of red, white and blue candy canes.

If the children were older, they would raise their voices thinly, half song, half wail, in a folksong, the tune of which had somehow come from the lands where they sing the "Violetera." It was a genuine folk-song, expressing their hopes and their ambitions, their customs and their manners—and also their pronunciation of English:

> My mother ga' me a nickul
> To buy a pickul.
> I didn't buy no pickul,
> I bought some—chew'n' gum!

A nickel was untold wealth and generally acquired according to the song's frank admission. But there were many things to buy for a penny, the regulation tenement-house allowance. In my day, there were square, flaky slices of *halivah*, which, unless you have tasted it, is indescribable. There were colored bricks of ice-cream between wafers. There were penny glasses of colored, fizzy soda water at the corner stands. There were, best of all, penny slices of pineapple and watermelon, red and yellow-white, neatly ranged and uncovered to the air, at the corner booths.

These last, and the seltzer bottles and the bottles of cold beer, kept under the moist kitchen sink, and the lurid soda water (three cents' worth in a pitcher was enough for the whole family) were the true signs of Summer.

Suddenly, from some dim lane or side street would come a swelling hum which hushed the girls and sent them close together. Boys marched down the centre of the roadway, six abreast, carrying sticks like guns, led by one who walked backward in front of the rows, and the hum, drowning all the other noises, rose in a bass chant royal:

> Left, right, I lost my leg in the army;
> Left, right, I lost my arm in the navy.

With fervent orderliness they marched, hypnotizing each other with the swinging rhythm, leaping apart now for a wagon,

now for a street car, coming together again, happy when they traversed a foot or two of uninterrupted space. The girls stood close together, watchful. One of their instinctive fears was of the gangs, boys in the aggregate, all boys who were not brothers. The boys would chase them just for the fun of chasing them and frightening them; the boys stopped them on their way to school, stole their pencil boxes, dumped their books into wet cellars. At any moment there might be a foray. There were sighs of relief when the squad marched on.

The evening often ended with a "mad." Tenement-house children have tricky, sensitive tempers, and no old-time social dignitary could be more alive to matters of etiquette. If a girl called for one one day, one had to call for her the next. If certain girls accompanied one home another day, one had to accompany them home the next. Otherwise there was a mad. Getting "glad" again called for a vast outlay of tact, since, while both parties might be anxious to become glad, neither would make the first overtures. Sometimes the question of who would speak to whom first was decided by the old rhyme of "Eeny, meeny, meini, mo."

But we had found a better way. The mad parties lost their names and became A and B, thus protecting their pride by a supposed anonymity in case of rebuff. An intermediary would approach A and ask: "If B speaks to A, will A speak to B?" A would. Then she would approach B and ask, "If A speaks to B, will B speak to A?" B would.

That being settled satisfactorily, A and B would be dragged face to face, with chins stiffly tilted and countenances of stone, by the intermediary. At a signal, they would raise their voices—both, together, at one time!

Still, the arrangement had an inevitable flaw which the cleverer girls soon discovered. After both had spoken, the question of who should continue the conversation still hung over them.

III

In the country, among children of our stratum, the boys would have had their chores and the girls would have helped to cook and sweep from an early age. With us, the boys were quite free, and almost the only duty that devolved upon the girls was minding the current baby. Perhaps among the very poor the to-do about Little Mothers may have been justified, but I do not remember that baby-tending was a laborious task to us.

The babies came in baby-carriages. We parked the carriages, generally at the edge of the sidewalk and placed kitchen chairs or footstools alongside. There, while the hot Summer sun lay on the pavements, we would spend long, chattering, comfortable afternoons practising an art which seemed to go with baby-minding.

Who does not remember those sofa-cushions with the red, red roses and blue, blue violets blooming on them, smooth and natural as life, at least in intention? We embroidered them. Chain stitch, filling, the long stitches, the outline stitch, the cross stitch—our talk bubbled with such technicalities, and they were as familiar to us as movie stars are to children now. Embroidering was so much a part of my childhood that I can't remember at what age a girl first came into possession of a hoop, a workbag (we had bags, not baskets) and the other appurtenances, nor when she was first started on a piece of practise cloth, embroidering home-made roses, outlined in pencil, or simply chain-stitching an unimportant bureau cover. Our industry was not the result of motherly urging and teaching. It seemed to grow naturally out of imitation of the older girls and of our friends. What knowledge somebody's sister passed on or some embroidery genius picked up was shared by all. We "learned" each other.

There were vogues in the art. Just before I grew old enough to embroider roses, older sisters had spent time and effort in collecting the leather flags of all nations

that used to come with cigars, and in fastening them together to form round and square and diamond-shaped cushions. Shortly after my initiation, the violently colored sofa-cushions went somewhat out of style, and a passion for embroidering underwear in pastels descended on us and lasted for a long time. What with scallops and French knots, one undergarment would use up a whole bright embroidery season, which began when we left off coats and ended when we put on coats. We did not wear much of our handiwork. It was usually frightfully wilted and one washing sufficed to show up all the imperfections.

There may have been children of the very poor who scrubbed floors, washed dishes, and helped with the family laundry to exhaustion. But except for the baby-minding, a settled chore, and sometimes the dish-washing, the mothers of the lower middle class passed over their duties reluctantly. Sometimes their dislike of help came from a passion for perfection which was beyond a child's talents, and which they had no time to impart, but usually, I think, it was caused by a subconscious determination to save their children from the clutches of that drudgery into which they had themselves fallen. To have scrubbed a floor for one's mother was a boast. When one had been permitted to press a few clothes, one carried the performance down to the street as an accolade. We used to compare notes on the ages when we had been first permitted to wash our own long hair. It was like a symbol of maturity, a recognition of growing sense and responsibility.

We had mostly lived in parts of the city given over to Jews and to the Irish, but at one time we moved into Harlem, 'way down East, and I went to a school where every other nationality was sunk in a welter of Italian names. These Italian girls shattered all our preconceived notions of amusement, and disrupted the play world of myself and of such of my companions as were not themselves Italian. It was the day of ostrich and willow plumes. The Italian girls would come to school shedding bits of gray and white and black, mostly black, feather. They were very stupid in school, but it made no difference. They had those bits of feather, used in some mysterious cult, which they would not explain to us and from which we were forever debarred.

After school, sometimes, we would walk up First avenue and peep through the dirty windows of small stores or wait for their doors to open and allow us a glance at the interiors. A dark dust of feathers, a few far-away tables and shadowy hands moving swift and intricate amidst the soft plumes. Once an Italian girl showed us how to tie two bits of feather. Thereafter, the collection and tying of the scraps became a favorite game, but we could never be as magically skilful as any Italian girl who chose to lend a hand. Feather-tying, by some promulgation of fate, had been preëmpted by Italian girls, and the shops were fearful heavens, before which we could only linger a few minutes and look. It was a great shame.

They were a cagy lot—these Italian girls. Later on, I made the casual acquaintance of a barber's daughters, who took to disappearing of mornings into a cellar which belonged to the barber-shop. There were four or five daughters, some small and some half-grown, and all would disappear, laughing and chatting, down this cellar, which we were sure would make a pleasant playroom. Sometimes they would permit bosom friends, also Italian, to join them. We on the outside had been fairly intimate with the younger girls, but now the attitude of our former playmates was so aloof that we dared not even question.

Lunch would be carried down to the cellar by their mother. Usually the girls would reappear late in the afternoon, climbing up the cool, dark stairs and looking interestingly pale but happy. There was no way of peeping into the cellar from the front, and in the rear, the windows were separated from the adjoin-

ing yards by a high board fence. One day, however, we were all on hand when the girls came out of the cellar, bearing straw hats covered with artificial flowers, and affording us just one stealthy look at a worktable strewn with straw and flowers. They were making flowers, perhaps making the hats, too, and so disgustingly clannish were they that they would keep the game in the family!

None of us had heard of child labor. If we had heard, the occupation of these Italian girls would probably have struck us with just so much more awe and envy.

IV

Most of our time was taken up by school, but schooldays, despite the songs, are the least fruitful in memories. The most interesting part of school was the buying of school supplies at the start of the terms. We all had a mania for possessing the choicest pencil boxes, the greatest store of pencils and erasers, the most expensive notebooks. Each season the small candy and stationery shops would overflow with children in the wildest state of excitement over their supplies.

Except for problems in simple arithmetic, how to read and how to write (though not by the Palmer Method, so piously trained into us), I have forgotten everything the schools ever taught me. But the glamour of the lady teachers, shining on the East Side world, I shall never forget. I see them now, all fused and molded into one symbolic figure, in dresses that seemed always delicate and gracefully silhouetted, in great puffed sleeves, with a neck that always seemed long and arched, with a pompadour that always seemed to make the forehead lofty and noble. The symbol sits enthroned on a dais-platform before a desk. I see her putting a gentle arm around the shoulders of one of the prettily dressed girls, and giving her a white note to take to a friend in another classroom. I see her with the record book, stumbling over the syllables of awkward foreign names, repeated over and over for her benefit by suffering, red-faced little girls. She seldom remembered them. If she remembered as much as a dozen of the names and faces of the children in her enormous classes, she was good. And when they passed out of her class, they passed entirely beyond recognition.

Once we trailed the symbol to her home. She lived nearby in a brownstone house with lace curtains at the window, a fitting frame for her ladylikeness. And one of the girls was rumored to have had the teacher in for dinner. But this girl had a pull; she was the daughter of a once well-known Tammany chieftain. We were thoroughly aware of the power of the pull. We knew that it was not alone this girl's simple linen dresses and smooth Buster Brown hair (in that day most of us wore hideous colored made-over serges, merinos, or, for best, white needlework, lawn, net, with thin hair tightly braided and knotted with sleazy ribbons) that made her career an easy one of note-bearing and skipping classes and high marks and heading lines and being monitor. And we knew that it was certainly not her brains.

There were all sorts of clans and boundaries in school, not only of religion and nationality, but also based on pull, on the work one's father did, on the presents one could afford to give the teacher for Christmas. There is no more suffocating sense of inferiority than to come to school on the day before Christmas with a paper Christmas bell, bought for a nickel which has been sneaked from determinedly anti-Christmas parents, when other girls are bearing presents of handkerchiefs and perfume for the teacher. To do them justice, most teachers discouraged this gift-bearing, but it persists to this day, if in a more sophisticated form. We were not sophisticated, and we handed up the presents, one by one, flushing before the Presence and practically weeping with delight at her smile. And if a present were not worthy, what a guilty side-thrust, what a furtive glance of apprehension, what an agony of

shame! Sometimes there were anxiously awaited surprises. Would the narrow closet where Teacher kept her hat and coat open to disclose standard boxes of hard candy and candy canes for each girl in the class?

There was another standard in the schools given over to the daughters of immigrants which had more justification. The chief thing, beyond all marks and studies, was to be clean and to have a clean head. It was a praiseworthy idea, but engineered with such lack of tact as to bring torture and tears to children penalized for the ignorance of their parents.

Nurse's day to inspect teeth and throats, but chiefly heads, came purposely at irregular intervals. The children would be droning their lessons, and there would be a hush and nurse would enter, cold, white, and detached to the children, though teacher, having nothing to fear, chatted with her pleasantly enough. All the children but the few bounded by certainty would turn their faces, silent and tense, to the white presence, and the insides of the little immigrants' daughters would begin to slide—slide—, their brows to wrinkle and their eyes to burn with the humiliation that might come.

Teacher called the roll, and the children marched up to the nurse in groups of five, before the whole class. If a child was clean, the nurse smiled and the child skipped to her seat. If not, the nurse shook her head, sometimes pursed her lips and sighed. Then even the boldest walked to her seat, bowed, with eyes filmed at a humiliation which a child had to depend on others to avert, but which she, in herself, had to suffer. The class was supposed to study, but it heard every whisper, noted every hot cheek. Then these outcast children had to move their books to the back rows of desks, where they sat in Coventry till the next nurse's inspection. And at recess they fell to the end of the line.

It was all a highly necessary procedure. There was less excuse for the music and drawing lessons. The very mention of these hours recalls a fog of utter bewilderment and fatigue, horrid fat black notes without rhyme or meaning, staggering over the blackboards and over our notebooks; boxes, hideous small paper boxes that had something attached to them known as shadow and perspective; eternal oranges, with eternal stale biscuits set beside them, and bowls whose tops were, for some ungodly reason, supposed to form ellipses at certain angles.

The music lessons had no connection with music—any more than the drawing lessons had any connection with the graphic arts. They were really singing lessons, and, in my day, the theory was that if you stood a child up in front of a class of thirty-odd snickering girls, with the incomprehensible black notes in front of her, that child would learn to sing in tune in spite of a naturally insignificant voice and an ear unused to music. Nor could we fake as in the other lessons. In the lower grades the regular teacher, who was a sort of maid-of-all-work, taught music and usually disliked the hour as much as we did. In consequence, the lessons effectively stopped many of us from taking the slightest interest in music for years to come.

When I went to high-school, however, we worked out a fine method of defense against being taught to sing. The piano of the music-room effectively hid the teacher who played the accompaniment. Two large classes took their lesson at the same time in my high-school, and naturally the teacher could not pay much attention to the individual girls. So, when a girl without a voice was called on to have her singing ability examined, she would simply stand with her mouth open, while a classmate more favored by nature performed in her stead. I guess we were supposed to learn how to read music, too, but only the girls who took piano or violin lessons outside ever learned that.

In high-school our ingenuity also proved equal to the nuisance of the drawing

lessons. We were healthy, growing girls and felt that our time would be much better spent in eating the good apples and biscuits, used as subject matter, than in drawing them. So, as soon as the instructor's back was turned, apples and biscuits would mysteriously vanish and keep on vanishing. We were taught how to print and how to make posters. Most of us forgot how to print and how to make posters with amazing promptitude.

A number of the high-schools were then just emerging from a chaos of classes on the upper floors of grammar-schools, and from old buildings downtown with nondescript classrooms that made a rigid discipline ineffective. It was a pleasant time. We learned how to giggle that slack, curly schoolgirl giggle, rippling on and on into exhaustion, spreading over a classroom like an epidemic. We ate all through the classes, principally a weird sandwich, perfected by I do not know what generation of schoolgirls. It consisted of two rich chocolate biscuits of a special kind, enclosing one or two bars of milk chocolate of a special brand.

Best of all was the ride home from high-school on the elevated at the rush hour. We were quite oblivious to the weary, immeasurably older people returning from work. The groups of schoolgirls insisted on standing on the platforms and were deaf to all efforts of the crowd, verbal and otherwise, to dislodge them. Against clerks and bookkeepers and salesmen and Italian laborers and factory girls they squeezed all together. They took deep breaths and shrieked Oh-Oh-Ohs whenever a new surge of the crowd pressed them still closer against the rails of the platform and the bosoms of the clerks. The train did indeed seem to them to be a schooner plunging into the sea of the elevated tracks, between the overhanging shores of tenement-house windows and impromptu washings on iron fire-escapes. If they shut their eyes, they could almost feel the spray —that windy rush of motion as the train gathered speed. "Oo-ooh! We're packed like sardines!" And they began an intermittent giggle which lasted till they had wiggled their various ways out at their stations.

The people in the train, who never looked at one another any more indeed than do sardines flattened by machinery against each other in a tin box, all looked at these schoolgirls as with one eye. They looked at them with faint smiles like people trying to seize, before it dissolved in mist, a dream of which they now only wanted to remember that it had once been pleasant.

V

A metropolitan childhood would not be complete without the trips to Coney Island. There are many accounts of visits to Coney Island, all with a note of falsity to the indigene, all written by people who nosed about the place, watching with detached eyes the spectacle of poverty in spangles. It is an altogether different matter to go to the Island from a tenement-house, possessed of few or no standards of comparison; to go there in good faith and not to view the passing show with eyes alert for the amusing, the unpleasant and the pitiful elements of it. The synthetic amusements of Coney Island were expensive treats to us and accordingly prized and enjoyed. The beach itself was the place for a long-awaited holiday. One went to bathe and relax and eat lunch in the open. And one did so—whatever out-of-towners or slummers may think. After ritualistic preparation and in the face of fearful obstacles, one bathed and relaxed and ate lunch in the open.

On early Sunday mornings in Summer, when the light was lucid and the air still held a hint of refreshment, steps woke the pavements from delicatessen to grocer. These were the steps of women buying oranges and bananas and *Wurst* and ham and corned beef and crisp rolls with caraway seeds embedded in their points, and dill pickles and messes of stringy, cold sauerkraut, to make up into lunches.

By the time the sun lay hot and exigent on the pavements, the steps were marching like an army, with bundles and suitcases to the elevated stations, the subways and the trolley lines, and the papers were prepared to count the crowds.

One was up and palpitating at dawn and trying to be calm in the face of the million untoward things that might happen to delay the party till the traffic crowds proved too arduous. An early start, a very early start, was important. And sometimes —most irrevocable of all accidents—there might be a block on the subway or the elevated; stations seething with people, no trains, nickels being returned, and men, women and children sadly walking home with their straw suitcases and paper bundles, to eat their *Wurst* and oranges in choking kitchens at home.

There was always a wait for relatives who had appointed to meet at a certain station. And no matter how early a party set forth, and no matter what transportation route it took, the crowds swarmed into the trains endlessly, using bundles and suitcases as battering rams, brought up short against foreign chests and unknown shirtwaisted bosoms. Plump arms that seemed to belong to no one in particular were tangled overhead in the straps like a forest of masts; children's heads were poked between legs, whimpering; white shoes were planted perilously. When the trains swayed, the tangled arms, planted feet and interchangeable bulk of bodies swayed as one, to this side and to that side. But the voices that screeched and chattered were many. "Oh—get off my corns!" "Wheee—packed like sardines!" "Phui—garlic!"

Many mouths smoked into other mouths and noses caught up the breath from other noses. Sweat fell like decadent dew and drenched armholes and foreheads, and women writhed in impossible spaces to wipe their children's noses. Held high in aching arms, babies yowled ferociously. Fights sprang up. And ever and again a bitter voice rose in complaint, carrying the crowd with it for a space, but at last stifled by the overwhelming docility of the crowd humor.

No matter how early one got to the Island, the lines outside the bathhouses gave one a sinking at the heart, especially the line at the Municipal Baths, a patient, tired file. There *could* not be room for more in this paradise. But after the crowds were released, after people had shaken themselves and expelled the air squeezed into them on the journey in a couple of long exhalations, they advanced with relentless hope in many directions.

There were private cottages whose owners rented out dressing and undressing privileges over the week-end for a quarter a head—and no waiting in line. Some relative always knew of such a cottage and led the way, past a parched park, the girls moaning that it was hot, that they were soaked, the men bowed under their suitcases, the children trying vainly to unwrinkle the moist, once starched needlework dresses.

The lower floor of the bungalow smelled like a sea-food shop. On one side, behind a curtain, the men undressed; on the other side, the women. There were hooks on the wall for clothes. On the porch, where some sodden bathing suits dried on the line and acted as a sort of coat-of-arms for the cottage, the party was reunited. The men wore faded, unbelted two-piece suits; the girls, dresses of black sateen just below their knees. Their hair, if pretty, was allowed to hang loose.

As they marched to the beach, as they drew near and sniffed of the chilled salt in the air, as they exposed themselves to the touch of a wide, burning sun, they gave little ahs and ohs of relaxation. And a child would be wrapped in astonishment at the number of little girls on the beach who were not little girls at all as you came closer but women with flowing curls and bare knees and short bathing dresses.

Not all of the party bathed at once. They took turns minding the old sweaters and the suitcases with the lunch, in a spot they had staked out for themselves. The

yellow of the beach and the green of the sea were dotted with pinpoints of black like little flies, perched close together. And when a child lay down in the sand after shrieking tumbles in the water, she looked up at legs, bare, hairy legs and legs in dripping sneakers, that unceasing crossed over her feet, over her body, even over her face once in a while—an underbrush of legs. Lines of hairy legs, skinny legs, legs vigorous and muscled, trotting with the arms that belonged to the legs held on each other's shoulders against the blue sky, just trotting with absorption like a file of stallions, just kicking their limbs to one side and another for the sufficient joy of motion. Wet sand spattered against a drowsy face, eyes lidded by the heavy golden fingers of the sun, and the drowsy face was up, and crumbling balls of sand flew and prone figures roundabout sprang up and demanded to know why.

Then one sat dripping under a grown-up sweater and became replete with lunch, with the soda pop that fizzed in one so interestingly, with the mustached wienies that slid down so roundly. And when that was over, one stretched out, head on hands, and became replete with air and sun. The heads of the party touched feet outstretched above them; their feet touched heads outstretched below them, and the trotting people, the bull-like matrons with their broods, who insistently fought through the morass of heads and legs, were nuisances and treated as such. All about, lovers were lying close and prone on the ground and their friends were burying them, with many giggles, in warm sand, stacking the sand over their legs and backs, over their arms, heaping it over their bodies, till nothing but their heads close together showed, and they lay as rigidly patterned as Egyptian figures, so many effigies in sand.

It got harder to find clean sand, so many layers were pimpled with orange peel and bits of decayed bread. A late afternoon wind turned the grains into clammy, fine-ground stone. A grown-up had the bright idea, "Maybe we can beat the crowd; it's early yet."

But it was always amazing how many people had had the same thought. The dressing-room in the cottage was littered with sand and wet where bathing-suits had been wrung out. Women were rubbing the sand off their arms and bodies with damp towels. Stockings clung to half-wet feet, a girl sat and wept because she could not find her hat. Pins and rings had been stolen, and there was panting over corsets that simply would not lace, and the girls despaired of their hair and became friendly over lacings, and arms and throats showed red with sunburn.

On the return cars, everyone would be yelling, "Ouch, don't touch me! I'm burnt up!" These were open cars and each slit bulged with people. A child would have a glimpse of a street white with lights and black with men and women in serried, squirming, shrieking ranks. There was no time for the side-shows and the merry-go-rounds. It was essential to try to get home before the crowd, if home were to be reached without too much discomfort and at a reasonable hour.

The high sky twinkled its grouped planets sharply like the points of silver pencils. The car burst into song and moved and some wag shouted:

"All aboard for Canarsie!" (The lewd reputation of Canarsie at that time was something to snicker at.)

Then all the close-clasped lovers looked at one another and laughed with a loud excitement, unabashed, and the men alone crowed like salacious roosters, and the girls alone looked intently off into the distance.

The children had large eyes of surprise; and their little minds began to whirl like the dazzling carrousels as they swallowed everything, the sky and the stars, the songs and the calls, the unexpected laughter and the small smiles of constraint, the air that had made them sleepy and the sun under their skins—everything, for future digestion.

THE FIRST AMERICAN MUSICIAN

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

The gentlemen whose chief concern is with priority rather than with values seem undecided as to whether the first American composer was Frederick Hopkinson of Philadelphia or William Billings of Boston. Billings, to be sure, was born eleven years before the composer and poet of "My Days Have Been So Wondrous Free," but on the other hand, Hopkinson's famous song was published eleven years before Billings's horrisonous "New England Psalm-Singer." Knowing Billings as we do from his writings and from the impression that he left upon his contemporaries, it is not likely that he would have kept any of his compositions in manuscript for more than a decade. He was not one to hide his light under a bushel. Hopkinson, born a British subject, became an ardent patriot. He was a friend of Washington, to whom he dedicated eight songs, and of Franklin, Jefferson, and Joseph Bonaparte; he was a member of the Continental Congress and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was in the aristocratic tradition, a lawyer, a college man, a player upon the harpsichord and the organ, facile with the pen, and even an inventor. Billings was a commoner. But so far as we know, he was the first American to make of music a regular vocation, and therein he establishes against Hopkinson and all the rest his true claim to historic significance.

Music, as its pioneers in America conceived it, must have been imported into New England with the heroes, the morality and the vermin of the *Mayflower*. It was not so much an art in itself as a means of giving discreet testimony unto the goodness and omnipotence of the Lord. Otherwise, it was suspect. A year before the *Mayflower* docked, the first slaves had been landed in Virginia, and in the course of time they were to transform the English remembrances of their masters into haunting spirituals. The music of the New Englanders yearned back to ancestral England, though it did not cling so closely to the original pattern as the tunes of the Virginians who had preceded them to these shores. It was a cloistered, an inhibited art. The music of the enslaved Negro yearned back to darkest Africa, and derived from tribal, open-air exuberance. It was a release and a compensation. But while the blacks were thus fashioning a new folk music in the South, the New England whites were debating the very propriety of singing at all.

There was subtle mischief, they suspected, in the exercise. Some held that it was well for men but wicked for the ladies. Others thought that no good Christian would ever sing right out in meeting; he would only chant to himself and God,—in the pious phrase, "make melody in his heart." Others found that while they could listen to singing, as it issued from the untrained, ill-practised throats of the early settlers, they felt impelled to draw the line at singing the Psalms. Their opponents argued that *only* the Psalms, and not hymns or anthems, might be sung, since the Hebrews had plainly sung the Psalms. Singing, again, was held by one group to be the sole right of Christians; the heathen Indians might be vouchsafed only the privilege of saying "Amen." All believed that real skill in singing concealed a devil.

Musical composition was vanity. "To sing man's melody," wrote the Rev. John Cotton in 1647, "is only a vain show of art. . . . God cannot take delight in praises where the man of sin has a hand in making the melody."

The early New Englanders knew little about reading notes; some five tunes, carried in the memory, at first sufficed for their purposes of worship. The introduction of musical instruction, sorely as it was needed in the raucous congregations, was at first resisted with pious debate. The Pilgrims at Plymouth, less prosperous than the Boston Puritans, had developed, out of their lack of books, the practise of lining out the Psalms and hymns,—a barbarous method whereby the deacon or minister, as musical fugleman, would sing the hymn line by line, followed by the rest of the congregation. The Puritans, closer in touch with the homeland, were more progressive, and soon outgrew this crude method. Singing societies appeared among them in the first quarter of the Eighteenth Century. The original collections of music, of course, were English, even when called "The American Harmony" (1769). The congregation gradually developed, out of its better singers, a choir, and the members of this choir, not exempt from the vanity of the rest of us, acquired secular ambitions and sought for chances to sing with the exhibitionistic avidity of opera principals. The music they sang was quick to feel this ungodly influence and was soon on the road to profanation. We read of "fleshly anthems," and of "fuguing choruses" (lively capers amongst the usual four parts), and as a final tribute to the mundanity of the choir there appear at last genuine solo passages.

II

Boston, the cradle of what was once American Liberty, is also the true home of American music. It was there that William Billings was born on October 7, 1746, and there he died, in indigent circumstances, on September 26, 1800. He was twice married; in 1764 to Mary Leonard, and in 1774 to Lucy Swan. He had six children—five girls and a boy. The family Bible, from which these records derive, is still extant. His funeral was held on September 29, 1800, from the house of Mrs. Amos Penniman, in Chambers street, West Boston, and he was buried in Boston Common.

Chambers street, in the days of the Spanish-American War, was my own childhood's favorite playground, although at that time it was no longer the wild spot of a hundred years before. The Boston Common Burial-Ground still sprawls,—a peaceful anachronism,—across the historic acreage of the inviolate park in the heart of the city, while a few feet away a ball-field is noisy with future champions of the diamond, and across the street the air is melodious with orthophonic phonographs, loud-speakers, piano-players and the impatient honks of a pestilential automobile jam. I have looked over these crumbling stones, these decaying vaults, in vain for the name of Billings. He sleeps, our first American musician, in an unknown grave, lulled by strident noises that would have been dear to his swelling heart. For he was an American, a Yankee-Doodle-boy, as well as—perhaps more than—a composer, and he fondly loved his racket.

The gods had not favored him at birth. He was not good to look upon. He was blind in one eye, one of his arms seems to have been somewhat withered, his legs were of uneven length, and his voice had a rasp that, when he grew up and sang in the choir, became a bellow. To this neglect of Nature he added his own. He was a slovenly fellow, and there was little in his trade—that of a tanner—to encourage personal cleanliness. For his physical shortcomings, however, he was quick to make up in an ambitious aggressiveness. Beyond a doubt he was one of our earliest go-getters; he was full of pep and of that commodity which the vaudeville actor has degraded: personality. He blew his own

horn lustily and let the trumpets sound before him.

In music he was self-taught, having learned most, perhaps, from Tans'ur's Musical Grammar, that theoretical bulwark of colonial singing days. He taught the choir singers in the Brattle Street Church, some time around 1778; seven years later he may, too, have been an instructor in the Old South Church, which still stands at the corner of Milk and Washington streets, a refuge from the clamor of Newspaper Row. It was pupils of Billings who founded the Stoughton Musical Society, the oldest musical association in the United States, on November 7, 1786. The man, uncouthly original, had ideas of his own; they were grounded upon his long practical experience among the singers he labored with all his life. He was the father of the American church choir; he was the founder of all our singing schools; he was one of our first concert managers. He it was who first introduced a violoncello into church music. He began the use of the pitch-pipe. His part-music discovers him, finally, in the rôle of our first musical realist.

His earliest warblings, crude and ungainly as himself, were certainly more wild than native. He wrote them down on the walls—even the hides—of his tannery, with chalk. More or less consciously, he was in rebellion against the English psalm-books that had been in use for almost a century and a half,—the Ravenscrofts, the Ainsworths, the Tans'urs, the Tubbs, and all that dreary company. Billings moved, or rather, in all senses of the word, limped with the times. His crude artistic vitality sought release from the musical inhibitions of the church. He addressed the readers of his printed works with gusto and bluster. When the time had arrived for separation from England he enlisted his pen in the revolutionary cause and put forth a series of tunes that blend, in almost equal measure, the religious and the patriotic. He was something of a rhymester, too; the Orpheus of congregational singing became readily the Tyrtaeus of the Revolution. He paraphrased the Psalms for the use of soldiers; he wrote his own clarion calls. The hearth and the bivouac were equally familiar with his stirring compositions. For stirring they were, though they rode rough-shod over the rules of harmony. Billings was no theorist; he learned by doing, although practise never made him perfect. In himself, almost, he was New England's one-man conservatory of music. Best known among his friends was the rebel Samuel Adams, who, as singing companion of the leather-lunged William, must often have had his voice drowned out by the uproar of the composer.

The published volumes of Billings are six. There is a complete collection of the original editions in the Boston Public Library, which, I may add in parenthesis, is particularly well-favored in the possession of the Allen A. Brown Music Room,—a treasure-house of scores and musical literature. It is here that, under the official surveillance of the custodian, I have examined and copied from Billings' complete works, which are kept in glass under lock and key. It is, any way you look at it, a strange miscellany. The books are of all shapes and sizes; many of the tunes lack words; some of them are printed in a notation so fine as to require magnifying-glasses.

III

The books, in chronological order, are as follows:

"The New England Psalm Singer, or, American Chorister. Containing a Number of Psalm-Tunes, Anthems and Canons. In Four and Five Parts. (Never Before Published.) Composed by William Billings, a Native of Boston, in New England. Printed by Edes and Gill. Published October 7, 1770." This book is engraved on copper plates by none other than Paul Revere. It is introduced by an essay on the nature and properties of sound, unsigned, but acknowledged in the preface as the

work of "a certain gentleman." It has been attributed to Dr. Charles Stockbridge of Scituate, a good friend of the composer. There is also an ode on music, from a miscellany by the Rev. Dr. Byles. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings," quotes Billings from Matthew xxi, 16, "thou hast perfected praise." And, from James v, 13: "Is any merry? Let him sing psalms." These extracts he modestly follows with a couplet of his own, which, incidentally, throws light upon certain peculiarities of colonial pronunciation:

O praise the Lord with one Consent, and in this grand Design
Let Britain and the Colonies, unanimously join.

Billings knew little or nothing about the rules of composition, and easily rationalized his impatient ignorance into a sort of musical Rousseauism. "Nature," he proclaimed, "is the best dictator." He was not, he declared, to be hedged in by rules, nor did he expect that others would follow his personal procedure. "Every composer for himself," he cried, as he set forth to take Music by assault and battery.

"The Singing Master's Assistant, or, Key to Practical Music. Being an Abridgment of 'The New England Psalm-Singer,' Together With Several Other Tunes, Never Before Published. Boston, Draper & Folsom, 1778."

"Music in Miniature, Containing a Collection of Psalm-Tunes of Various Metres Set in Score by W. Billings. Printed and Sold by the Author at His House in Boston, N. E. 1779." This consists of thirty-two pages, duodecimo, and contains seventy-four tunes; of these, thirty-four are new, and from his own hand; thirty-two from his preceding works, and eleven of European provenance.

"The Psalm-Singer's Amusement," printed in 1781, and sold by the author, smacks in the title of levity, and contains, among other compositions, a number of the so-called "fuguing" pieces which so troubled the more sober colonial conscience. Billings was enamored of these "fugues," and has left a vivid account of his fondness for them. They were "more than twenty times" as powerful as the old, slow tunes, he held. "Each part straining for mastery and victory. The audience entertained and delighted, their minds surprisingly agitated and extremely fluctuated, sometimes declaring for one part and sometimes for another. Now the solemn bass demands their attention; next the manly tenor; now the lofty counter; now the volatile treble. Now here, now there, now here again! O ecstasies! Rush on, you sons of harmony!" There is, of course, little of a real fugue but the bustle in the clumsy capers of these "fuguing pieces." Billings's revolt against the sobriety and slowness of the English psalmody is, however, strongly indicative of a native, soon to be a national, reaction. It is in these faster pieces, these secular excursions, that one feels most the impress of the composer's nationality. It is here that he sets down the opening, scrawling lines of America's musical Declaration of Independence.

"The Suffolk Harmony," a small book of fifty-six pages, was issued in 1786.

"The Continental Harmony," 1794, is the last and the largest of the Billings publications; it has 199 pages. Here are found anthems, "fugues," and choruses in several parts, many of them published for the first time, and all "printed typographically" at Boston by Isaiah Thomas and Ebenezer T. Andrews. Billings had an eye for adornment. "The Continental Harmony" is provided with a trick frontispiece consisting of four concentric circles, composed respectively of staves for each of the four voices. Words and music are given, while the core of the circle reads: "This tune is thus disposed to show that every tune is a compleat circle; and that what may be deficient in the first barr is supplied in the last." The words of the song follow:

Hail! Sacred Music, hail!
We offer at thy Shrine,
One perfect round
Compleat in Sound
Celestial and Divine.

'Tis by thy Heav'nly aid
In one Majestic Sound,
We celebrate
Jehovah's State
In one eternal round.

Great is the Lord our God,
His Mercy knows no bound,
Just are His ways,
Then let His praise
Eternally go round.

If a table of singers—in the manner of the excellent English choir lately touring this country—were to try to read the music from this concentrically circular score, there would be more vertigo than harmony—unless it were slowly rotated upon a pin in the centre, which would be precisely in the Billings spirit.

IV

Billings, to be sure, was not the discoverer of faster tempo in the music of his day. Though he was soon denounced as an American iconoclast, it was from English psalmodists that he borrowed the style that brought him such dishonor. "England," wrote an anonymous hand almost ninety years ago for an obsolete periodical named the *Reporter*, "abounded at that time with the same flashy compositions. Volumes were then published and are still extant, in which not a single solid tune can be found, nor one of any description which has found its way into any respectable collection of music there or here. Though their harmony be more correct, the melodies bear no comparison with those of Billings, who therefore in this respect, at least, far exceeded his models." What those models sounded like let the inquisitive student learn by consulting, if he can obtain access to them, such dreary compilations as those sponsored by W. Tans'ur, A. Williams, W. Knapp and J. Stephenson.

Billings rushed in where angels feared to tread. "The New England Psalm-Singer" is a strange and fearful thing,—one of the curiosities of musical literature. It is full of music evolved out of the tanner's inner consciousness. Yet it by no means lacks a certain fascination, sprung from its very uncouthness. Billings seems to have been fond of a rhythmic melody and a melodic bass; often he had his bass run parallel to the melody in thirds and sixths, in a manner that is still current among such of the clergy as feel impelled to sing impromptu harmonies to a hymn. His music offers a free field to the connoisseur who delights to pounce upon angular melodic lines, bad doublings, consecutive fifths, and all the other familiar bugaboos that the modernists have raised from the gutter to the throne.

The composer himself was almost as quick to repent as to sin. Eight years separate his firstling from his second, which has come down to us by the name that it soon won among its contemporaries: "Billings' Best." Billings had a sense of humor that he could turn upon himself. "Kind reader," he says, in the preface to this second collection, "no doubt you remember that about ten [*sic*] years ago I published a book entitled 'The New England Psalm-Singer,' and truly a most masterly performance I thought it then to be. How lavish was I of encomiums on this, my infant production! Said I, thou art my Reuben, my first-born, the beginning of my strength; but to my great mortification I soon discovered it was Reuben in the sequel and Reuben all over. I have discovered that many of the pieces were never worth my printing or your inspection."

It was this second and the fourth of Billings's books that won him his reputation. For many years, says the unknown authority of the *Musical Reporter*, "no other music . . . was heard throughout New England. Many of the New England soldiers who, during the Revolutionary War, were encamped in the Southern States, had his popular tunes by heart, and frequently amused themselves by singing them in camp, to the delight of all who heard them." It was in 1778, in an attempt —very successful, as it proved—to give expression to the temper of the times, that

Billings wrote the first American war song, "Chester." It was his "Over There." The tune is fairly familiar to students of early Americana; it is, in any case, accessible in more than one reference-book, so that I need not transcribe it here. The complete words, however—also by Billings—are rather rare:

Let tyrants shake their iron rod,
And Slav'ry clank her galling chains,
We fear them not, we trust in God,
New England's God forever reigns.

Howe and Burgoyne and Clinton, too,
With Prescott and Cornwallis join'd,
Together plot our Overthrow,
In one Infernal league combin'd.

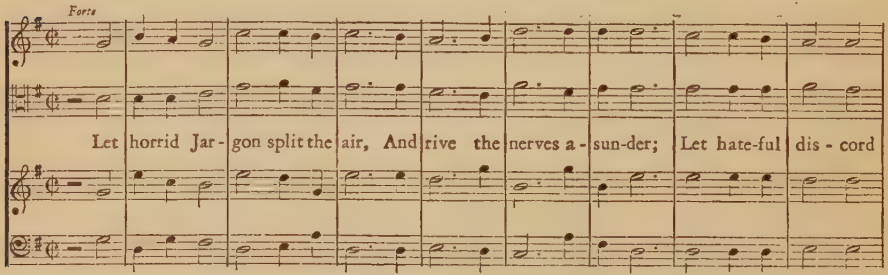
When God inspired us for the fight,
Their ranks were broke, their lines were forc'd,
Their Ships were Shatter'd in our sight,
Or swiftly driven from our Coast.

The Foe comes on with haughty Stride,
Our troops advance with martial noise,
Their Vet'rans flee before our Youth,
And Gen'rals yield to beardless boys.

What grateful Off'ring shall we bring,
What shall we render to the Lord?
Loud Hallelujahs let us Sing,
And praise His name on ev'ry Chord.

doubtedly his practical answer to the critics of his "Reuben." This music, they asserted, was, among other things, too simple. The intervals employed were almost limited to the third, the fifth, the octave. Where were those appetizing dissonances, the seventh and the ninth? What did this presumptuous tanner know about the sacrosanct rules of preparation, progression, modulation, resolution? In reply, Billings composed a four-part Babel which, with malice prepense, he labelled "Jargon." To this he added a long manifesto, addressed to the Goddess of Discord. Both "Jargon" and its accompanying Address are too good not to be rescued from the obscurity in which for too long they have been permitted to remain. In Example 1 I have very slightly modernized the printing of the first part of the music.

I venture the assertion that this is one of the most interesting documents in our musical history. Somewhere in the soul of this eccentric Bostonian was an imp of jazz. "Jargon" is a musical *jeu d'esprit*,



Example 1

The words and tune were very popular with the troops. Notice, again, the rhyming of *join'd* with *combin'd*. Billings's other patriotic compositions—words and music—include "Retrospect," "Independence," "Columbia," and a biblical paraphrase, "Lamentation over Boston," the last written while Boston was occupied by the red-coats. By the river of Watertown he sat him down and wept; yea, he wept as he remembered Boston.

The craziest exploit of Billings was unwith an array of discords that would put a Stravinski or a Honneger to rout. Here, for Billings's critics, was a dash of musical billingsgate. One can picture their horror over the climax (not given here), with its unabashed descent of sevenths between tenor and bass. There is not a single consonance in the piece after the hollow harmony of its opening. Billings's more practical critics showed their opinion of his music in unmistakable deeds. After he had left the tannery for the uncertain life of

a musician, he set himself up near the White Horse Tavern and hung out his shingle: "Billings: Music." One night two cats were found hanging from the sign by their tails. They were observing no rests in their concert; the composer, releasing them, could draw his own conclusions.

Billings's "Address to the Goddess of Discord," labored though its fun may often be, is one of the earliest attempts at musical humor written on our soil:

DREAD SOVEREIGN,—I have been sagacious enough of late, to discover that some evil-minded persons have insinuated to your highness, that I am utterly unmindful of your Ladyship's importance; and that my time, as well as my talents, was wholly taken up in paying my devotion to your most implacable enemy and strenuous opposer, viz. the GODDESS OF CONCORD; which representation is as false as it is ill-natured; for your Ladyship may believe me without hesitation, when I assure you on the word of an honest man, that knowing your Ladyship to be of a very captious disposition, I have always been very careful of trespassing on your grounds for fear of incurring your displeasure, so far as to excite you to take vengeance (which is well known to be your darling attribute.)

I have likewise been informed, that some of my implacable enemies are some of your Majesty's privy council; and that your Majesty's Secretary at war, viz. Lord Jargon, was about to send some of your other Lords in waiting, viz. Lord Second, Lord 7th, Lord 9th, alias Lord 2d, junior, with some others, to beat a tattoo upon the drum of my ear, with so great a number of contra-vibrations, without the intervention of a single coincidence, and with so much *Forte* as to dislocate my auditory; upon which information I called a court of Harmony, the result of which was, to repel force by force; and we had even proceeded so far as to order Lord Consonance, our Secretary at peace, to furnish our life-guard with an infinite number of coincidences, without the intervention of one contra vibration; and although we have the majority on our side, yet we held it in scorn to take any advantage from our numbers, therefore we had selected an equal number of those who had attained unto the first three, viz. Lord Unison, Lord Diapente, Lord Octave, alias Lord Unison jun'r, and for their Aid-de-camps, we had chosen two twin brothers, viz. Major and Minor Trio, together with Major Sixth, &c. We had proceeded thus far, when in turning over a very ancient history, I met with the following passage, viz. "*by wise council thou shalt make thy war, and in multitude of councellors there is safety.*" Upon reading this passage I was resolved to enlarge the council, therefore we made choice of King Solomon the son of David (but as he nor his father was never known to traverse your territories I suppose you have no knowledge of them.) The result of our second council was to lay aside this enterprize and proceed in a very different manner; for by consulting this great councellor, we were convinced "*that wisdom is better than weapons of war.*"

Therefore it was resolved, that I singly should begin the attack in the common form of dedications, and besiege you with flattery, and if that should fail, as we have bribed over a number of your nobility, we are determined to turn their force against you, and then we assure ourselves of success; but perhaps I trespass on your patience in this ambiguous preamble: know then, dread Sovereign, that I have composed a short piece out of such materials as your kingdom is made up of, and without vanity, I believe you will readily grant that it is a worthy production which I respectfully offer at your shrine; and I must take the liberty to tell your Majesty that I expect this one piece will fully compensate for my former delinquency and remissness to your ward; and that you will not be so unreasonable as to insist on another oblation from me, neither through time nor eternity; and let me tell you, that in this offering I followed the example of our native Indians, who sacrifice to the angry God much oftener than to the good-natured one; not from a principle of love, but of fear; for although you could never excite my love, you have frequently caused me to fear and tremble; and I solemnly declare, that I dread your extempore speeches more than I do the threats and menaces of all the crowned heads in Europe; and now madam, after this candid and honest confession, I must insist on your signing the following receipt, which for your honor and my security, I shall always carry about me.

A RECEIPT

Received of the Author, a piece of Jargon, it being the best piece ever composed, in full of all accounts from the beginning of time, to and through the endless ages of eternity. I say received by me, GODDESS OF DISCORD.

Given from our inharmonical Cavern, in the land of Chaos; from the year of our existence, (which began at Adam's fall) Four Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty-Two.

DEMON DREAD, *Speaker*,
Attest, HAMAN HORROR, *Secretary*.

And now Madama Crossgrain, after informing you that this receipt shall be my discharge, I shall be so condescending as to acquaint your uglyship, that I take great pleasure in subscribing myself your most inveterate, most implacable, most irreconcilable enemy, THE AUTHOR.

In order to do this piece justice, the concert must be made of vocal and instrumental music. Let it be performed in the following manner, viz.: Let an Ass bray the base, let the filing of a saw carry the tenor, let a hog who is extremely hungry squeal the counter, and let a cart-wheel, which is heavy loaded, and that has been long without grease, squeak the treble; and if the concert should appear to be too feeble you may add the cracking of a crow, the howling of a dog, the squalling of a cat; and what would grace the

concert yet more, would be the rubbing of a wet finger upon a window glass. This last mentioned instrument no sooner salutes the drum of the ear, but it instantly conveys the sensation to the teeth; and if all these in conjunction should not reach the cause, you may add this most inharmonical of all sounds, "*Pay me that thou owest.*"

V

It is as a humorist, conscious and unconscious, that Billings is most likely to interest the contemporary American musician. He was, distinctly, a forecast of a national type. He had the inchoate impulses of a colonial and post-colonial George M. Cohan and George Gershwin. He was a born realist and he strove to live music, to rouse it from its cataleptic, droning doldrums into something with a pulse, a stir, a relationship to daily living. For this, one may gladly pardon him his transgressions. When he set, in a hymn, the sentiment "Clap your hands," he added the direction that the singers suit the action to the words. Billings must always have been talking to his choir; he could not keep himself out of the picture, even in his written pieces. Should there occur the words, "They shall laugh and sing," he set his singers a laughing chorus that looks heartier on paper than it must have sounded in actual performance.

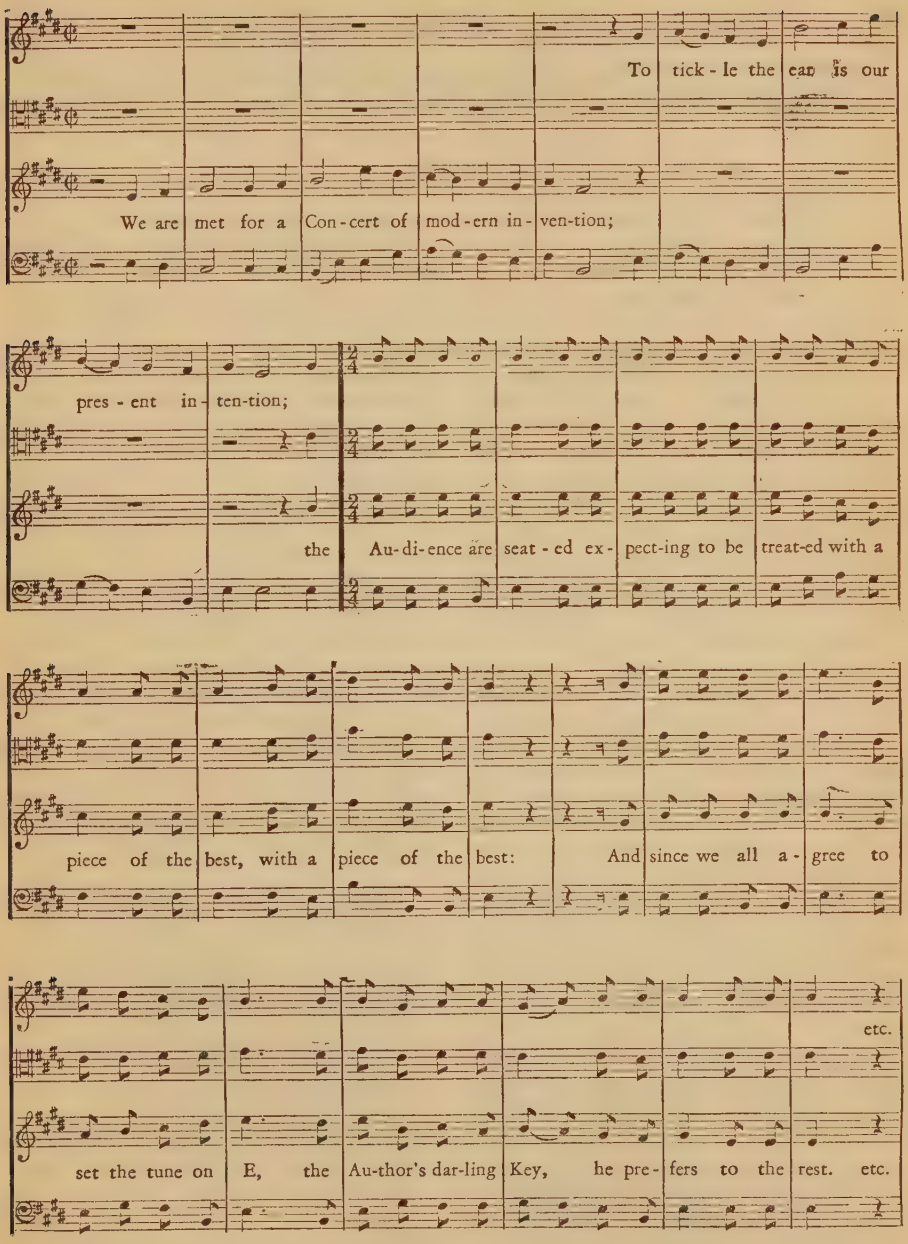
The crowning achievement in his secular music, however, is his choric entertainment entitled (and the adjective is significant) "Modern Music." There is, in place of the usual tempo-indication at the beginning of the score, this N. B.: "After the Audience are seated and the Performers have taken the pitch *slyly* from the leader, the Song begins." I underscore the word *slyly* because, in itself, it is a commentary upon the man's psychology. So, for that matter, are the words of "Modern Music" in their entirety:

We are met for a Concert of modern invention;
To tickle the Ear is our present intention.
The Audience are seated
Expecting to be treated
With a piece of the Best,
With a piece of the Best.
And since we all agree
To set the tune on E
The Author's darling Key
He prefers to the rest,
Let the Bass take the Lead
And firmly proceed
Till the parts are agreed,
To fugue away, then change
To a brisker time
And up the Ladder climb,
Then down again, then mount the second time
And end the strain, then change the key
To pen five tones and flow in treble time.
The Note exceeding low keep down a while
Then rise by slow degrees;
The process surely will not fail to please.
Through Common and Treble we jointly have run,
We'd give you their essence compounded in one;
Although we are strongly attached to the rest,
Six-four is the movement that pleases us best.

And now we address you as Friends to the cause,
Performers are modest and write their own laws.
Although we are sanguine and Clap at the Ban,
'Tis the part of the hearers to clap their Applause.

I transcribe in Example 2, with slight modernization, the opening of this interesting piece. The words, "Let the Bass take the lead," are followed in the original by the entry of the other parts, each with words appropriate to its specific action at the time. The reader will notice the occasional syncopation, as well as the subtle change of rhythm in the tenth measure.

Yes, Billings had the soul of a modernist-realist. "He was as realistic," asserts one commentator, not without exaggeration, "as Richard Strauss in a symphonic poem; and Billings would have recognized in Strauss a kindred spirit." Certainly in this Boston original dwelt remote, remote possibilities of a *Sinfonia Domestica*. He felt dimly the opportunities of musical characterization. We should remember him gratefully if but for one great service: he made his music live in a day when, utterly out of touch with the wonders that were happening in Europe, it threatened to become a series of undifferentiated dirges. He woke up his native Boston; he flooded the church with a little fresh air and tonic sunlight. He enriched the music of his country with something of the energy that thrilled in his own misshapen body and cantankerous soul. The fellow was, in his generation, alive.


To tick - le the ear is our
We are met for a Con - cert of mod - ern in - ven-tion;
pres - ent in - ten-tion;
the Au-di-ence are seat - ed ex - pect-ing to be treat-ed with a
piece of the best, with a piece of the best: And since we all a - gree to
etc.
set the tune on E, the Au-thor's dar-ling Key, he pre - fers to the rest. etc.

Example 2

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Painting

CÉZANNE AND HIS CROWD

By Rollin Kirby

It is my belief after thirty years of association with paintings that the painted picture is a thing that has no very vital contact with the vast majority of people. Those who hold it in high regard comprise a relatively small number. And that's a pity, for it represents one of the glories of the human race. Yet art remains mostly for the art-minded. Go amongst your friends and find me those who qualify. A pitiful few. This is a disheartening state of affairs, but it has a cause. The trouble with most painting is that it is bereft of any idea the majority of people have any interest in. It is inside stuff. It does not complement the emotions of most people. The man who finds in the theatre or in a novel or in the movies something that is finely human cares nothing about the technical achievement of a painting.

Ours is a mechanistic, materialistic civilization, and devoid of the bow-knots and rosebuds of romance and sentiment. Romance goes abroad, but in high-powered cars. The lute gives way to the radio. Yet what has happened is only a change in things. The artist has been unable to adjust himself to the flux. He still goes back to the old symbols or else loses himself in the intricacies of some pseudo-scientific theory about putting pictures together. There is a notion that our times are so ugly that the artist is forced to withdraw into an ivory tower of his own making. What really happens is that, unable to comprehend the spectacle of life with an inquiring mind, he falls back on the *clichés* of those who have gone before. There is no life in that. Or, feeling the inadequacy of the old formulæ, he "goes modern." It's a hard choice for all hands, pupils and painter alike. For going modern is a grim, pretty awful business. Because the old forms are scrapped and an unbelievable uglification takes their places, a new justification has had to be invented. Art criticism appears to have said, "Well, the old terms are no longer of any use. If we are to keep on with our jobs we, too, must cut loose."

Roger Fry, an English artist-cum-critic, has written a book about Cézanne, who appears to be the head-man of the school to whom a plane placed so and so induces an emotion which is almost erotic. It is an amazing book. The first half of it is given over to Mr. Fry's writing and the second half to reproductions of the maestro's work. In the former the reader comes upon the new criticism in the full flower of its almost incredible attempt to consolidate geometry, music, architecture, color, linear perspective and highfalutin' preciousness into coherent sense. Let me quote:

> *Landscape at Gardanne.*—It has to a supreme degree that impressive pictorial architecture, that building up of sequences of planes, which has a direct "musical" effect on the feelings. Much depends here on the subtile approach which is prepared for the culminating passages. The flatness and emptiness of the foreground, only broken by a railing or low wall—which is of crucial importance for directing our imagined movements—, the flat resistance of the *repoussoir* formed by the houses to the left, the inclination of the shed-roof in the near field—all these prepare us for the rapid and agitated criss-cross of planes by which the eye mounts to the arresting perpendicular of the house-fronts on the summit and final escape, as it were, which the converging uprights of the tower allow.

Again:

> Where Cézanne uses color we note that at each nodal point of the interplay of planes, he marks this sequence by a series of small washes of vari-

ous colors, modulating generally from violet to greenish, or bluish grey. His aim in this was as far as possible to translate changes of tone into changes of color, feeling that only by this method could the full saturation and pressure of the color be realized.

That is doubtless profound but it has a strange sound of bunk. Once more:

Here [a landscape of the Isle de France] the rectilinear structure and the preponderance of right angles is almost disconcerting at first, but we feel that Cézanne has accepted this bleakness of the scene with a sort of austere voluptuousness.

Planes! angles! Has art become reduced to such T-square terms as that? Has the easel surrendered to the drafting-table? A melancholy exchange, to my notion. Suppose the planes *do* fit themselves together in such a manner that the eye goes upward to a vanishing point—what of it? Is that a genuine emotion? Not as I know them. A rectilinear plane, even when "saturated" with color and exerting its utmost "pressure," still is, to me, a geometric figure of no inherent beauty. Again Mr. Fry:

For him [Cézanne] though there might be nodal points in the sequence, every part, however apparently insignificant, had to contribute its precise and irreplaceable quotum to the whole.

An art must be suspect when the critic, to explain it, has to go through such verbal contortions as these. We have a good deal more of the same sort of thing—talk of "geometric" color and of a "criss-cross of plastic movements." Aghast at the task to which he has set himself, Mr. Fry finally admits that

if, by reason of the helplessness of language, one is forced to search for poetical analogies even to adumbrate at all the emotional effect of this design it is none the less evident that this results from a purely plastic expression.

That I am no great lover of Cézanne is, of course, apparent. He may have all the various merits his followers ascribe to him. He may possess all the curious, quasi-scientific attributes Mr. Fry rhapsodizes about. But in this case it is not so much Cézanne or any other of the cubical-triangular-parallelogram fabricants that I am concerned with, but the nonsense of the new criticism. Let Mr. Fry try that sort of thing on Rembrandt or Velasquez or Degas or Charles Keene and see not only the absurdity of it, but also the utter impossibility of finding in their work all the split hairs over which he now agonizes. Great art is difficult to do, but not difficult to understand. There is nothing hidden in the Elgin marbles, nor in the Taj Mahal, nor in "Romeo and Juliet," nor in "Lear," nor the "Ode to a Nightingale." That is, there is nothing in them which requires a special knowledge, or a guide to lead one through a swamp of mystification. A practicing sculptor or architect or dramatist or poet will, of course, penetrate into the technical excellences of these various masterpieces and find therein the miracles which hold him in awe and reverence. But the message the maker intended was for the layman also, and not for his fellow craftsman alone.

Now, an artist's mind is a difficult thing to diagram. It really isn't like any other sort of mind. And to try to make it square with the kind which can be plotted and ordered is a hopeless thing. Yet out of such pictorial evidence as he leaves one can arrive at some sort of a conclusion. In the case of Cézanne one critic finds all sorts of virtues, even though they remain hidden from a more myopic observer. Granted they exist, are they important? I, for one, do not think so. I get a sense of a clumsy, frustrated man with a deliberate theory concerning planes and geometric forms attempting to fit a picture into some sort of mosaic of pyramids and arbitrary shapes. It is doubtless ingenious, but nothing more.

How he went about it is shown by Mr. Fry's explanation of a canvas entitled "The Bathers," showing some obese nudes in a landscape:

One suspects that an endless search was needed to discover exactly the significant position of each volume in the space—a research in which the figures have become ungainly and improbable. At any moment the demand of the total construction for some violent assertion of a rectilinear direction may do violence to anatomy.

There you have it! The sacrosanct geometrical form, the sacred plane, deals all other forms of probity a wicked sock in the eye.

Between the painted gew-gaws of academic art and this particular school of heavy-handed plane-fitters there is little to choose. As for the Fry school of criticism, with its pretentious intellectual dressing and its windy, pontifical wanderings into the realms of abstraction, there comes the sense that this sort of thing is not so new as one had at first supposed.

George du Maurier invented his gallery of æsthetes at a time when Wilde set out to have fun with the British public. Maudle, Postlewaite, Prigsby and Mrs. Cimabue Brown languished through the pages of *Punch*, carrying their lilies and soulfully rhapsodising in turgid hooey. Let us go back to the 90's and examine a picture of the Art Critic—in this case, Prigsby—who stands in a willowy pose with upraised finger in Munyon manner surrounded by a group of greenery-yallery ladies, before his friend Maudle's last picture. At one side is our old friend the Colonel, who listens. Prigsby speaks:

> The head of Alexis is distinctly divine! Nor can *I*, in the whole range of ancient, medieval or modern art, recall anything so fair and precious; unless it be, perhaps, the head of that supremest Masterpiece of Greek Sculptchah, the Ilyssus, whereof indeed, in a certain gracious modeling of the lovely neck, and in the subtly delectable curves of the cheek and chin, it faintly, yet most exquisitely reminds me!

The nub of the joke is that the Colonel, always ready to learn, hastens off to the British Museum, only to find that the Ilyssus has no head nor neck. I fear there are a lot of missing heads and necks amongst the modern school. The patter has changed from one of soulful yearning to one of cubes and geometric forms, but the inherent flapdoodle remains the same. Perhaps Mr. Fry feels that all this tosh is necessary to cover up, in Cézanne's painting, what he finally, in an incautious moment, confesses to be "his fundamental inaptitude for invention."

Poor old Art, what an amount of bunk she has to stagger under!

Philology

THE LANGUAGE OF THE UNDERWORLD

By Ernest Booth

In the American underworld each group of criminals employs words and phrases that are peculiar to its activities. Thus, among pickpockets, "putting the duke down" refers to the work of the *wire* who abstracts the objective from the victim's *kick;* and "putting his back up" indicates that the *stall* is putting the *mark*, *yap*, *sucker*, or *hoosier* into the right position to insure a successful operation by the *wire*. This putting a sucker into the best position has many names, among them, "throwing a hump," "giving him a roust," and "setting him up." *Rowdy-dowdy* means a rough turning and twisting of the *mark*. It was borrowed from the more aristocratic *night-men*, who use it in this manner: "Charge on a town, make as many clouts on the *kiester* (safe) as necessary, and then battle the irate citizens in a *rowdy-dowdy* get-a-way."

The origin of *gun-mob*, signifying a gang of pickpockets, is interesting as showing phonetic change. It probably started with the Jewish *gonov*=a thief. Later that was contracted to *gon*, and *mob* was added. The Americanization of the word made it *gon-mob* and then *gun-mob*. Now it has been changed, by analogy, to *cannon* and *mob of cannons*. *Short* or *shorts* is a term which varies greatly in meaning. "Working the shorts" or "out on the shorts" may mean working street-cars for short distances, or it may allude to a single pickpocket working alone, or it may refer to one working for unknown money—that is, one ready to pick any pocket, as opposed to one "beating a mark" who has flashed his roll and

is followed until a favorable opportunity appears for abstracting his *poke, skin,* or *leather.* In connection with the actual operation of securing the wallet the phrase occasionally occurs, "reefing a pocket or kick," or, more commonly, simply *reefing.* It means to insert the fingers and work the lining up until the wallet can be abstracted. Once this has been accomplished it is said that the pickpocket has "made the riffle." Then comes, "weeding, or cleaning a poke," "skinning a skin, or poke," and "ditching the leather." Usually the poke is ditched as early as possible, and frequently in some mail-box. Strewing empty skins about the public highway is considered very bad form.

A friend of mine, leaving prison, remarked to me, "I'm going to make division leaps to Hot Springs, grab me off a grindstone and sharpen up a bit, and then go back on the racket." Although he was a notorious wire, he had used slang belonging primarily to a different branch of the profession. *Division leaps* belonged to the old yeggs who beat the trains in long jumps from one division to another, carrying their *grease* or *dine* (=dynamite) with them; and *racket* was a plain steal from the boys who blasted into safes for a livelihood, particularly the strong boxes in the towns adjacent to the route of the Iron Mountain. But the phrase, "get a grindstone and sharpen up," was, and is, pure *cannon* language. It refers to having a member of the mob pose as a mark while the rusty one re-acquires his former dexterity.

The Eastern United States, the Middle West, and the Pacific Coast have different slang. When East meets West the clash is often as violent as the following: Al, an American cannon, filled in on an Australian gon-mob then working in Vancouver, B. C. He was "putting his back up." The wire indicated a likely prospect approaching, but just as Al was about to work, the wire said softly, "Secure 'im." Immediately Al turned away from the mark and walked to the corner. He puzzled over the term and could analyze it only as: "secure =a place of security=a hoosegow." Thus he concluded that the wire had seen an officer and so conveyed warning of imminent danger. When he approached another mark and was about to work, the "Secure 'im!" came to his ears again, and again he allowed the mark to go untouched. Waiting until the wire arrived at his side, Al restrained his temper long enough to inquire, "What's all this secure business?" To which the wire replied, "Secure! Why God blyme—secure the bloody ——ing sucker, you ass!" Al exploded, "Why in hell don't you say what you mean? You mean *stall!*"

Brevity, conciseness, is the essence of thieves' jargon. To be able to convey a warning and the nature of the danger in a single phrase or word is the test. A *wanted* thief is conversing with a friend when a policeman comes near. "Sham—duck!" whispers the friend. *Sham* is from Shamrock=an Irishman=a policeman. *Duck* means to do just that. Another example of brevity is afforded by the following description of a street robbery. The citizen carrying the pay-roll had been firmly and efficiently rapped on the sconce when succor came into sight. The thief snatched the satchel and escaped by running. Telling of it later he said, "Sock and clout, rank and lam." *Clout* and *lam* are often linked together; they mean to make the touch and then tear for it. Had the thief been forced to remain and shoot his way clear, his phrase would have been "stick and slug." This terse term is used in a tense situation when two or more thieves must make immediate decision regarding their actions. "Lam?" queries one wavering bandit. "No—stick!" And the battle is on.

Rank has long been used by thieves, but it has wider usage today than it ever had in the past. In its original sense it denoted a job that was bunglingly handled. Then it was associated with jobs whose consummation was interrupted by legal interference, and, in logical order, with anything that went wrong with a plan. It became a noun, as in, "He got a rank."

At present it is used adjectively in "What a rank deal he got," "a rank trial" and "a rank frame-up." And verbally, as in "ranking his partner." (That is, allowing, often inadvertently, information concerning a past job to get into the hands of the police.) "She ranked him by busting out with that new fur so soon after the robbery." The word enjoys high popularity with the younger thieves today because of its flexibility. But old thieves frown on such corruptions of the virgin purity of ancient words.

Heap is fairly recent, about eight or ten years old. Its origin is obvious: Automobile = heap of junk = any machine. "Clouting heaps" is the automobile thief's pastime! *Hot* is old. The old-time peter-mobs, rooting rowdy-dowdy, often referred to being hot. "He came out of K. C. *hot* from that P. O. blast." In fact the greatest difficulty for such a mob was to avoid another's *heat*. "It's not so much your own heat you got to watch, but you're apt to run into a bunch of hoosiers out looking for another outfit just hot from some caper." The word *burned*, or *burnt*, should link itself to hot, but it doesn't. Its range of measuring is almost as comprehensive as that of *rank*. To *burn* a partner is to "short him for his end," *i.e.*, to fail to divide evenly with him. In those States which impose capital punishment by the electric chair a condemned man is "set down and burned up." In other prisons, for a man to be *burned-up* or *burnt* means that he is in a boiling rage over some grievance, real or fancied, or that he is simply displaying a bit of temperament. To the old-time bum and hobo, *boiling-up* meant boiling his clothes in an old can, shaving, and maybe occasionally, taking a bath. For a gentleman of the profession to be *burned* by a lady of the mob now means that the fair charmer has taken "a run-out with the bank roll."

Judge Junior's Slang Dictionary did much to acquaint the public with such words as *Bennie* for overcoat, *daisy roots* for feet, etc. Tad, in his cartoons, uses Australian slang frequently, as in *twist and twirl* for girl, and *storm and strife* for wife. This Australian slang is very common among American thieves today, and especially among *hypos*, or drug addicts, though they also have their own names for different familiar articles. The Australian lingo is composed largely of doublets that are rhythmical and colorful, and give the user a degree of smartness. The highest marks are awarded when one affects an English accent. Here are some examples:

Nose = I suppose.
Eye = mince pie.
Large eyes = the big mince pies.
Head = lump o' lead.
Mouth = North and South.
Hair = Barney Fair.
Girl = twist and twirl.
Mrs. = cheese and kisses.
Wife = storm and strife.
Boy = Tommy Toy.
Kid = God forbid.
Red = roses red.
Pillow = weeping willow.
Talk = Duke o' York (Yawk).
Crook = babbling brook.
Expense = thick and dense.

Three years ago, in a fraternity house near the University of California, I heard some graduates' conversation that was rich with Australian slang. Quoth one, "An' in the morning I raised the lump o' lead off the weeping willow, threw ovet the mince pies, and gadzooks! the twist and twirl had vanished!" This description of a solitary awakening following a night of revelry was correctly given, save that the learned amateur might have appropriately substituted *moped* for *vanished*. I have refrained from offering condolences in kind, and mentally revised my estimate of the worth of a university education.

Automobile thieves are closely allied with bandits, and the lingoes of the two are closely interwoven. Many of the terms have ancient origins, but later usage has given them special, and often different, significances. Laying out the route of escape before consummating a robbery comes under *casing*. Yet *to case* also covers the preliminary work of watching the employés of a bank (or other mark). Following a

pay-roll car, watching a jewelry store, *tailing* (not *trailing*, so often used erroneously) a jewelry salesman, or a mail-truck: all these activities come under the heading of *casing*. "Give it a *case*." "Has it been *cased*?" "*Casing* a mark without getting a rank" is the most difficult part of a robbery. *Rooting* implies that several men are going out on robbery bent. "Come on! Let's *root* against that jug today." "Larry got shot *rooting* single-handed." *Root* belongs to the old yeggs, but during the war there was very little rough stealing in this country, and the term fell into disuse. Then along about 1919 or 1920 it started to come back, but as the property of the young bandits who first stole automobiles, and then *rooted* on some bank, pay-roll, or mail-truck.

To gat-up means to hold up a person or place with a gun. *Gat* indicates a revolver or *rod* as distinguished from a *long rod*=a rifle. Its origin comes from this: Many *cats* once worked in the harvest fields of the Middle West. Cats are itinerant workers, the fringe of the hobo, bum, and yegg outfits, who beat their way on freight trains. Traveling from the fields after the harvest, many of them often crowded into one box-car. Into this car came men intent on harvesting the harvesters. With drawn guns these men, usually two in number, would force the cats to surrender their earnings and then order them to leave the car by leaping from the side door. "There wuz cats strung out for a mile along that drag." The term *catting up* was applied to this pastime by the profession. Those employed in it were known as *cat-up* men. Soon *cat* was corrupted to *gat*. The latter has been derived, by some authorities, from *Gatling* (=gun), but probably erroneously.

Rap is very prevalent. A *rap* used to be a definite charge placed against a man. The man might be either in jail or hunted as a fugitive. "Naw, he can't show-up around Minnie (Minneapolis) on account of that jug rap he's wanted for." A *rapper* was the main witness against a man. "If we could only pull the rapper off, then they wouldn't have no beef against him." But lately *rap* means any sort of betrayal or indiscretion. "Aw don't rap to that guy; he's wrong." "Why, I been rapping to him for years—I didn't know he's turned queer!" *Rap* and *tumble* are today synonyms: "I rapped to him and he didn't give me a tumble." Formerly *tumble* was akin to *fall*=to get a "jolt in the stir."

But for brevity and terseness I believe the following is worthy of a high award. The prison chaplain had inquired of a burglar the cause of his predicament. The answer is a prison classic: "I was prowling a private, an' I got a rumble and a rank, zowie! I'm ditched for fifteen flat—an' on a bum beef!" A *bum beef*, in the patois of the profession, means that the gentleman was innocent.

JIM TULLY

BY SARA HAARDT

That first picture of Jim Tully I shall always remember: the time I saw him in the lobby of the Mark Twain Hotel, in Hollywood, with the late afternoon sunshine streaming through the windows, the tables overloaded with flowers, and the canary birds singing. You couldn't have imagined a more incongruous setting in the world, or one that set him off—and apart—more spectacularly.

He was sitting in the far corner of the room, a crumpled felt hat held loosely in his hand, his heavy shoulders drooping and an abstracted look in his misty blue eyes. His head was tilted to one side, and as he raised it, it seemed to me that it was literally on fire. His hair is a tangled wiry mop of flaming red curls, so thick and so unruly that, with his muscular shoulders, it gives him the appearance of being top-heavy and possessed of an enormous strength. And like most red hair it creates a strange, almost startling impression of youth. I had the feeling, as I looked at him, that I was seeing him as he looked that day, years ago, when he sat by the high trestle spanning the St. Mary's river, in Ohio, and listened to a one-eyed hobo gabble heroically about his wanderings and the far countries of the world. Whatever else the road has done to Jim Tully it has at least left him with that same easy braggadocio of youth. There is a challenge in his manner, and a marvelous swagger; however gnarled and weary he grows, it will always be difficult to think of him as old. . . .

He got to his feet, and I saw that he was short and powerfully built; that he was heavy-jowled; that his chest was thrust out, that the muscles of his arms bulged his sleeves. Yet, for all his bulk, I sensed a quickness, a kind of shrewdness in his movements. I could imagine his muscles springing into action so quickly that they almost thought for him, or tensing, with his teeth gritting together, into a stubborn, ungiving wall of strength. He greeted me with a curious, appraising reticence. His manner was faintly commiserating—as if he already pitied me for ignorance of the world and of Hollywood—yet it was distinctly formal. There is that peculiar mixture in Tully: the thing Rupert Hughes has described as a terrific blending of pride and humility. He continued to look at me, and to smile crookedly.

"So you're from Alabama? Jesus, what a country! I know your goddam Montgomery, with that old white Capitol sitting up on a hill and the trees growing up and down the streets and hiding everything—and the L. & N. yards at night. God—what a loneliness! There's a loneliness here something like that. Well, you'll see!"

We sat down, and he began to talk of the South, and of the vagrancy laws of Mississippi; of Hollywood, and its labored carnival and cheap tragedy; of a hanging he had recently seen at San Quentin; of a 'bo he had met there, and then of the road. He told me of Dago Joe Burdes, and Scrap Iron, and Bright Eyes, and Columbus Jack; of the Bill of "Beggars of Life," and the Red Cawley of "Circus Parade." "Hoboes often take their names from the city from which they first

wander," he said. "For instance, Jack London was 'Frisco Jack. I was Cincy Red, and the Red was on account of my hair, and Joe Bertucci was Dago Joe Burdes because he was Italian. I'll have you meet him some day. He's up in the mountains now running a damned bakery, but he drifts down every little while."

"What has become of the others?" I asked, somewhat warily. I had been in Hollywood less than forty-eight hours, but I had already heard the common town story that Tully had never been on the road at all, or in the ring, that he had faked his tramp and circus stories, that he was a most capital liar.

He looked up with the abstracted gaze I had first seen in his eyes.

"Oh, they're scattered all over," he answered in his low voice. "Bright Eyes, well, you remember,—his history is in a back number of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Columbus Jack, he was the fine clean kid who bumped into the one woman, went clean dippy about her, and died. Red Cawley is in a goddam insane asylum somewhere. Ben Franklin, another 'bo with us, is a wealthy Yiddisher now. He never reads, but he saw the advertisement of my first book in the *Times Book Review* while waiting in a dentist's office and drove around to the Algonquin in his Packard limousine to see me. Let's see—Bill, in 'Beggars of Life,' is the manager of a taxi company. And Gabe Sullivan—the lad who was doing life in Columbus for murdering a scab—Gabe is swinging a paint brush now, as useful as a citizen can be in Cincinnati. I got him out after four years on his case. Ben Ames Williams' father was chairman of the Ohio Pardon Board. The Governor of Ohio, the Secretary of State, all helped; they wrote me a round-robin when the kid got free. I expect Johnny Backus—the Flying Tramp—out of San Quentin this month. He wrote me that he once held a mail-train down longer than I say in 'Beggars of Life'. . . .

"Johnny Sinclair—I fought him twice at the Sawyerwood Club, in Akron, Ohio—came to a lecture I gave in Cleveland. He runs a gymnasium there. I didn't know him, he had been pounded so much in the dozen years since we fought. Ted Robinson of the *Plain-Dealer* and others stood around while Johnny and I talked of our fight days. It was a cock-eyed hell of an evening. I had given the lecture at a K. of C. Hall, after a man full of booze had come to the Statler Hotel and asked me to do it. I knew the priests would shy at me because of the anti-Catholic attitude of 'Emmett Lawler,' so I had the guy sign the contract in the lobby, then and there. Five priests sat on the front row, but Ted Robinson delivered half of my lecture in introducing me, and so I got away fine and collected. There was another time up in Bellingham, Washington, when a guy in the schools asked me to speak, and I ran into a gang of chainmakers I had known—I still belong to the chainmakers' union, you know. Well, after the goddam lecture I left these cock-eyed educators high and dry, and stuck with the chainmakers. I don't know—there was no sentimentality between us: we simply stuck in a sort of free-masonry of defiance, I guess. A funny goddam thing, isn't it? There was the time Joe Bertucci and I stuck with Bright Eyes when he went blind. And the time Columbus Jack brought me seven quarters when I was broke in a fifteen-cent lodging-house in Cleveland—the Palisades—every 'bo knows it. I couldn't go out on the street: I was barefoot in zero weather. And the time Joe sent me the dough to get from Omaha to Los Angeles. Joe's a real guy. I see him and other 'bos still, and there isn't much we don't talk about."

He reached for his hat. "Yes, this Bertucci's a hell of a guy. You'll see. I'll bring him around the next time he's down from the mountains."

We stood in the door for a moment, looking out on Wilcox avenue. Up the hill the lights of the boulevard had begun

to flash on, and the air that had been uncomfortably warm all afternoon was icily cold. Tully put his hat on and started down the steps; it sat on top of his violent curls and gave him a rakish and yet strangely dignified appearance.

"Don't get too lonely, kid," he called back. "This is pretty damned bad—" he waved an arm toward the boulevard—"but it isn't half as bad as being on the bum in Alabama!"

II

Tully works in a big oblong room on the second floor of his house in Kings road, Hollywood—a room lined with books from ceiling to floor, and containing a flat square desk with a swivel-chair, a great dictionary on an old-fashioned brass tripod, an old beer-table—a real one with a hole in the center where the press-button used to be—and two huge arm-chairs. Back of the desk is a tiny window with iron gratings and a buff-colored curtain across the lower half that looks out, at night, upon hills strung fantastically with lights. It is a charming view, but it is the other view from the tiny window across from it that Tully is partial to: a row of eucalyptus trees silhouetted against a blue or mauve or silver sky, so tall and so graceful. Over the mantel is another picture of wind-blown trees and whirling veils of mist, and about the room, on odd shelves and tables, are small framed pictures of Mark Twain, Joseph Conrad, Madame Le Brun, Madame Récamier and Rose Aylmer! The Rose Aylmer is a charming thing. It is set like a medallion in a frame of old gold and green cloisonné; the print was torn from some book, and Tully carried it around with him for years.

"She was Landor's girl, you know," he told me. "She never married him, but he probably kept the image of her to the end of his days. Somehow, I couldn't bear to think of all that loveliness gone to dust, so I carried her picture around with me. I never found a frame I liked until the other day."

The room is full of other things he treasures: books that he lifted from libraries when he was ducking in and out of them on the road; the galley-sheets of "Emmett Lawler" bound by a group of I. W. W.'s at San Quentin; a candlestick presented to him by three ex-bums the night the first copy of "Emmett Lawler" appeared in Los Angeles. At that time Tully was living in a furnished room with scarcely enough money to pay for his meals, much less to buy a copy of his book. The three 'bos met and pooled their cash, hurried to a bookstore and stood over the proprietor while he hammered the box of books open. They bought the first copy he lifted out, together with a bunch of carnations and the candlestick, and hurried back to the furnished room with them. The candlestick bears the inscription, "May the light of truth never be put out by your material success!"

"And me without a damned penny," Tully laughed, "Not a goddam penny in the world! But they were the guys!"

He walked the length of the room, past the worn books and the Rose Aylmer and his collection of French bisque figures—these the strangest and most exquisite of all his goods—and back to the swivel-chair. Sitting down, he tilted the chair so that his head rested against the window-ledge, and smiled his crooked smile.

"Good God, that wasn't even the beginning. The big fight was yet to come! I often wonder why in hell I was so persistent. And what for?"

Tully was born in St. Mary's, Ohio, in a log cabin on June 3, 1891—he is sure it was June 3, but he is not quite certain of the year—, the third son of Marie Bridget Lawler and Jim Tully. Both of his parents were born in the Old Country. Marie Lawler was a country schoolteacher, and most of the other Lawlers were successful farmers. There was one

uncle, Dennis Lawler, who was a wanderer. Jim Tully remembers seeing his mother standing on the porch watching Dennis through the mist of her tears as he disappeared down the road. He never came back.

There was another uncle, a horsethief, who served fifteen years in the Ohio penitentiary, and died a banker in Canada. He was a kind of family legend: the young Tullys knew of his adventures, and marveled at him. It was from him that Jim Tully got the prison material for "Jarnegan." "He was a damned good horse-thief. He always stole the best horses!" Of his mother, Marie Bridget Lawler, Tully has only a vague memory: she was austere and moody and beautiful. She died when he was four or five.

About the other Tullys he knows and remembers even less. Jim Tully, his father, was a day laborer, with a fierce pride and an insatiable taste for reading. Upon the death of his wife, he let his family slide. Three of the six children were taken by relatives and the other three were put into an orphanage. After that, they saw almost nothing of him, though he was often working in the same county with them. Never in all that time—or afterward—did he ever apologize for this neglect of them. He is alive today, and still in possession of his inviolable dignity. When he heard of his son's literary doings, he wrote to him and reminded him "that his grandmother was an educated woman." But the Lawlers arose and claimed that he had got his talent from them. "And that was where I cut in," Tully chuckles. "I said I got it, such as it is, from neither of them."

When he was four or five years old, soon after the death of his mother—all of these early dates are uncertain—Jim went to the orphanage. He describes his entrance in "Emmett Lawler:"

> Large black doors opened and as promptly closed. . . . Without so much as a parting word, or the touch of a hand, Mr. Lawler went away—and never returned. . . . A heavy quiet pervaded the building, while a peculiar odor permeated it. . . . The clothing room was in charge of a woman with a nature as cold as a fish fresh from the sea. Her voice was rasping and harsh. During six years Emmett does not remember to have seen her smile. She had what the children used to consider an annoying habit of striking a vicious blow without warning when she discovered torn clothing.

III

Six years of this. He became an adept at reading and would often read aloud to the women while they knitted or sewed or peeled potatoes in a circle about him. Here he was confirmed under the name of Jim Alexander. He wanted to take Napoleon as his middle name but this boon was refused him and so he chose Alexander instead. "A pagan, by God!" he laughs today. Here he first made use of his phenomenal memory. The children were required to memorize what they could of the priest's sermon, and though there were many of them more attentive and pious than Jim, he always won the prize. Once he won a rosary. "But later it was stolen from me," he adds, "by a more pious child."

When he was about eleven years old Tully left the orphanage in search of a home. He remembers a ride with his sister Virginia, who was working in a neighboring town in a laundry for $1.50 a week. Virginia had managed to save three dollars, and when her young brother appeared she hired a horse and buggy and rode into the country ten miles with him to look for their father, who had last been seen there. The hire of the horse and buggy amounted to all of the three dollars—there was no extra money for food—and after driving the long distance they returned without dinner or supper, for their father had disappeared again without a word of his whereabouts.

That night Jim Tully slept in the loft of a stable. He went back to the orphanage, and it was soon afterward that he was taken away by the farmer Boroff, the name he has given him in "Beggars of

Life," to work on his farm, fifty miles north of his birthplace. It was a Protestant home and a Protestant neighborhood, and during the eighteen months that Tully lived there he was put through the most trying Christian experiences of his life. He remembers, particularly, the parlor hung with horrid crayon portraits of living and dead Boroffs, with the taint of madness that was in the family caught by the village artist in their gleaming eyes. He remembers, too, the four books on the table: "Pilgrim's Progress," "Earth, Sea and Sky," "Robinson Crusoe" and the Bible—and the long Winter nights when he sat there reading the Bible and Bunyan aloud to them, almost frozen to the bone, for they hadn't given him any underwear. On the day that he ran away from the farm, he stood in the room beside the books, stabbed by an overwhelming sense of loneliness.

He was about thirteen then, and he took to the road. During the six years that followed he drifted back to St. Mary's from time to time, where he became a citizen of Rabbit Town, and came to know all its odd characters: Old Raley, the drunkard, a cleaner of cuspidors, a mopper of bar-room floors, who carried a tattered volume of Voltaire in his pocket; the two stalwart youths who later became nationally known pugilists; the saloon-keepers, the bums, the prostitutes—and Albert Koch, the mail-carrier, who made $3.50 a day and who seemed to Jim to be in society.

Several years ago when the town of St. Mary's celebrated its centennial, a committee of citizens asked Tully to attend the show as one of the speakers. His reply was characteristic: he wrote a Spoon River anthology about the committee, and sent it back, saying, "A hell of a lot of water has flowed under the bridge since I left St. Mary's on a freight, one of the loneliest kids in the world." At another time, however, he did return to the town, and stayed all night at the hotel where he had washed dishes as a boy. He wanted to see the old bums and saloon-keepers, the inhabitants of Rabbit Town he had loved in the old days; but they were all gone. Instead, he met the first citizens and walked up and down the streets with the mayor and the editor. When he boarded a street-car, a strange conductor asked, "Are you the guy that wrote them books?" But Albert Koch still lived there, and at dark Tully went down to his house by the station, and they sat talking and drinking through the night. He took the first train out next morning.

Two of the six Winters he was on the road he heated chains in mills at Racine, Wis., and Kent, Ohio. He was sixteen or seventeen years old by now. Save for his affection for his sister Virginia, he had no family feeling. Virginia he loved devotedly all her life, and she, in turn, was fiercely proud of him. She seemed more gypsy than Irish, and though she never had any education she knew everything in the world. In later years she moved to Chicago, and her apartment there became a rendezvous for beggars and an anchorage for Jim. The last time he went to see her, just before the publication of "Jarnegan," she was ill and dying. When he entered the room, she mustered the last of her strength to greet him, and sat up, smiling. "It isn't pleasant to lie here with things grabbing at you out of the shadows. But I'm not going to die! I can't die with a kid brother getting famous." He left the next day, and never saw her again. "I'll put her in a book some day," he says.

The rest of the family scattered or died, and Jim seldom heard of them again. There was a brother, Hugh, a jockey, "with the eyes of a life-whipped lamb, who could tell stories better than I will ever be able to write them." And there was another and favorite brother, Tom, who died a skull-cracked adventurer in Mexico at twenty-five. At the time Jim had wanted to go with him; but Tom ordered him to stay home and get an education.

"Jim, my boy, you're going to get somewhere some day," he told him, "just as sure as God put worms in sour apples. Don't you never give up, Jim; by God, don't you never! You got it in you, and, by God, you'll show all the scum who think the Tullys are a lot o' trash, just because dad was a drunken ditch-digger." Today, Jim, recalling him, likes to quote the postscript of the only letter he ever received from him: "If I win out in this country, Jim, you will share it with me. If I lose I will share it alone."

IV

Tully says he was never a good chainmaker, though he is still in good standing with the union. During the six years that he was on and off the road he worked on farms as a migratory laborer, and hitched up with a circus for a year. But most of the time he was reading and dreaming. He became an inveterate library bum, ducking in and out of public libraries from one end of the country to the other. He read everything: biography, history, fiction; Dostoievsky, Carlyle, Olive Shreiner, Balzac, Dumas, Mark Twain, Conrad, the files of the old *Smart Set*.

His reading enthralled him and absorbed him, but more than anything else he was possessed by the dream that some day he would become a writer himself. While he was in Ohio, working as a chainmaker, Ted Robinson published his first verses—a few lines on Keats. Robinson was amused at the idea of a hobo, working as chainmaker, writing verse. Tully remembers his kindness; how it made him the more madly determined to succeed—and how another little poet appearing in Robinson's column at the time committed suicide. About this time he got a job reporting on an Akron paper, but he was soon discharged. Then he drifted into the ring.

He chortles over the happenings of those days: for example, the time he fought a German boy, in 1914, somewhere in Ohio, and the Irish and German settlements were so bitter against each other, and he and his backers spread a wild yarn through the town—that in Europe, where the real fighting was, one Irishman had kept back a whole trainload of Germans! It was a framed fight, and Tully won. Then there was the time Johnny Kilbane boasted to him: "You may get to be a writer, Jimmie, but by God I'm going to be featherweight champion!" And, by God, he was. And another time when Spike Robinson said, "Well, Jimmie, you ought to make good as a writer; you've got executive ability!" And the last time in San Francisco when he was knocked unconscious, and remained so for nearly twenty-four hours, and then gave up the ring for fear of going goofy.

For the next few years he became a tree surgeon, or a tree-fakir, as he calls it, and traveled from one end of the country to the other again. The work was seasonal, and he would often be laid off unexpectedly. On such a day, with Spring coming rapidly to a head, he found himself in Omaha without money or the hope of a job. He went to a library and borrowed a copy of "Almayer's Folly," and sat in a hotel lobby until he finished it. Sitting there, with the book laid aside, a black depression settled over him. He recalled the time back in Cincinnati when he was a boy of fifteen and had first seen a picture of Jack London, wearing a cap and a black sweater. "By God, I'll do it too!" he said.

He got to his feet now, determined that he would go to California and write a book. He remembers walking across the lobby of the hotel and standing in the door, and then talking to a youngish man who loafed about the place, and then walking down the street and turning in "Almayer's Folly" at the library. He telegraphed to Joe Bertucci, in Los Angeles, to send him the money for his fare, and in the allotted hours the faithful Joe telegraphed it back. The same night he boarded a train.

From that May until October Jim Tully stayed in Los Angeles, living as best he could, and working on "Emmett Lawler." Joe Bertucci had a job as bell-hop in a hotel, and Jim would sneak in with the porters and hide in the cloak-room until meal-time, when they would slip him a hand-out. Often, between shifts, he would sit in a chair in the lobby for hours at a time, staring into space in a kind of daze. Once, when he had sat there for four hours, without moving, Joe came up and dragged him away. "You'll go goofy, kid! You got to snap out of it somehow, or you'll go goofy. You'll crack!"

Yet, despite his uncertainty, his deprivations, his despair, he plugged on. He didn't know anything about grammar or punctuation; he couldn't have told a verb from a noun; but he kept at it. By October he had written 100,000 words—100,000 words in one long paragraph! But now that it was finished, there was the more ticklish problem of getting it read. One night Joe Bertucci hurried to him with the news that a great novelist by the name of Harold Bell Wright was stopping at the hotel. He had seen and talked with this Mr. Wright, and told him he had a friend who had written a book and would like to get his criticism of it. Mr. Wright had told him that he might bring his friend in later in the evening!

Tully laughs still over the picture he and Joe Bertucci made that night as they were ushered into Mr. Wright's suite of rooms—two bums calling upon a great literary man: Jim in his battered clothes with the 100,000 words-in-one-paragraph under his arm and Joe Bertucci with his grand air of effecting a climactic meeting! Joe has the most ingratiating manner in the world.

"Mr. Wright, this is my friend Jim Tully I was telling you about."

Jim laid the bulky manuscript on the table, and stood there, waiting in agony. Mr. Wright had written many novels, and must know a great deal about writing. He was in a position to offer a new and struggling writer untold advice. Mr. Wright gestured toward a chair. Then, gathering himself together, he began to talk eloquently, not about writing, but about himself: about how the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* had once held the forms open for one of his stories; about how one of his novels had sold over a million copies; and about how Irvin S. Cobb and Charles Van Loan had got together one night and roasted him, with a lot of other writers. "Not that I care though," ended Mr. Wright, after his speech of three hours, "I write about life!"

Tully left the manuscript, and Mr. Wright took it away with him. Then followed strained, tortuous weeks of waiting for an answer. At last, it came—thirteen pages "bawling hell out of me." "I should advise you," concluded Mr. Wright, "if you continue as a writer, not to use the first person."

In the depths, Tully sought Joe Bertucci.

"What did he say?" Joe asked eagerly.

"He bawled hell out of me. He said I was no good."

"Don't pay any attention to him," Joe commanded consolingly. "What the hell—he's not so good himself!"

V

There was an even more memorable time when he had his first encounter with "an academic guy not half as human as Wright." In Pasadena lived Upton Sinclair, the renowned Socialist: surely he would be interested in a youth who was struggling to get on. Much more willingly than the reactionary authors, he would read his manuscript and offer helpful criticism.

Tully walked the long distance to his house and left the manuscript, after Mr. Sinclair had said politely that he would look at it. Then Tully waited, in a fever of anxiety for days, weeks, months. At

last, in desperation, he sent for the manuscript and it was returned to him—unread. Mr. Sinclair's yard was filled with fierce watch-dogs to keep off the desperadoes of Wall Street, and the small boy who fetched it away counted himself lucky to escape with it, and the clothes on his back.

"It was Rupert Hughes, the reactionary, who helped me with my first manuscript—who went over with a pencil those 100,000 words and offered me money when I was destitute, after Sinclair, the mob-lover, had failed me," says Tully. "Hughes stuck with me faithfully through that tough revision of 'Emmett Lawler.'" After Tully had left the manuscript with him the first time, he wandered about the city for days in the depths of despair. At last one night, unable to endure it any longer, he went to the Los Angeles public library and called Mr. Hughes by telephone. "I remember his words to this day. After I had finally choked out who I was, he said, 'I just sent you a letter today. You will be a very great writer.' I was so dizzy I fairly reeled down the street!"

After "Emmett Lawler" finally saw print, there was the struggle to be lived over again while he worked upon "Beggars of Life." But Tully, by that time, began to find himself, and to play the magazine market. His days of hunger were over. He wrote for *True Confessions* and other such magazines, saving his best stuff for "Beggars of Life"—only to find, when it was done, that the high-toned literary magazines unanimously refused it, and that the editor of *Triple X*, a magazine of Western stories, unerringly selected the best chapters out of it, and enthusiastically published them.

Soon he began to get orders for other stories and articles. He entered into correspondence with a New York editor who wanted a whole series of stories, but it developed that they must be written according to a standardized pattern. The editor outlined a score of plots—plots that snuffed the individuality and life out of their characters, and reduced the delineation of them to a formula. Tully wrote one story, but when it came to forwarding it, he tore it up and wrote a letter instead. "I'm sorry I can't go it," he said, "but I'm still wandering in the woods looking for a Mick by the name of Jim Tully—and I'd better keep plugging along."

"No real writer," he now adds, "ever sells out his real stuff. You'll get it on paper as you see it and feel it—because you have to. It may be just as cheap and egotistical as anything else you do, but you'll sacrifice anything to do it. But a writer's a damned fool who doesn't play some sort of game on the side—when he has to live. I've played the magazine market: I've written literally hundreds of interviews about a lot of superficial people here in Hollywood who will never matter, but nobody has touched my books. I've serialized picture stuff, but never any tramp stuff."

It was during the time when he was working upon "Beggars of Life" that Tully drifted into interviewing and publicity work with motion pictures. About the eighteen months that he worked with Charlie Chaplin as one of his ghost writers and yes men, he has only this to say: "It was fitting that the King of Laughter should feed a hungry guy!"

Thirteen years in Hollywood have developed him into a Hollywood specialist, but not a motion picture specialist. He is not interested in pictures, except as a phase of the greater spectacle of Hollywood; it is only once in a long while, he believes, that anything true gets into them, and then it is accidental. It amuses him to hear outraged writers crying out that the films have ruined their stories. How can pictures ruin anything—when they are what they are? The only person who can hurt a story is the author himself. The picture version—poor or good—of any story is unimportant; if the story itself is worth anything, it will endure in the end. Hollywood is full of defeated

writers, for even when they succeed in pictures they have, more often than not, succeeded at the expense—or the hopes!—of their better writing. They lead embittered lives, dreaming always of the novel or play they mean to write some day, when they cut loose from pictures. But somehow, as time goes on, that day is pushed farther and farther into the future.

"It is hard for writers to work out here," says Tully. "There is a fever in the picture game that gets them. A few, wiser than the rest, have their little hour—and clear out. They're the guys who are on to Hollywood."

In spite of the fact that Tully's fierce denunciations of the movies and the movie folks have for thirteen years made him the most hated man in Hollywood, he has continued to make part of his living writing about them. In the beginning the magazines of the trade refused to publish his interviews: he was the first writer who dared to be realistic, or even to hint at the real stories behind the publicity lavished on the stars. Today, it is an amusing fact that his articles are not only in such demand in nationally popular magazines—they have appeared in twenty-six magazines in the last five years—that, writing his hardest, he could never write enough, but the stars themselves would rather be unflatteringly noticed by him than not at all. Hollywood, in fact, while loudly disclaiming him on the one hand, naïvely blurts all its secrets to him on the other. And Tully has an amazing talent for seeing through people, their motives and their affectations, and getting the little asides and whimsicalities that make his interviews live.

He and his wife Marna live in the house in Kings road that Marna calls "One More Illusion." This is the fourth year of their marriage. Marna is just twenty-four, and as exquisite as one of Jim's Dresden figures. They seem a strange pair: Jim, with his powerful fighter's build, his great brush of blazing hair and his devastating, outspoken manner; and Marna, so fragile and dainty, with her soft charm and understanding. The road, Jim often says, made him old at twenty; today, he lives largely in the memory of his adventure, reviewed the more vividly in Marna's sympathetic presence. The house in Kings road, though apparently far removed from the windy trails of the road, is at the very heart of them. For wanderers are continually drifting in, with fresh tales of adventure, and reminiscences of the old days when Cincinnati Red tramped the ways with them. . . .

"The beautiful thing as I see it," he always ends, "is Marna's fine love for these rovers and her loyalty to them. I've watched eight or ten of them around her—and every one of them is in love with her. They would do anything in this damn sad world for her."

WATCH-DOG OF THE BLUE LAWS

BY ELSIE McCORMICK

Up in a Fifth avenue building devoted largely to the benign sorceries of Presbyterian mission boards is a spare, piercing-eyed, and rather serious-looking little man who is weighted down with a heavy burden of moral responsibility. It is not necessary to go nearer to his office than the corridor in order to be conscious of his presence. From there one can catch his stout clerical voice rising and falling in a dramatic flow of dictation, most of which seems to have something to do with the subject of gifts and special collections.

The little man with the natural loud-speaker is none other than the Rev. Harry Laity Bowlby, A.B., A.M. (Princeton), D.D. (Washington, Tenn., College), general secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance and special caretaker, by divine appointment, of the Fourth Commandment. During the fourteen years of his service in this holy cause he has fought in the New York Legislature for bills that would close merry-go-rounds and abolish reduced fare excursions on Sunday; he has sponsored measures that would prevent little boys from playing catch before two o'clock on the sacred day; and he has thrown so effective a scare into the lawless East Siders that no merchant down there dares sell a *kosher* chicken on Sunday without first looking into the pickle-barrel and making sure that no Christian sleuth is concealed there with a summons.

The Rev. Dr. Bowlby is not, as he has plaintively and frequently explained, a mere champion of the Blue Laws. He stands, instead, for "red, white, and blue laws," and his only purpose is to keep the "American Christian Sabbath" from being defiled by godless aliens, or by natives too lacking in either piety or patriotism to appreciate this ineffable heritage from the rock-bound and blood-sweating Puritans. In many of his public pronouncements, Dr. Bowlby has made clear the reasonableness of his position. For example:

> All we demand is that the church be safeguarded in its fundamental rights to be free from disturbances and distractions, and that temptations to break the Sabbath be withdrawn from the people. . . . The Sabbath is the greatest institution in America. The Pilgrims brought it over with them, knowing that they could not get along without it, and we cannot do without it today. I feel that the time has come when the church must make the Sabbath so sweet and wholesome that all roads on Sunday will lead to church.

The good doctor is apparently unable to comprehend the opposition of any but criminals and Darwinians to so sane and reasonable a programme. The men and newspapers that protest against his Blue Laws are only paid representatives of the Moving Picture Trust or some other branch of the underworld. The sinful obstinacy that possesses such persons sometimes drives Dr. Bowlby to use language that is almost unclerical. Heated by holy wrath, he has referred to them as "gutless atheists and Seventh Day Adventists," as "soulless, sordid, godless worldlings," and as "pigeon-livered and rabbit-hearted fanatics."

But, except when fighting the high battles of Mount Sinai, Dr. Bowlby is not a fierce or volcanic individual. He is, instead, an amiable little man with a cuticle astonishingly sensitive for one engaged in the hardy trade of reform. It is one of the greatest crosses of his life that he feels the constant drive to lead an unpopular cru-

sade, and yet shrinks like a salt-sprinkled snail whenever a cartoonist slaps him on paper. He still speaks with much bitterness of the day when he unsuspectingly posed for a suave newspaper artist, and then discovered that the sketch crowned him with a tall stove-pipe hat, ornamented in the rear with a neat bow of crêpe.

Dr. Bowlby, it appears, is desirous of being known to the public as a regular fellow. His favorite recreational reading is to be found in the virile, wide open spaces of the sporting page. He has referred many times to the tennis championship he once held in an East Orange country club, and also to the crowning athletic triumph of his career—the year when he pitched for the ministers' baseball nine of Altoona, Pa. He divides his energies, indeed, between a laudable anxiety to be thought well of and an irresistible urge to fight for a cause that makes him about as popular as a draft in an igloo.

God's great gift to the Sabbatarians was first presented to the world some fifty-three years ago in the chaste town of Asbury, N. J., wherein no case of sin has been recorded since 1887. It will no doubt surprise many to hear that he is partially of French descent. Although he spent a God-fearing boyhood, it is not recorded that he refused lollipops offered him on the Sabbath, or that he assigned to the eternal sulphur those of his playmates who matched agates between services. In fact, the future scourge of the Sabbath-breaker gave no hint of his coming career even after he had entered Princeton. Fellow-students of his have since marvelled that the studious and unassertive little Bowlby was later to become such a frenzied gladiator in Zion. Although he was known to have experienced the rebirth of conversion, it is not reported that he ever lectured any of his classmates on the subject of Sabbath-breaking, nor, indeed, that he was unduly punctilious about keeping the day himself. According to one of his college acquaintances, his work as correspondent for the Associated Press often led him to file copy on the Sabbath, and he frequently wrote special articles for what he now regards as the soul-mutilating Sunday papers.

Young Bowlby never made any of the more famous Princeton clubs. Neither did he guide Gibson girls over the waxed floors on prom nights, nor twang a banjo in a tally-ho coach by the light of the moon. According to his contemporaries, the lighter side of college life passed him by as completely as if he had been a statue of Henry Clay. But despite that lack of merriment in his college days, the knight of the Fourth Commandment remains one of the most ardent alumni who ever passed through the moldy halls of old Nassau. He still attends with great fidelity every reunion held by the class of 1901, to the joy of the ex-theological students and the consternation of the boys with something in the locker-room.

After attaining his A.B. degree, young Harry began to be pressingly conscious of the truths of revealed religion, and so decided to thump pulpits for a living. Accordingly, he spent three more years in the Princeton Theological Seminary, and immediately afterwards accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church at Altoona. It was during his eight years there that he changed from a shy little theological mouse into as militant a wowser as ever lambasted the enemies of the Lord. Just what produced this change only a clairvoyant or a Freudian wizard would be competent to say. Anyway, in 1913 he was deemed worthy of a call to serve as secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance, an organization which claims to represent sixteen Protestant sects, and devotes itself to shooing sinful pleasures and diversions away from the sacred boundaries of the Sabbath. Dr. Bowlby at once decided to accept the post, even though the honorarium it offered was a thousand dollars a year less than his pickings in Altoona.

"God made it plain that the work devolved on me," he is reported as saying. "The call was given so distinctly that I could not turn away, so I set out, like

Abraham, not knowing where I was going. During these years I've never once felt that I made a mistake. It has given a wonderful opportunity to make the social and industrial order come around and get into line."

II

As soon as Dr. Bowlby had accepted the Lord's call, he fell with great gusto upon the work of washing, drying, and starching the Sabbath. For the first seven years, however, little that he did found its way into the public prints. In 1916, he brought about the Sunday closing of first and second class post-offices, a move that got him messages of gratitude from many overworked job-holders. This appreciation was such balm to him that he has haunted post-offices ever since. Whenever he or his plans are persecuted by a venal press, he can always find ease and comfort by hastening to the nearest post-office and stirring up again the latent thankfulness of the poor slaves of Uncle Sam.

In 1917, the good doctor won some more gratitude, though among a different class of workers. During this year, his protests to President Wilson brought an end to the Sunday night shows that were contaminating the boys in the training-camps, and he thereby got the approval of all the neighboring ladies of joy. Finally he began to attract wide notice, and the great newspapers of the land began to give space to his beneficent plans for saving America's soul. To a reporter of the New York *Herald Tribune* he confided his modest programme, which the ensuing article summarized as follows:

> Sunday travel will be greatly reduced, though not entirely eliminated. Necessary trains will be run, and motoring will be permitted for urgent travel. Only a few gasoline dépôts will be allowed to remain open for business. All stores will be closed tightly, including delicatessen shops, tobacco and soft-drink stands, and unnecessary departments in the drug-stores. Amusement places of every description are to be banned. The Alliance is not to be fooled by "educational" movies and "sacred" concerts. All sports, recreations, and diversions that today desecrate the Sabbath are to be forbidden.

In an interview given to the New York *World*, Dr. Bowlby was even more explicit. He explained that the Lord's Day Alliance intended to purify Sunday by banning tennis, golf, professional baseball, movies, joy-rides, dancing, card-playing, boot-black stands, candy-stores, pool-rooms, and Sunday newspapers.

Early in his career of reform he recognized that the greatest enemy of the collection plate was the family automobile ride, and some of his most inspired remarks have had to do with this polluter of the Sabbath fragrance. "The automobile is one of the worst of our Sunday desecrators," he has said. "I would have only the converted automobile in use—the motor-car that has learned its way to church. If it goes to church in the morning, it might spend the afternoon taking some poor old lady or blind person out for a needed airing. But it should stop carrying the whole family miles and miles away, so that they are not in the church where they expect their minister to be."

Dr. Bowlby grants that it is not a sin to go and look at the ocean on Sunday, provided one lives near it, but he believes that all ducking in it, except for baptismal purposes, is a desecration of the holy day. "If I had my way about it," he says, "I would cut off all Sunday train service to Coney Island and a good many of the week-day trains until the Island cleans itself up. It's no fit place for anybody on the Lord's Day at the present time."

Soda-fountains should be closed, the doctor believes, because the Alliance does not think them works of necessity. When asked if he considered the Sunday consumption of soda-water a sin, he gave the following explanation of his attitude:

> I would not call it a sin, but it often leads to sin. Boys, girls, and young people going to church are often lured to the soda-fountain, where they leave their nickels, dimes, and quarters instead of giving them for a religious offering, as they should.

The Sunday newspaper, which keeps people heated up about the adventures of Maggie and Jiggs when they ought to be

hearing about those of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, is characterized by Dr. Bowlby as "an insidious attack on religious worship." Besides, he has said, "they are hawked about the street by little boys who should be in Sunday-school." When asked what such little boys should do with themselves before and after instruction in the Scriptures, the doctor replied that "they should sit in the quiet of their homes, learning to be God-fearing citizens."

He was amazed and pained beyond measure by the manner in which his programme was received by the daily press and the more ribald of the citizenry. His attitude from the beginning had been that of a man bearing good gifts to the people. The rejection of all his beneficent plans, to the accompaniment of cartoons and satiric jibes, was entirely unexpected, and he was led thereby to suspect that the bribes of the underworld were of surpassing number and magnitude. In fact, the persecution which he afterward suffered threatened for a time to embitter permanently his otherwise very amiable and charming disposition.

But in the end this treatment by the hosts of Satan only aroused his fighting spirit to blazing activity, and he was thus well prepared for the memorable months that were waiting just around the corner. The bright, lush heyday of the Alliance occurred in 1920—a year when all professional reformers in America began to be obsessed by delusions of grandeur. With the Eighteenth Amendment safely glued to the Constitution, the crêpe-bordered brethren began to see a long string of such amendments hanging like a caudal appendage to that sacred document. Besides, the achieving of Prohibition led some of the boys in the Anti-Saloon League to fear that they had worked themselves out of their jobs, and so they began to scramble into the ranks of the Lord's Day Alliance. Indeed, it looked for a time as if that organization would become the lawful heir of the whole reform movement.

After having languished along for years with a minimum of help, Dr. Bowlby's offices became as busy as those of a company selling shares in topaz mines to retired school-teachers. Half a dozen girls worked in the mailing-room, sending out appeals to a long sucker list. Visitors found in the ante-room a burly, argumentative gentleman who served as grand inquisitor to sinners approaching the throne. The Alliance's own attorney, a personage also connected with the Anti-Saloon League, used to sit at Dr. Bowlby's right hand during interviews and throw a fear of the libel laws into the black hearts of metropolitan reporters. High words, in keeping with all this majesty, issued from the inspired gentleman whom the Lord had led out of Altoona. The following remarks, culled from the *Herald Tribune*, are samples of the statements attributed to him in those happy and ambitious days:

> Where Sunday laws are on the books, we will see that they are enforced; where there are no laws, we will endeavor to create them. We are backed by sixteen Christian denominations and have the power to accomplish whatever we set out to do. . . . Mark my words, if this sort of thing continues, we'll have no alternative but to ask for an amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

III

During that gala, gleaming year, the blade of the Lord gave orders to the Devil's allies in tones that would permit no argument. He served peremptory notice on the cinema industry to "clean up and clear out of the Lord's Day," on the ground that "the commercial movie house ought to give the church, the Bible school, and the home the right of way on the Christian Sabbath." He wrote to the president of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company and demanded that Sabbath subway accommodations be cut down to meet the limited needs of church-goers and travelers by necessity.

"If he refuses," Dr. Bowlby said, "a proposition will be placed before our Board of Managers looking to the introduction in the State Legislature of a

measure to bring about a very noticeable reduction of Sunday traffic. . . . These cheap and widely advertised excursions to places like Washington and Gettysburg are a stimulus to lead people away from their duty of worship and quiet home life."

When asked about the factory worker deprived of his jaunt to Coney Island and confined to a steamy and noisome tenement on the Sabbath, the doctor made a notable contribution to the theory of sociology. If some people have squalid homes, he said, the best way to correct such conditions is through a holy observance of the Lord's Day. The masses are poor because the sacredness has gone out of human life, and the most efficient method of restoring it is to stop desecrating Sunday.

Though Dr. Bowlby, in those gaudy days, always concentrated on the Fourth Commandment, his vision was sufficiently broad to include other things. According to an interview published in Baltimore, he could even detect the tips of horns and of hoofs lurking around the sanctuaries of the *beaux arts*. "I see no reason why the public libraries or the art galleries should remain open on Sunday," he was quoted as saying. "Certainly I would put breeches and skirts on some of the nude statuary in museums of art and restrict admission to mature adults."

Yes, they were grand and glorious days while they lasted. Such eminent wowsers as Dr. E. C. Dinwiddie issued from the Anti-Saloon League and consecrated their multiple talents to the cause of an antiseptic Sabbath. The venerable Bishop Joseph Berry of the Methodist Episcopal Church declared at a General Conference that the laws affecting Sabbath observance were no more Blue Laws than the laws against counterfeiting or arson, and ended his remarks by commending the Lord's Day Alliance to the tender consideration of the Finance Committee. Thereafter, yokels smudged with the honest glebe of the plains untied the old socks in their cupboards and contributed the coins that would have gone, before Prohibition, to the national bursary of the Anti-Saloon League.

But, alas, the Golden Age, with all its high auguries for the future, came to a sudden end, and through the agency of none other than the American bootlegger. When gentlemen with moist brief-cases began to appear in homes and office-buildings, the Anti-Saloon Leaguers suddenly realized that their own jobs were not defunct after all—that they still had plenty of excuse for passing the tall hat among the peasantry. So many of those who had been cuddling up to the Alliance and lending it lists of names suddenly began to treat it like a red-haired step-child. Only a few days after Dr. Bowlby had declared that he would welcome with open arms the cooperation of the League, William H. Anderson, then still grand goblin of the New York State organization, launched the following snowslide over the form of his would-be colleague:

> An effort is being made in some quarters to link up the Anti-Saloon League with a movement looking to a Blue Law Sabbath. I have no desire to enter into a controversy with anyone on the matter, but if the attempt to associate in the public mind the work of the League and the Alliance is persisted in, drastic steps will be taken to repudiate the idea.

Harsh words, indeed, for one reformer to fling in the direction of a little playmate! It needed more than that, however, to make Dr. Bowlby forsake the battle of the Lord. He and the Alliance carried on, even though the golden wings had been clipped and their chances for immediate harassment of the people had been sadly curtailed. There was no more tall talk about a constitutional amendment; the doctor consoled himself as best he could by turning a covey of private detectives loose on the East Side to hail to the hoosegow all whose shops were not hermetically sealed on the Lord's Day.

Before long he recovered much of his old spirit. Through his earnest devotion to his Heaven-appointed duty, he succeeded in closing down the Sunday sessions of a Radio World's Fair that was being given for the benefit of the Neuropathic

Hospital, and he had postponed to an innocuous week-day a Sunday air carnival for the aid of the widows and orphans of soldiers. Enthusiastically declaring that he was a friend of the workers and that his great object was to give them Sunday as a day of rest, he plunged into a campaign to prevent Sabbath shoe-shining and hat-cleaning, and the sale of foodstuffs or other merchandise. He championed every worker's inalienable, God-given right to rest upon the Lord's Day. About the only ones he failed to mention were janitors who stoke church furnaces, choir-singers, organists, and the detectives who spend their Sabbaths gathering evidence for the Alliance.

Dr. Bowlby actually did succeed in freeing a number of Sunday toilers, but like all workers in great, human causes, he suffered at times from the adder sting of ingratitude. Shortly after the beginning of his boot-black campaign, he was calling upon the constabulary to save him from Black Hand threats. These were sent, it seems, by Italian shoe-polishers who failed somehow to appreciate a Sabbath free from the sordid grind of money-making.

In 1923 Dr. Bowlby opened a drive to turn New York's most splendent thoroughfare into what a newspaper in the pay of the bootleggers called the Great Blue Way. The special object of his attentions was the so-called Sunday "concert," and one of the first fruits of his work was an order prohibiting the lowering of the curtain between numbers, or the making of any change of scenery. Flushed by this victory, he then engaged twenty or more private detectives to comb the East Side for theaters lawless enough to entertain the Twelve Tribes on Sunday night. Results were most satisfying. The manager of the Yiddish Art Theater, who was presenting "Anathema" for the benefit of the People's Hospital, was haled into court. So were the managers of Thomashefsky's Theatre, Loew's Delancey Street, and the National Winter Garden.

When it was suggested to him that attending Sunday performances might not seem sinful to Yiddish patrons, Dr. Bowlby answered in the following words: "It ill becomes any Jew, orthodox or reformed, to stand against the American Sunday, which has given him a freedom he never enjoyed in the country from which he came. A Jew must respect the American Sunday. This is a Christian country." The law, he said, called for a jail sentence for the second offense, and the Alliance would endeavor to see that it was imposed.

Having thus saved the levantine East Siders in spite of themselves, the doctor hastened to turn his attention to New Jersey, a State wherein there are enough Sunday laws on the books to produce a most cheering harvest of convictions. Co-operation from the local agents of justice was so good that a dozen proprietors of moving-picture parlors were netted on a single Sabbath. Indeed, in Union Hill the officials entered into the spirit of the campaign so well that they actually arrested the Rev. Joseph N. Grieff, a Catholic priest, on the ground that he had desecrated the Sabbath by giving a performance of the Passion Play in his church auditorium on Sunday afternoon. The good father was convicted, fined, and told that if he repeated the offense, he would be summoned before the grand jury on the charge of maintaining a disorderly house!

There are times, however, when the bulwark of the Sabbath seems a bit captious and hard to please. In 1924 certain Jersey municipalities undertook to enforce to the hilt the antiquated and usually disregarded Sunday laws of a hundred years ago. Trolley-car conductors, druggists, golfers, and other Sabbath violators were arrested in such numbers that the Hudson county grand jury found itself faced with 10,000 cases. But was Dr. Bowlby satisfied? I regret to report that he was not; on the contrary he seemed strangely miffed. "Somebody," he declared plaintively, "is trying to make the Sabbath law of New Jersey appear ridiculous."

IV

Although most of his crusades have been centered in the wicked Gomorrahs of the East, Dr. Bowlby has not failed to take a statesmanlike view of the needs of the nation as a whole. In a report headed "Activities and Achievements," he declares that an average of forty bills looking toward a more liberal Sabbath have been defeated annually in the various Legislatures. Credit is also taken for a War Department order obtained November 2, 1925, which bans Sunday air carnivals and manoeuvres in every military post in the United States. Likewise listed among the triumphs of the Alliance is the closing of great numbers of retail stores throughout the country. One thousand of the two thousand closed in New York City, says the announcement, were owned by Jewish proprietors.

The Alliance is not satisfied with fighting liberal bills introduced by the paid agents of the underworld. It frequently sponsors positive measures drawn up with its own approval and coöperation. A choice specimen is the Jenks bill, which was intended to purify Sunday in the State of New York. According to the published reports of this bill, it would, if passed, have abolished reduced fare excursions, shut down pleasure parks and merry-go-rounds, prohibited paid concerts or debates, prevented the sale of candy in drug-stores, forbidden the employment of golf caddies, sanctioned the arrest of little boys who batted balls before two o'clock in the afternoon, and made unlawful the playing of music in public except for religious parades or military funerals. The favorite child of the Alliance at the present time is the Lankford bill, which aims to bring the blessings of a spotless Sabbath to the wicked District of Columbia.

Next to its legislative activities, the most important function of the Alliance is the distribution of literature designed to touch the Christian both in heart and pocket. Dr. Bowlby himself is the author of a soul-kindling pamphlet entitled "The Bleeding Sabbath," and also of a larger tome that bears the name of "Five Million Work on Sunday." The house organ of the Alliance is a bi-monthly known as the *Lord's Day Leader*. A specimen of the prose of this journal is given in the following extract:

> The father who sleeps on Sunday morning or spends his time reading the Sunday papers or in the afternoon takes his family to some resort or place of amusement is sowing seeds which in later years will come back to him when his children have lost all respect for and interest in their father. And when his form is bent and he staggers from old age the answer comes back: "You took from us the spirit of reverence for the Sabbath and everything else that went with it."

One of the eminent public activities of the Alliance was the calling down of fire and brimstone upon the Philadelphia Sesqui-Centennial for failing to close its gates on the Sabbath. "The spirit of the Revolutionary patriots is needed today," said Dr. Bowlby as he hastened to Philadelphia in July, 1926. Unfortunately his gallant efforts failed to move an obstinate city administration. All's well that ends well, however, and the dismal flop of the Sesqui was greeted with a pæan of triumph in the *Leader*, its highly appropriate text being: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

Lately the Alliance has indulged in relatively few spectacular activities. It seems to be giving its time largely to calling the attention of the sanctified to the needs of the treasury. A Forward Movement is under way with a view to extending the budget. Dr. Bowlby's personal pronouncements have grown far milder than they were a few years ago; he even denies that the Alliance ever thought of working for a constitutional amendment. He now emphasizes to reporters that he is not seeking to drive people to church, but wants only to give the poor worker a fair deal in the matter of his weekly holiday.

This sounds like a reasonable and worthy programme. The only difficulty is that when Dr. Bowlby talks to his customers among the clergy, he presents the matter

in rather a different light. The following is an extract from an address he made a few years ago before the Presbyterian General Assembly:

> If the people properly observe the Sabbath, they will be found in the house of God on that day. Remove these counter-attractions and distractions of the day, and it will prove far easier to woo and win back the multitude of young people who have lost their way to the Bible School and the church. Close up the Sunday movies, shut the gates of the baseball parks, lock the doors of many open places of business, make more attractive though none the less spiritual the meetings of the church, and this paramount problem of the churches will be well on the way to a definite solution.

A pamphlet distributed by the Alliance to its supporters sets forth the matter in even clearer terms:

> Our civil laws are necessary to protect the church in her opportunity on this day. . . . The State by its laws declares secular labor or secular amusements on Sunday to be a misdemeanor or a crime, punishable by a fine or imprisonment or both. It places these acts in the same class as theft and adultery. . . . Thus the State helps to keep alive in the consciousness of the people the unique and sacred character of the day. This aids religion because it helps to maintain throughout the day a moral atmosphere favorable to church-going and the performance of religious duties. Thus the State, while not commanding the religious observance of the day (it must not do this), commends it.

Considering the matter from this standpoint, it is not difficult to see why the pastors should be willing now and then to dump a collection-plate into the lap of the Lord's Day Alliance.

POLEMIC AGAINST SOBRIETY

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

MAN, whether biologically, mentally, morally, historically or æsthetically conceived, is not fundamentally a sober or a peaceable animal. Nature made him drink-loving, war-loving, and libidinous. He is born an anarchist. He hates—he will always hate—civilization, restraint, all laws whatsoever and discipline of any kind, the smug-mug Utopians and peddlers of Mansions in the Skies to the contrary notwithstanding. If he follows economic and religious saviors, it is only because they give him a new kind of emotional souse. He must have some sort of relief from the hells of sobriety, reason, peace and boredom.

At the psychological bottom of all promises of redemption, national glory and economic freedom lies the souse-wish. Anything that takes man out of the Gehenna of sour sanity is welcomed: drink, war, women, laughter, holy-rolling, bull-fighting, prize-fighting, hog-calling, spitting marathons. Books of history repeat in sing-song fashion, "And now a period of peace and good-will ensued, and there is nothing of importance to record." Our nerves, our brains, our spines, our flesh, our "souls" seem to be manned by gay and tragic Furies. Sensation, frenzy, irrationality, illusion, madness, however sublimated, are the normal cravings of all human beings.

We all await the Mystic Trumpeter of some great Saturnalia. The mystical *Tag* in America, for which millions of us secretly pray, is the repeal overnight of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. If such a thing could happen by fiat it would make Armistice Day look like a soda-water festival in Westerville, Ohio. The human race is, in fact, always awaiting the sudden and miraculous repeal of some form of enforced sobriety. The hydropot has no more permanent human validity than a middle-aged virgin. The miracle at Cana has suddenly made Jesus one of the most popular of We Boys. The Vatican and the Church of England will never go dry—God be praised! The Methodist Crô-Magnons and the Baptist Neanderthalii of the South and West know that their peoples are secretly crying for the coming of King Swizzlenick. The bootlegger and the failure of Prohibition in Turkey, Russia, Norway, Sweden and America are the triumphs of biology over transcendental psychopathic hooey.

There must be a reason for this perpetual and health-generating will-to-unreason. There is a logic of the illogical and a *rationale* for all forms of the irrational; and the irrational is the soul of human evolution. The biological reason, that all organic matter aspires to frenzied sensation and violent extroversion of its smothered potentialities, is not sufficient. There is something more. The human being has an ineradicable instinct to surpass himself, as Nietzsche says. He must lift himself by his own bootstraps periodically, if not continually. He seeks the miracle of levitation. Every day he hopes in some way to transcend Routine, Sanity, Sobriety.

Nature, benign and cruel, satanic and merciful, has herself given him the means of thus surpassing himself, for if her two primal laws are Life and Death, she has yet a third for us to curtain the ills of one and shut out the terrors of the other. It is

Fermentation. She is the primal distiller. She is Bacchic, Dionysian, alcoholic. She is the preëstablished and pre-ordained Barroom. All the cells of our bodies are Houston street cellars. It was not an uninspired hand that wrote the sacred phrase, "the vineyards of the Lord." And while the lilies of the field may not toil nor yet spin, still, in due time they will, in sheer static repose, ferment and make alcohol. That is the sacred unreason of Nature herself, and all the Snoopers' Sodalities, Meddle Mollies, Poke-Noses, Blue Bromides and Seraphim of Sanctity cannot put asunder what Nature hath joined together: Man and his Gargantuan thirst.

II

Having demonstrated the biological, moral, imaginative, religious and naturalistic bases of the legitimacy of Drink, I shall now disclose some of the secrets of the Alcoholic Dimension (mainly for the purpose of converting the Boy Scouts of the Piltdown and Crô-Magnon areas to a biological and æsthetic view of drink) before I venture upon an anatomy of sobriety—for sobriety is one of the great evils of the present day in America, due mainly to the high prices and deleterious nature of our booze. Indeed, sobriety is now the curse of our working classes. It is an aid to brooding thought and unrest, it lowers production, and it tends to Bolshevism.

A hydropot can never extricate himself from the trap of the three platitudinous dimensions. He may seek escape by going on prolonged lawn-tennis bats, movie stews, chess-and-checkers jags, or crossword puzzle brannigans, but they will not lift him for a moment out of his sulks. Inject some soda-water, unfermented grape-juice or even the fruit of the Nedick into the hide of a sincere hydropot, and you have merely succeeded in making a sedentary mummy walk—which, as far as I know, may be the Methodist alcoholic dimension, for we were lately told by the Great Omslopogas of the Westerville Neanderthalii that walking was to be the only amusement permitted hereafter on Sunday (which day is, by the way, the nethermost rung in the hell of sobriety in thousands of small towns of the Grimaldi belts of our unhappy country).

I invite you merely to look at the generality of faces of our anti-drink crusaders. Lips like split daggers, ice-water eyes, the pinched nose of a corpse in the Sahara. You will see such faces in Doré's illustrations of Dante's "Inferno." They are paying, O my gay raddlers and soshers, for their sin against the Holy Ghost of Biology and their heresy *in re* the miracle at Cana. The sober, non-alcoholic face is recognizable instantly even among lay drys: hard-boiled, parched, arid, bloodless, embittered, turned in when not hatchet-shaped. Compare this anti-Bacchic mug with the mugs of the pro-Bacchic, those who have uttered Yes to the eternal law of cellular fermentation: exultant animalism, florid fecundity, Homeric laughter, jovial foolishness, unbuttoned complexes, a New Year's glint even on Yom Kippur.

To be concrete, and to snap a common pose illustrating the passage of the soul from Death Valley to the Venusberg, I give a dinner for eight. They squat around on divans and chairs, after the usual cold-mitt introductions, in sacks of solitude and sobriety. Each one eyes the other suspiciously. When they utter some commonplace their voices—hark! hark! a sound from the tombs! Twenty pairs of ears are strained and ten brains are centred on the emergence of one sound from the dining-room—the crash of ice against a metal container. Hark! Hark! the lark! I am shaking the cocktails! A secret prayer all around from my guests: Thank God, sobriety is come to an end! I put into their mouths that which steals away their pains. With three rounds of nullification water the wedge into the delightful dimension of absurdity and unreason has been driven. Brains unlace, hearts uncorset, throats un-

button. My guest who was the most reticent and dignified is now running his hands merrily through the wild-waving bob of the lady who thirty minutes before looked as hopelessly unapproachable as Parsifal's first wife.

There should be courses in all our public-schools, including our Sunday-schools and Boy Scout lodges, on the beneficence, the grandeur and the mysteries of the Alcoholic Dimension. Physiology and psychology should be taught with a view to pointing out the evils, the biological and psychological pitfalls, of lifelong sobriety: the hardening of the human emotions, the arterio-sclerosis of the laughter-glands, the danger of Schopenhauerean ptomaines, the constriction of generosity, the imminence of the epicene uplifting germ that lurks in perpetually arid gizzards, the warding off of the Upton Sinclair disease, swifter and more harmful in its ravages on the imagination and the Comic View than all the absinthe ever swilled by Verlaine; the terrible inroads of the cancers of cruelty, busybodyism and masochism—with charts showing our boys and girls the hideous results of lifelong sobriety on human subjects taken from the cowpen, hayrick and pig-trough areas of the South and West, the frightful livers and kidneys that only half function in Kansas, Indiana, Mississippi and Nebraska, where corn-mule and home-made gins are secretly used by apostates to sobriety in their pitiful attempts to get away from their hells of workaday reality; together with a photograph of Billy Sunday and John Roach Straton with their faces screwed up to the nightmare grimaces of the Medusa Sisters while their parched tongues hiss out from arid throats their blasphemies against Bacchus, Gambrinus and the sublime home-vintner of Cana.

Follow this up with warnings as to the dreadful effect of a sober life on literary style, with samples from the flat-breasted poetry of Eddie Guest and the glandless prose of Calvin Coolidge, while, on the other hand, pointing out that Kit Carson, Edgar Allan Poe, O. Henry, General Grant, Lord Byron, Napoleon Bonaparte, Daniel Boone and Algernon Charles Swinburne were not only conscientious drinkers but did almost all their best work while swizzled or, at least, on the jouncing, bouncing, heaven-lifting hang-over.

My own experience is that sobriety is only of value as a background, a negative state in order the better to get the full epicurean flavors of a Dionysian souse. As darkness is to light, as work is to play, as duty is to irresponsibility, so is sobriety to intoxication. Sobriety, work, calculating sanity I regard only as a seeding-time, a power-house, a charging battery the better to let fly. Aren't we always planning, hurrying, cleaning-up the work for the next party, the next razz, the next explosion of our real selves? Jazz-dancing is a good way of getting drunk. It is strictly biological and natural. But it doesn't last. Nothing since the dawn of life on the planet has been found to take the place of alcohol as a release from the futilities, inanities, stupidities and immeasurable yawns of reality.

So the great secret of the Alcoholic Dimension, my dear Boy Scouts, is, like the magic feat of Alice who walked through a mirror into Wonderland, the miracle of metabolistic and ethical transubstantiation. And, let me whisper into your ears, that is the reason the Blue Snouts of Sobriety are afraid of it. Alcohol transvalues all values. It wrecks the home, the church, the workshop and all the other sacred founts of that Heaven-anointed Christian civilization which lately culminated in thirty millions of sober men bayonetting one another through the bowels and plashing through one another's brains—to make the world safe for Mussolini, Leninism and the Anti-Saloon League.

Another magic of the Alcoholic Dimension is the obliteration of my everyday, cautious, prudent, polite personality and the birth of a boasting, egotistic, sublimbofoghorn personality. Get drunk and an-

nounce yourself! Give your Napoleon, your Caruso, your Jack Dempsey, your Keats an airing! The alcoholic swill-to-grandeur is of divine origin (see Plato or any Bible). All real prophets are either drunk or doped. You will kick stories of marvel out of your very shoes and out of your Stetson you will drag Iliads and grotesque versions of "Yes, We Have No Bananas Today." The sober-lifer must carry his one stale, changeless, moth-eaten personality from the cradle to the grave unless the good Lord puts him out of his misery by suddenly having him go coocoo.

III

But lower yet in my estimation than the sober soul is the drinker who boasts that "I have never yet lost myself," "I just know how far to go," "They say I'm always a gentleman," "I know how to carry my load," "I remember all I do or say." He doesn't belong, as Yank the Hairy Ape would say. He is a spy, peeping into both dimensions, a go-between, a Philip drunk and a Philip sober simultaneously. I say unto the Boy Scouts, verily when ye grow up, be a regular on whichever side of the liquor question you stand, but for Bacchus' sake don't be one of those squibs who are afraid to get cock-eyed!

I suppose every sound and round bottle man knows the exquisite sensation of the first touch of wine in the stomach after a prolonged siege of the demon Sobriety, that first gentle flutter of the black veil of sanity, its complete rending and disappearance on the second bottle, and the final ascension and abiding in the Land o'Prester John. When *Mater Tenebrarum* opens her black parasol in my brain and goes a-promenading through my soul, I possess the magic that will turn the parasol into a heaven painted by a Renoir and that will transform Our Lady of Shadows into an Aphroditic wench. That magic, that witch's broth, that alchemic substance is Rum.

Here is a concrete instance of mash-magic. For some weeks I had been condemned to the hells of total abstinence. I've forgotten now whether the trouble was gastrocele or just a light case of lipostomy. However, I got on a Madison avenue car. My face was set like a Chinese Buddha looking at a portrait of John Roach Straton. The rest of the men and women in the car had faces cast the same way. The teetotal megrims. This man looked as if he were riding to escape the idea of murder. That woman looked as if she had a huge tumor on her flank. That fellow over there, I am sure, was going to commit suicide at about Ninety-sixth street. That man in the corner was going to be dispossessed tomorrow. And so we rocked, jolted, swayed along the avenue in this trolley-tumbril, each of us rotting in his own private sober Hell. Why doesn't a mail-truck smash us all up? I thought.

But, instead, at Fiftieth street three young fellows corned to the panache got on. Their faces were three round, grinning rubber moons. They sang, they danced, they batted quip and quiddity up and down the car; they laughed with that titanic laugh of Danton when they told him he was conspiring against the Republic, the laugh that smashed up the session of the Tribunal. And that is what those three alcoholic dimensionals did for us. They busted the Tribunal of Sober Introverts in that car. We began to giggle and eye-nod one another. It was like the sudden breaking up of the Yukon Winter under a tidal wave of hot Scotches. Even the conductor leaned over his nickel-coop and split asunder. Blessed be the honest bootlegger who hath done this thing, was the silent prayer of each of us.

Another magical property of alcohol is its power to abolish the time-sense. Under the influence of the Good Stuff past and future are obliterated. Intoxicated, we live in Emerson's Eternal Now. There is a veritable hypostatic union with I Am, I being the Am, and the Am being myself. A pox on Einstein! He says Time is relative.

Well, he was never soshed, else he would know that Time is Absolute, and that, as the Absolute and Nothing are as one according to Hegel, Time does not exist. This I can prove by millions of spirituous aviators. Space still exists as long as you can navigate. But Space also cashes in if you prolong the ecstasy to the dawn.

The sincere Dry-Bellies of the West and South, fearing to take their first drink lest they would never be able to remember taking their last, have in days gone by made pitiful attempts to clamber out of their Tophets. There were Peruna, Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, Jamaica ginger and a thousand other alcoholic medicines for what they called their "puny spells." Many of these solaces are now denied them, so they fall back on horse liniment, hair tonic and other concoctions made of skunk-essence.

This is in line with the whole anti-naturalistic, anti-biological course of American life and history. The European nations are tragic effigies of the Christian idealogies; but America is their caricature. Comic masochism is a national trait. The American is the greatest counterfeiter and perverter of all normal, natural and biological values that the world has ever known. He parades a cheap, wet-varnish soul before the world. His religions, his wars, his visions, his business, his culture, his face lack quality. His instinct is to adulterate, debase and poison whatever is healthy, normal, natural and earth-valid.

War is valid in itself; but we turn it into a vast enterprise of redemptive fiddle-faddle. The sex act is legitimate in itself under most conditions, but we gloze it with a sentimental sacrosanctity and hedge it around with the blah-blah of a Mann Act. The right of the artist, either of the brush or pen, to absolute freedom of expression is a biological and mental necessity in the creation of a cultural class, but we geld him and his work in the name of Home, Health and the puke about Purity. Drinking and intoxication are the immemorial escapes of the body and mind from the beasts of routine and prudence, but we make it a crime in the name of Uplift, which is our ethnic abracadabra to mask our instinct for sadistic snooping and our instinct-to-graft. The Englishman is naturally and legitimately a hypocrite. It becomes him like a virtue, in the elder Roman sense of the word. It is innate, biological, ethnic. But the hypocrisy of the American is a steady deterioration from innate hypocrisy to lying and make-believe. He now only apes the Englishman.

IV

I could never understand certain traits in the American character until I was compelled not so long ago to remain drinkless for about eight months (thank God, the doctor decreed the Restoration in full alcoholic regalia just before the late joyous Yuletide). A careful physical, psychical and mental daily notation of myself disclosed unto me the why and wherefore, and even the malign legitimacy, of those anti-social, anti-natural and anti-pagan monsters that root and roar in the bodily hells of the sobersides of the West and the South. A diary of those eight months when my periodical souse was denied me would be a valuable contribution to the study of demonology, misanthropy and Scroogism. Cutting it short, I developed during my alcoholic Yom Kippur sadistic tendencies, bad manners, ill-humor, sour-vision, envy, evil-dreams, murderous maledictions, the John Roach Straton lip, a desire to get even with everything and everybody in general, suicidal melancholia, a craving for dope, chocolates, lady-fingers and angel cake, a tendency to look through keyholes in hotel-rooms, an uncontrollable desire to drop the janitor's babies down the dumbwaiter, and, above all, and, I may say, below all, a desire to enter politics.

Yes, my dear Jonathan Edwards, I now believe in Hell. It is perpetual sobriety.

ACRES OF DIAMONDS

BY W. C. CROSBY

Before the World War the Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell of Philadelphia and his lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," were as standard and staple a part of the American scene as Anheuser-Busch beer, the Odd Fellows, Peruna, or William Jennings Bryan. But the war brought in a new generation, and to its jazzy and godless tastes poor Conwell was flat and insipid, and his Message only gaudy buncombe. When, in March, 1923, a crowd gathered in Philadelphia to see him receive the Edward W. Bok medal as the town's "most valuable citizen," he was already decayed to the estate of a mere legend. The orators of the evening tried heroically to pump the breath of life into him, and make him Somebody. He had, they thundered, delivered "Acres of Diamonds" for a world's record of six thousand times; in fifty years of lecturing he had addressed thirteen millions of people; as a pastor he had built the largest Protestant church in America; and as an educator he had founded Temple University, which enrolled then over ten thousand students. Such record-breaking statistics, of course, are always more or less impressive; Tyrus Raymond Cobb, in twenty-three years of baseball, has not yet played in three thousand games. But the spirit which thumped and roared in Conwell's breast and the Message which used to knock them cold along the Chautauqua circuit were as alien to that 1923 crowd as leg-of-mutton sleeves or red-flannel underwear. The old man sat on the stage with his hands folded contentedly on his paunch, apparently unaware that his day had passed him by, and still firm in the faith that his gospel of Success contained the ultimate answer to the riddle of existence. But even Bruce Barton, who canonized him as an American saint in 1921 by interviewing him for the celebrated *American Magazine*, had been forced to ignore his fundamental doctrine, and to draw him out on such generalities as Happiness and Immortality in order to make a plausible story. Times had changed indeed.

In the smug days of America's Gilded Age, Russell H. Conwell had been a national figure—the biographer of Presidents, the intimate of celebrities, the inspirer of legions of earnest young men and women, an orator second only to the immortal Bryan himself. In villages and towns throughout the Bible Belt, when the Chautauqua season arrived and the tent auditorium was raised to the hallelujahs of the local clergy, Conwell's was the name that headlined the programme. On the night of his lecture, the crowds of farmers and townsmen would sniff self-righteously by the beer-drinking corner loafers and into the tent, to sit spell-bound while the *maestro* poured forth the Pollyanna economics and saccharine sentiments of his World-Famous Inspirational Lecture. Upon its conclusion they would wave him the Chautauqua salute, press forward to shake his hand, and go home to sand the sugar or water the milk, assured that it was the Lord's will that they should succeed in the world and make piles of money. The smug, thrifty, tightly moral American middle-class, rustic and urban, knew precisely what it wanted to hear. Conwell rose to fame and opulence by serving it its own ideas, buttered with the authority of

a Baptist pontiff and spiced with illustrative stories from the lives of the great. Thus he ground out the breath-taking message of "Acres of Diamonds" across the continent and even in foreign lands. Everybody can be successful and wealthy, for opportunity lies in your own backyard. "Where can I get rich?" The question rose in volume to the platform, and back Conwell thundered oracularly, "Right where you are. At home. Not somewhere else."

Someone has estimated that if he had saved and invested the money he made from "Acres of Diamonds," instead of building Temple University with it, he would have possessed eight million dollars, not counting his ten thousand dollars a year salary, and the proceeds from his thirty-seven books. Besides delivering the lecture orally six thousand times, he printed it in book form, always with his own picture as frontispiece, at least eleven times. It was also translated into at least one foreign language, and published frequently, in abridged form, in magazines and church papers. As Conwell often announced, however, the biggest profits from the lecture were not in the dollars it earned, but in the lives it inspired and uplifted. Testimonials poured in on him. One young man wrote: "During my college days I heard your wonderful lecture at Waco, Texas, and it has been my ideal and inspiration ever since . . . and now I am the grateful pastor of a congregation of five hundred people and just thirty-six years of age." A Pennsylvania paper contributed this one: "It was the lecture of Doctor Conwell on 'Acres of Diamonds,' delivered fifteen years ago in Reynoldsville, that inspired a group of Reynoldsville men, . . . and ultimately resulted in the founding of the Reynoldsville Brick and Tile Company." Such glowing testimonies could be multiplied indefinitely.

"In 1870 we went down the Tigris river," "Acres of Diamonds" always began. "We hired a guide at Bagdad. . . . He was well acquainted with the country, but he was one of those guides who love to entertain their patrons; he was like a barber who tells many stories in order to keep your mind off the scratching and the scraping." One story which the guide related concerned a certain Al Hafed, who lived, contented and wealthy, on a large farm not far from the river Indus. Chancing to hear one time from a visiting priest of the value of diamonds, Al Hafed "went to his bed that night a poor man—not that he had lost anything, but poor because he was discontented and discontented because he thought he was poor. He said: 'I want a mine of diamonds.' " So, selling his farm and collecting money, off he went in search of diamonds. But after he had wandered over the world, and been reduced to poverty and rags, he drowned himself, disappointed and despairing because he had not found diamonds. The man who bought Al Hafed's farm "led his camel out into the garden to drink, and as that camel put its nose down into the clear water of the garden brook Al Hafed's successor noticed a curious flash of light from the sands of the shallow stream. . . . 'And thus,' said the guide to us, 'were discovered the diamond mines of Golconda.' . . . Had Al Hafed remained at home and dug in his own garden, instead of wretchedness, starvation, poverty and death in a strange land, he would have had 'acres of diamonds.' "

There always followed the story about "that man out in California, who in 1847, owned a ranch there. He read that gold had been discovered in Southern California, and he sold his ranch to Colonel Sutter and started off to hunt for gold." Colonel Sutter's little girl was playing with some dried sand from the mill-race, and in that sand "a visitor saw the first shining scales of real gold that were discovered in California; and the man who wanted the gold had sold this ranch and gone away, never to return."

Now under full way, "Acres of Diamonds" wound swiftly from incident to incident, some long, some short, some

from the lecturer's own life, most of them from his reading. In the version printed with his biography, there are twenty-five such stories, each one illustrating the message, "Opportunity is in your own backyard."

II

The tattered tents and thin crowds along the Chautauqua circuit today are pathetic reminders of the flourishing state of that noble institution in the Gilded Age. Charles and Mary Beard have described the outpouring of the pious and hopeful to Lake Chautauqua and to the hundreds of travelling Chautauquas throughout the land as a typically 100% American phenomenon, unprecedented in the world's history. Chautauquaing was quite as lucrative and steady a career as acting in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Even so eminent a philosopher as William James was once inveigled into it, as the Beards record. "It was after lecturing to comfortable and excellent people at Chautauqua," they say, "that James heaved an immense sigh of relief as he escaped into the freight yards at Buffalo, where the noise, grime, and jar of reality broke the monotony of moderation, purity, and median lines of thought." But to Russell H. Conwell the sweet moderations of the American middle-class represented the final wisdom of life. In the close air of the lecture-tent he found his greatest satisfaction.

The note most often harped on before the old-time Chautauqua audiences was that of Success, and Success was measured neatly by the amount of money one had in bank. It was in that Gilded Age that newspaper reporters got into the habit of asking famous men to what they owed their success, and of reporting the invariable answer: to honesty and hard work. The cynical conclusion of the present age that luck is the chief factor would have seemed sacrilege in those innocent days. Horatio Alger wrote inspirational novels for the uplift of the youth of the land. Orison Swett Marden published "Pushing to the Front" and promoted magazines to teach the lower middle-class how to get rich. Hundreds of other gifted soothsayers made their living by writing and lecturing, always on Success. But of them all, Russell H. Conwell was easily the most eminent. He was the real high priest in the temple.

"I have always preached the gospel of worldly success because I have always believed it to be in harmony with the spiritual gospel," he declared in 1916, toward the end of his long life. "Any Christian who has a chance to get rich, and doesn't, is not living up to his full duty," he said to Bruce Barton, when that talented metaphysician was interviewing him for the *American Magazine*. Thus his closing notes were the same he sounded in the first edition of "Acres of Diamonds" in 1888: "To secure wealth is an honorable ambition, and is one great test of a person's usefulness to others. . . . I say, Get rich, get rich! . . . Money being power, it ought to be entirely in the hands of good men and women." The germ of Service lurked in those innocent words!

The stodgy *bourgeoisie* who paid for his lectures and bought his books had, in Conwell's eyes, other commendable virtues beside their love of money. He had hated the aristocracy since his days at New Haven, when the young gentlemen of Yale remained blandly indifferent to the presence in their midst of the Massachusetts boy-orator. He knew little about the working classes, although he admitted, in his broadly tolerant way, that there might be good Christians even among this lowly group. But all the ins and outs of *bourgeois* psychology he knew and praised; the middle-class was the flowering of God's handicraft and the hope of the nation. "After all, the great government of this country is going to be borne triumphantly through all its difficulties by the even balance of the middle-class of people, which is an honor to America and which has maintained so grandly the honor of the American flag."

Every little thing about the middle-class

was perfect and good. "The place where we find the most health is among the middle-class of people. The homes we have in Philadelphia where men are earning from fifteen to fifty dollars a week are the happiest homes in the world. They are the most healthful homes in the world; no class of people live so long, and none enjoy their lives so much, as those who own their own homes, with an income of from fifteen to fifty dollars a week."

A middle-sized family for the middle-classes was his ideal in an age when apartments were called flats and still had backyards. "I read the account of that man in Kentucky . . . 130 years old, with nineteen children. I should say that is two or three too many! But, on the other hand, with none, it is two, three, six, or eight too few. There is a middle ground, and for this we are seeking in our civilization." . . . "No man can enjoy over fifty thousand dollars. . . . Fifty thousand dollars furnishes everything that any healthy man or woman could enjoy, and when a man gets beyond that sum he is going into care; he has passed beyond the place where perfect happiness is found."

Conwell tusselled with the problem of how to get the fifty thousand with all his might. His answer was of the sort that shows the third assistant bookkeeper how to rise to be second assistant: thrift, frugality, hard work, honesty, and all the rest of the shop-keeping morality. All about him in the eighties and nineties the ruthless merchant princes and money barons were exploiting the country for huge gains, stuffing their pockets with the profits of extortion, trickery and corruption, but Conwell never saw it so. Instead, he reached into the grab bag of his memory, pulled out Emerson's old "make a better mousetrap" theory, refurbished it with new words and yelled, "If you have anything the people want, they will pay you for it. The more they need it, the more they will pay you for it. Find out then the world's need and earnestly endeavor to supply that need." Pressed by ambitious clerks and farm-hands for more specific advice, he offered the stale suggestion of spare-time study, and soon he had thousands flocking into Y. M. C. A. training classes and enrolling in correspondence schools. He eventually founded his own night-school for the submerged classes of aristocratic Philadelphia, but this expedient was suggested to him, and did not originate in his own head.

But to criticize him for lack of originality is to chastise an elephant for not flitting like a humming-bird. His massive power, his strength as a preacher and lecturer, did not lie in ideas, but in inspiration. When he had emotionalized his hearers into a fine frenzy of determination, his job was done. If the frenzy sizzled out in nothingness, who could blame him? But if it proved the starting point for a career, he got the credit. The technique of inspiration, as he practiced it, began and ended with the success story. By reciting enough stories of how success had been won by homely methods, he convinced every dolt in his audience that he could step out and miraculously achieve fame and wealth. The method was sound, too; the fact that Conwell was called upon to give his lecture six thousand times proved that the people got a real thrill out of it.

In the maw of his incredibly capacious memory he carried literally thousands of success stories—how great men had overcome difficulties, how poor boys had found riches, how inventors had happened upon profitable devices, how iron-willed young men had fought through to success, how pious and charitable acts had brought their return in buttered bread, how hard work had won promotion. His mind worked in terms of stories, and these stories he wove into glittering tales of wealth and fame which hypnotized his listeners into a glassy-eyed determination to go out and do likewise.

The success story, as Conwell, Orison Swett Marden, and the other inspirers of the last generation developed it, had as definite a technique as the confessions

story which has succeeded it in popular favor. Indeed, there are surprising similarities between the two forms. Writing for the soldiers in 1918, Conwell employed the perfect technique. "If the soldier of whom I am now to write were not a man of world-wide fame or one on whom a mighty empire has leaned heavily in this great World War, the reader might surmise that this sketch was an imaginative story, a mere fairy-tale. But all the civilized world knows that these two pictures are true to real life." The hero is always a young man just like the reader or hearer, facing the same seeming barriers to success: he is poor, or he has no education, or he is slow and dull in learning, or he comes from a humble family, or he has contracted secret vices, such as smoking or drinking. No one expects him to amount to much. "His friends prophesied failure, and some of the competitors smiled at the imagined future collapse." But, through the exercise of whatever quality the story-teller may then be emphasizing—will power, observation, reading, or spare-time study—he climbs to wealth and spectacular success, usually dramatized in a gorgeous moment at a "great national convention," where the hero stands "amid admiring thousands."

The story of Sam is typical of the pure sentiments and lofty idealism of this standard success story. It begins, "Three colored men stood together on the stage of the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, in 1907, each of whom was an honor to the human race." The crowd and the enthusiasm and the honor receive full description. The first of these colored men is Booker T. Washington, "the friend of President Roosevelt." The second is Paul Laurence Dunbar, "the friend of William Dean Howells, and famous for his dialect poems." The third is Sam. Sam had been born in slavery in Mississippi. When the Civil War broke out he ran away and attached himself as a servant to a Union officer, but "he sent his old, widowed mistress money" to relieve her distress. He tried to learn to read, but he seemed too dull ever to acquire the art; his teacher "gave him up," allowing him to continue just for kindness. Now follows a digression on how dullness need never be a handicap. But by an almost miraculous "opening of the mind," Sam suddenly began to read, and even "to learn at a glance." In the end he wrote a "poem":

> If de debbil do not ketch
> Jeff Davis, dat Confederit wretch,
> An roas' an' frigazee dat rebel,
> What am de use of any debbil?

To develop his literary gifts, Sam continued his schooling in Massachusetts, became a teacher, and was sent to Liberia. Finally, in South Africa, he entered the service of the British. Now, as he stood before the audience in the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, he was "introduced by Dr. Pepper as receiving the largest salary of any Negro in the civil service of the English government."

Such was the standard formula, capable of indefinite expansion or of severe contraction. "The president of one of the largest banks in Chicago secured his place by the chain of results following his improvement in his hand-writing, when as a soldier, he wrote letters home. . . . I am thinking of a young Connecticut farm lad who was given up by his teachers as too weak-minded to learn. Today he is a respected professor of zoölogy in an Ohio college."

The success story is still seen occasionally, in somewhat wilted form, in the *American Magazine*, the *Speciality Salesman* and other such publications, but gone forever is its old lusty bounce and vigor. The real masters of it, such as Conwell and Marden, could put everything into it except sex appeal; this the skinny morality of their Protestant credo prevented. Could they have promised buxom damsels as the reward of success, and pictured the maidens with the gusto of the Rev. John Roach Straton describing a New York night club, they might have created a permanent demand for their wares, and forestalled Bernarr Macfadden's *True Stories*. But the

success story could not survive by appealing to greed alone; with the beginning of the present century Elinor Glyn and Victoria Cross, and later Macfadden, taught the adolescent morons to play peek-a-boo. It was the righteousness of the inspirers that wrecked the success story.

Since he was an ordained Baptist minister, one question was continually popped at Conwell which did not trouble the layman Marden: how to hitch money-grubbing as the end of life with the teachings of Holy Writ. Conwell answered with large gestures and his usual muddy logic: "We ought to get rich if we can by honorable and Christian methods, *and those are the only methods that sweep us quickly toward the goal of riches.*" Again,

> Money is power; money has powers; and for a man to say, "I do not want money" is to say, "I do not wish to do any good to my fellow-men." It is absurd thus to talk.

Finally,

> And yet this religious prejudice is so great that some people think it is a great honor to be one of God's poor. I am looking in the faces of people who think just that way. I heard a man once say in a prayer-meeting that he was thankful that he was one of God's poor, and then I silently wondered what his wife would say to that speech, as she took in washing to support the man while he sat and smoked on the veranda. I don't want to see any more of that kind of God's poor.

Conwell went further. He demanded that the church itself become business-like and "show results." "The world is demanding more and better returns from the church for the time and money given it. Real, practical Christian work is what is asked of the church. The sooner it conforms to this demand, the more quickly it will regain its old influence and be prepared to make effective its fight against evil." So says an editorial quoted approvingly in his official biography. He put his own Baptist Temple on a strictly business basis. Regular dues, like those of a club, were exacted of the members, in addition to the voluntary offerings. "One dollar and twenty cents a year for those under eighteen years of age and three dollars for those over that age" were the rates for irregular attendants. He got church trustees who were hard bargainers. "When they wanted lumber they knew where to purchase it and how to obtain discounts. When they needed money they knew where the money was and what securities were good on the market." Attendance on choir rehearsals was checked by a device closely resembling a time-clock.

III

All the events in Conwell's life seemed to conspire to make him the spokesman of the lower middle-class he loved so well. He was born of poor parents on a rocky farm in the Berkshire Hills of Western Massachusetts in 1843. No pride of lineage marred his outlook, although his toe-kissing biographer insists on saying the family could be traced "to the days of William the Conqueror."

On a neighboring farm lived the venerable William Cullen Bryant, a circumstance which enabled young Russell to indulge himself early in that adoration of celebrity which was a marked characteristic of his later life. He and his brother dragged the doddering poet to the stream beside which he had written "Thanatopsis," and demanded that he recite from it for their benefit. The old man obliged with the lines of moralizing which close the poem.

Conwell's youth passed like that of many another New England farm boy. He worked hard under the supervision of a dour father, enjoyed the simple pleasures of country life, ran away from home once or twice, and got some schooling at Wilbraham, a Methodist academy. Later he became a student at Yale, working his way through. From his youngest days he had enjoyed the gift of gab. His biographer relates glowingly his prowess as a village debater and orator. When the Civil War broke out he blossomed forth as a recruiting orator, and if the biographer is to be believed, raised whole regiments by the charm of his speeches. His fame as the Boy Orator spread to the edges of the county.

In 1862 he volunteered himself, was elected captain of his company, and served two enlistments in an inactive sector in North Carolina. On the one occasion when the Confederates attacked the position, he happened to be A. W. O. L., for which he was court-martialed and dishonorably discharged. He managed later to have the decision reversed and to get a commission as a lieutenant-colonel. In trying to get the court-martial verdict expunged from the records he carried his plea to President Lincoln personally. Years after, his description of meeting the great, good man was one of his most effective stories, and frequently told. No one in his audiences ever knew, though, why he met the President.

About his gifts as an orator there is not much question. He had a fine natural voice, well modulated and unusually expressive. He could lecture a hundred nights in succession without the slightest trace of hoarseness. Memory, however, and not intellect, was the power behind his larynx. A teacher in the grammar grades had trained him to memorize by the visual method. He could so fix the picture of a printed page in his mind that at any time he could call it before him and read from it as though from the book itself. In his study of law during the idle days of his service in the Civil War he memorized the whole of Blackstone, and he could also repeat pages from Milton and Moore, his favorite poets. He never wrote a lecture or a book: his speaking was mainly impromptu, and all his books and set lectures he dictated to a shorthand writer.

Equipped with this magnificent memory and his booming, resonant voice, Conwell went forth at the end of the war to open his oyster, firmly believing that diligence and hard work would bring him success. A tough and recalcitrant oyster it proved to be in those first years; none of the openers worked. His admittance to the bar, his marriage, and his bold removal to the frontier city of Minneapolis in 1865 should, according to all the precepts of the success teachers, have been the opening wedges to a high, wide and handsome career. But though he worked like a dog, glad-handed the local population, and slaved zealously in the pious activities of the Sunday-school and the Y. M. C. A., all that came of the two years in the West was a charity appointment as immigration agent in Germany for the State of Minnesota, obtained on the plea of broken health.

Convinced, now, that his pot of gold lay at the near end of the rainbow, Conwell, after two years in Germany, formed connections in Boston with that estimable paper, the *Traveller*, and went on special assignments for it and one or two others. In the course of two years or so he did a series of articles called "Revisiting the Battlefields," and another called "Letters From an Around-the-World Tourist." He faithfully saw and reported what he had set out to see, and came home with his fly-paper memory stuck full of impressions of the great people he had interviewed. Of a type are all his reports. After one glimpse, "Victor Hugo impressed him as a stern, reserved man, who hated Napoleon the Third, and looked upon his ascension to the throne as a great crime."

Back in Boston, Conwell worked harder than ever. A mere list of his activities shows a bewildering versatility, but also points to a corresponding lack of success in any one of them. He wrote editorials for the *Traveller;* corresponded for outside papers; went abroad several times to interview celebrities; continued his lecturing; opened two law offices, one in Somerville, where he lived, the other in Tremont Temple in Boston; managed a campaign for General Nathaniel P. Banks and otherwise fiddled with politics; speculated in Somerville real-estate; founded and edited the Somerville *Journal;* began the Young Men's Congress, a debating club which flourished until 1913; organized the Tremont Temple Bible-Class, which he also taught; coöperated in bringing two children into the world; established a free legal clinic for the poor, and jeopardized

his professional standing by announcing that he would accept no client of whose righteousness and innocence he was not convinced.

The man seemed to be rattling himself to pieces, like a stalled flivver, when two events gratuitously directed him into the path which led to his eventual success: his first wife died, and he married a wealthy Newton Centre church-worker. Thus relieved of drudgery, he became a preacher in his thirty-seventh year, serving his apprenticeship at Lexington, Mass. This ministry gave him the background which he had lacked as a lawyer-lecturer-politician; it transformed his incessant buzzing and frittering into purposeful activity. He continued to buzz and fritter and spread his shot, but now he began to have significance and meaning. His memory and his booming, persuasive voice became of prime value to him. His unctuous solicitude for other people's welfare hung more easily upon him as a preacher than as a lawyer. But of the gifts which counted most toward his success behind the sacred desk, his newspaper training ranked highest. Conwell knew what was news in the elegant eighties and gay nineties, and he saw to it that his church and his preaching made it. The conservative clergy of the day scorned him as a sensationalist and upstart, but the people flocked to him, and eventually many other Protestant sorcerers copied his methods. Conwell's contribution to the progress of Christianity in the United States was the "home-like" church: he transferred the hearty informality of the middle-class fireside into the worship of the Almighty. The Protestants of the Gilded Age, accustomed to worshipping God on hard benches and in high, starched collars and frock coats, accepted the new idea of being jolly and informal about the business with the glad relief of a flapper checking her corset.

After eighteen months in Lexington, Conwell was called to a struggling mission church in Philadelphia in 1883, and here he demonstrated the advertising value of his home-like church idea. The board made Conwell a sporting proposition in regard to salary. The church had paid a salary of eight hundred dollars: every time he doubled the membership they would double his salary. To the man who had worked his way through school peddling Ridpath's "Life of John Brown" from door to door in New England, the offer was good as a gold mine. His commissions mounted so rapidly that when he reached ten thousand all hands piped a halt, and ten thousand dollars remained his salary for the rest of his days.

"Conwell evenings" became a Philadelphia institution, and other preachers flocked from miles around to observe how the members of his congregation spoke to every stranger at the services. One preacher visitor from Albany records: "A well-dressed lady near me said, 'Good evening' most cheerfully, as a polite usher showed me into a pew. They say that all the members do that. It made me feel welcome. She also gave me a hymn-book. I saw others thus kindly greeted. How it did help me to praise the Lord! At home with the people of God! That is just how I felt." Others felt the same way; the church was so crowded that tickets of admission had to be issued. In 1893 the huge new Baptist Temple was dedicated, seating forty-two hundred in the main auditorium, with carpets on the floor, no hard benches, and with an office "equipped with desks, filing-cabinets, telephones, speaking-tubes, and everything necessary to conduct the business of the church in a business-like way." Conwell had at last found a job in which he could satisfy every heart's desire.

His lack of success in Minneapolis and Boston had not been due to want of hard work, but rather to the way he scattered his shot. He always worked hard. Everyone who ever met or heard him testifies to his enormous driving energy. Throughout life he continued the habit, learned on the farm, of rising at four or five in the morning, and of considering sixteen hours a fair working day. Commuting between Somer-

ville and Boston on the train, he learned to read five foreign languages. Always there was a book in his pocket, and never was a spare minute allowed to go to waste. When he was forced to work swiftly he could make a newspaper reporter rushing copy two minutes before the deadline look like a sluggard. The speed with which he wrote some of his thirty-seven books set records hardly surpassed even in these heroic days.

Many of these books were campaign biographies written at the behest of the Republican National Committee. They "were penned quickly and had a large sale. In this way Doctor Conwell wrote biographies of General U. S. Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, and James G. Blaine." His most successful biography financially was the life of Charles H. Spurgeon. When the great pulpit-thumper checked out, a publishing house wired Conwell an offer; he was on a lecture tour, but by dictating to a secretary during the day on the train, without notes or clippings, he finished the book in twelve days, and saw it reach the gratifying sale of 125,000 copies in four months. He dictated his life of Blaine in three weeks. When news of Bayard Taylor's death in Germany was received in America, he set to work at once and had his "Life of Bayard Taylor" completed before the body arrived. Five thousand copies sold before the funeral. Conwell wound up his biographizing by embalming in print his life-long friend, "Philadelphia's great merchant, John Wanamaker," in 1924.

IV

To the earnest, enquiring youths, aflame with ambition after hearing "Acres of Diamonds," who asked for practical hints on how to be successful and rich, Conwell, in his later days, answered, "Study." Education was the open sesame to better jobs and bigger salaries. At first, his advice was simple and direct—carry a book in your pocket and study during your spare moments. "Out of the forty-five hundred millionaires in the United States, more than thirty-nine hundred of them were poor boys. . . . The study of their biographies reveals the almost universal fact that they carried a book in their pockets to study in spare moments." In 1884 a young printer came to Conwell. He had the laudable desire of becoming a preacher, but he knew no Greek or Latin; would Conwell help him study in the evenings? Conwell promised the young man three evenings each week. The first night appointed the youth brought six friends with him, since seven could be taught as easily as one. The second night forty showed up. By the end of the first year more than two hundred and fifty students were studying at night, under Conwell and other volunteer teachers. Thus was born Temple University, which has, this present year, over twelve thousand students in day, afternoon and evening classes: "an institution for strong men and women who can labor with both mind and body."

This faith in the efficacy of education was curiously coupled with a hatred of existing educational institutions. They were "aristocratic," and Conwell had hated the aristocracy since the days of his snubbing at Yale. The greatest peril to democracy, he boomed in his old age, was "an institutional aristocracy which shuts the doors of the professions to all who have not loitered in some aristocratic school for a certain number of hours and paid a high tuition fee." The insidious agents of aristocracy were shutting the door of opportunity in the face of the poor by requiring one and two years of collegiate work for entrance to medical schools. The American Medical Association was raising standards so high that the graduates of Conwell's Temple University medical night-school could not get licenses to practice, and so he shouted, "If these obstacles are arbitrarily increased, we will eventually have in this country two classes—a peasant class and an aristocratic class."

Conwell went to his reward in 1925.

With the stilling of the booming voice, his name was forgotten, even by his beloved middle-class, almost as quickly as that of last year's murderer. The Baptist Temple goes its uneventful way, but it is heard of no more. Only Temple University strives to keep his memory green, and even here one wonders how long the administration will print Conwell's picture as the frontispiece of every bulletin and catalogue, and how long the line "Founded by Russell H. Conwell" will be run under the name of the school. Already his dream for the building of Temple University has been scrapped for a skyscraper Temple of Learning, an idea obviously borrowed from the University of Pittsburgh's plan for a thirty-odd-story Cathedral of Learning. The tuition fee has been raised to $215; the entrance requirements have been made more rigid. The authorities even boast in public that children of rich parents now come to them for instruction. Conwell's simple educational aim, that every boy in America should learn a trade and work his way through school, has been ditched for the ideal of winning football games.

Nobody knows what magic produced last year's winning team, but the school was not slow in taking advantage of it. The students were pepped up with such posters as this:

FOOTBALL: NOV. 19
Bucknell *vs.* Temple
Franklin Field
Game Called 2 o'clock
This is Temple's greatest opportunity to impress upon the world that she rightly belongs in the very front rank of the Great American Universities
Most people judge a University by the kind of football team it has. This year Temple has a GREAT team. It has shown its mettle and has scored many fine victories. Let us show the world that Temple also has a real body of Alumni and Students back of this Fine Team.
THIS IS TEMPLE'S REAL OPPORTUNITY

For this did Russell H. Conwell deliver "Acres of Diamonds" six thousand times!

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The White Dove.—It takes a pretty imagination to share the optimism of those who believe that the various leagues, alliances, conferences and mystic backslappings currently being indulged in as a step to end wars will succeed in their lofty purpose. Wars may no more be got rid of by such means than smallpox or lumbago may be got rid of by calling meetings. All the cool, calm, hard common-sense and wisdom in the world cannot change human nature and its impulses, and leagues of nations, with the best of intentions, cannot alter what has been unalterable since the second primordial man, for a reason that may have been good or bad, cracked the first man over the head with a club. Man's impulse to fight has its birth not in the cerebrum but down in the dark cellars of his emotional being, and nothing is going to get it into an elevator.

The notion that war may be averted by limiting armament is ridiculous. We need only refer to history to appreciate that wars are and have often been started by nations with armament inferior to that of the enemy. In any speakeasy, it is generally the little fellow who starts the scrap. In the whole log of Jack's restaurant and out of thousands of bellicose customers who had to be handled by the bouncer, the records showed that not more than half a dozen of the ejectees weighed over 150 pounds. The theory, further, that the invention of such dismayingly malefic and sinister devices as the death-ray and the like will go a long way toward discouraging war is equally hollow. The invention of the big-bore cannon and of poison gas, just as dismaying in their day, didn't discourage war any more than the invention of the guillotine, the scaffold and the electric chair have discouraged murder, or than the invention of safety matches put an end to arson.

It is a platitude that wars are started by inflaming the emotions of a people. Inflammation of the emotions is one of the most pleasurable phenomena that a people experiences, whether it be induced by romantic love, booze, an appeal to the fighting impulse or what not. If war is to be ended, therefore, a means must be hit upon to inflame a people's emotions in a relatively analogous, if oblique, direction but with a relatively analogous thrill and satisfaction. This, obviously, can't be done by calling together representatives in a hall in Switzerland some 3,500 miles away or by getting a few civilians to shake hands in a London hotel or a Hague basilica. The business, if it is to be negotiated at all, must be negotiated spectacularly, romantically, in a way that will appeal to the people's imagination as strongly as the marching of brightly figged-out soldiers, the flying of brilliant banners, the rattle of inspiriting drums and the melodramatic sound of cannon. The day that sees moves toward peace marked with the same thrilling spectacularity and romance that mark moves toward war will see the day of war's end—but not before.

It is this all-important point that the delegated fixers presently overlook and so waste their time and accomplish nothing. They can hold meetings in the remote Alps until Kingdom come and no more succeed in averting war than they can succeed, by the same process, in averting joyrides and *crim. con.* They are trying to

repeal psychology by passing motions and reading minutes. What they should do, if they had any practical sense, is to make a move to end war by replacing one psychological and emotional reaction with another and stronger and more fetching one. Or at least with one that would be as appealing, as luxuriant, as exciting and as ecstatic as the other. In different words, the taste for war must be diminished just as the taste for whiskey is by the beer cure, that is, by the *similia similibus* technique. Diplomacy to abolish war must be embellished with all the excitements and kick that attend the inauguration of war. The people must be worked up to the same pitch of hysteria by the agencies operating against war as they are worked up to by agencies operating toward war. And it can't be done after the present drab, dull and dispiriting formula. You can't appeal to a nation's imagination with a lot of frock coats, spats, parliamentary procedure and pitchers of ice-water. How the job can be done I fear that I cannot say; however, I modestly offer a suggestion. Like many sound suggestions, this one has a superficially clownish air, but I pass it on, nevertheless. At its worst, its aspect of jocosity is no worse than, and it is perhaps just as fundamentally workable and sound as, the Trojan horse, the strategy of Birnam Wood, the crossing of the Delaware and the traveling salesmanship of Colonel Lindbergh.

What I propose, in simple, as I have already hinted, is that nations go to diplomacy, so to speak, just as they now go to war. When a conference of representatives, diplomatists, ambassadors, bankers, backslappers, ear-greasers and assorted whisperers is called, let all the black cutaway coats, pepper and salt trousers, silk hats, boiled shirts and other such uninflammatory regalia be hung up in the closet and let the delegates be dressed in the fanciest of the nation's military uniforms, and with at least three ostrich plumes to each hat. Let there be brass bands, big parades, confetti and hot dogs. Let a cannon be fired off at every street corner along the line of march. Let there be button-hole badges on sale everywhere inscribed with such legends as *Remember Balfour!*, *To Hell With Briand!*, *Talk 'Em Silly*, *Bozo!*, *Bring Home the Bacon!*, and *Louder and Funnier!* Let there be firecrackers, roman candles, skyrockets and pin-wheels. Let the whistles blow and the bells ring. Let everybody get plastered. Then see to it that all the larger cities in the land get a chance to enjoy something of the same show. Have subsidiary leagues of nations, conferences and meetings in different places instead of confining them, as at present, to a far-away European hole in the wall. Have the reports of their debates chronicled on scoreboards in front of the newspaper offices as football and baseball scores are currently chronicled. Start pools and handbooks on the daily gabble runs. Declare public holidays while the argument is going on; have flags displayed from every window; start bonfires along the roads. . . . The plan might not conceivably work, since nothing is certain in this world, but I daresay it would at least work better than the present one will.

The Tin Can.—Among the more striking propensities of the American, and what further sets him apart from the specimens of other nations, is his overpowering impulse to disparage and ridicule his fellow Americans who have come into eminence of one kind or another. In no other country is this impulse so deeply ingrained or so widespread. Here in the United States one sees it daily in resplendent bloom. There is hardly a public figure who doesn't serve as a tail for a tin can. The American elects to support his self-esteem and to bathe himself in his own imagination as a somebody by making actual somebodies appear to himself as nobodies, or at least as fellows with two Achilles' heels apiece and somewhat dubious. Not only is this the case with his public leaders and his artists, but—and this is the more significant—with men who are his popular

heroes in so far as he may really be said to have any popular heroes. A heavyweight champion like Tunney is thus made the target of derision because he admits that he likes to read books. A football hero like Red Grange is thus privately hooted at because he resorts to the movies, as another boy might resort to the bond business, to make some easy money. A tennis champion like Tilden is snickered at because he gets some fun out of acting on the stage between big tournaments. A baseball hero like Hornsby is monkey-nosed because he likes to play the ponies. A film hero like Valentino is made the butt of jest because women admire him. A Dempsey is mocked because he gets married and, after his nose has been broken, has it set into symmetrical place again. And a Lindbergh already begins to feel the first symptoms of what will doubtless soon be a pervasive derision because he doesn't smoke, drink or chase the babies. It doesn't matter what any of these do; the impulse to decry them is immediately observable. If they did nothing at all, reasons for decrying them would be dredged up or invented just the same. And as it is with them, so is it with superior men in other directions: with Henry Ford, for example, the greatest business genius in the country, with J. P. Morgan, one of the most astute financiers, and with Rear-Admiral Plunkett, the shrewdest and least hornswoggled naval officer.

The American hates the superior man, in whatever field his superiority may lie, as a rat hates poison. The very fact of the man's superiority he regards as a reflection upon himself and upon his own relatively lower status, and so he exerts himself to the utmost to reduce that man's superiority, or at least the prevailing sense and idea of the superiority, in his own eyes and in those of his fellow Americans. This is one of the outstanding characteristics and phenomena of our democracy: the impulse toward and technique of equalization by reducing the higher to the level of the lower. It accounts for the spoofing of musicians, painters, literary men and poets. It accounts for the mudslinging at public figures, the scandals of the pink and yellow press and the jokes and sneers at royalty. It even accounts, one may believe, for the increasing spread of agnosticism.

The Democratic Party.—That God is on the side of the Republican party is evident from the ribald manner in which He criticized the founder of the Democratic party into eternity. The shuffling off of Jefferson's mortal coil He contrived with the star low-comedy affliction in all pathology.

Catechism in Patriotism.—As an American patriot in high standing and as one who believes in the honor, valor and ethical preeminence of his country, there is something that frequently embarrasses me. It generally occurs to me when, during the passing of Our Flag in a solemn and sumptuous parade, I duly uncover my head and catch a bad cold. Why was it *necessary* for Admiral Schley to cry out to his men, "Don't shoot, fellows, the poor devils are dying"?

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The American Lord Chamberlain

If there is to be a play censorship in New York—and the late pronouncement of the District Attorney's office in connection with the suppression of Gantillon's "Maya" indicates definitely that there is henceforth to be one—the public and the theatrical producers have a right to know exactly what its acts will be based upon. At least they have a right to know, as the London public and producers know, the precise terms under which the censorship does and will operate. With the statement by the District Attorney's office that each and every play like "Maya" which shows or deals in any manner with a prostitute will be forbidden a hearing, the public and the producers, whatever names they may call the official mudlarks, should be gratified that at least one tangible piece of information has been given them, and that in the future they will not have to nose around in the dark as they have been doing for the last few years. If we are to be treated like half-wits, as the English public is treated, let us by all means know the rules of the game, so that we can to some degree forget our condition in a little vulgar laughter.

We now have Pronouncement No. 1 in hand anyway. We are to be allowed to see no play that treats in any fashion of or with the scarlet sisterhood. It thus appears that we have become even more needful of official guardianship than we were twenty-odd years ago when, after a few of the same kind of fireworks, "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was permitted a free showing. This "Mrs. Warren's Profession," under the terms of the present dispensation, can no longer be presented in New York. Nor, unless the officials betray themselves as self-contradicting hypocrites, can such plays as Strindberg's "Master Olof," or O'Neill's "The Great God Brown," or Gorki's "Night Refuge," or O'Casey's "The Plough and the Stars," in each of which a prostitute figures in the flesh. From the nature of the plays that came under the ban of preliminary censorship last year, we may also determine further of the regulations that will operate in the instance of drama from now on. Since "The Captive" was suppressed, since "The Drag" was not allowed a metropolitan hearing and since the producers of "New York Exchange" were forced to cut out its last act in its entirety before bringing their play into New York, we may take for granted that no play dealing with sexual perversion will be passed by the censors. Inasmuch as the present censorship has announced that it will cover single characters, episodes and scenes as well as general themes—for it has been declared, remember, that any play that shows a prostitute or a scene representing a bordello will be placed on the index—we may therefore duly expect to be forbidden in the future to see such plays as the dramatization of Wilde's "Dorian Gray," of course "Œdipus Rex," Lenormand's "Simoon," Frederick Lonsdale's "Spring Cleaning," Wedekind's "Mit Allen Hunden Gehetzt" and "In Allen Wassern Gewaschen" (the titles may not be patly translated) and the same dramatist's "Earth Spirit," to say nothing of revivals of Pinski's "The God of Vengeance" or of the farce called "Mary's Ankle."

The censorship of the exhibits called "Sex" and "The Virgin Man" last season similarly augurs that the officials may close down any plays that, first, in addition to showing a prostitute, make either hu-

morous or ironic comments on the woman and her profession and, secondly, that show the temptation of a young man by a wily female. Under the former of these headings, any such play as Galsworthy's "Escape" is liable to suppression, and, under the latter, save the officials be illogical, any such play as Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." By way of coming to some conclusion as to further ramifications of the official blue pencil, we may consider the two plays which were censored in part during the present season, to wit, "Women Go On Forever" and "The Command to Love." The scene in the former to which the censors most strongly objected, and which they ordered changed, indicated a lover in a woman's bedroom at night. We may thus conclude that, in the future, among the plays that will be barred from the New York stage, unless they are duly edited, will be such as Maeterlinck's "Pélléas and Mélisande" and "The Beautiful Adventure" of de Caillavet and de Flers. The scene in the latter that especially aroused the ire of the smutsers and that was ordered altered at threat of an immediate complete shutdown of the play showed a woman in négligé in a man's bachelor chambers. Under the same ruling, the New York stage in the future will not tolerate any of the countless French, German, Hungarian and English farces that the police officials regarded as entirely innocent and harmless in past years, to say nothing of such things as Schnitzler's "Anatol," Galsworthy's "The Fugitive" and even A. A. Milne's "The Dover Road."

II

Shanty Elegance

I point to Miss Zoë Akins as a horrible example of what affectation can do to a real talent. That is, affectation that has not been sufficiently mastered and given a semblance of quasi-genuineness. To trade convincingly on affectation, as Wilde, say, traded, it must first be made to take on an air of realness, so to speak, and must become so perfectly blended with the individual as to be hardly distinguishable from his more authentic qualities. Baudelaire, Villon, Charles II, Sarah Bernhardt, Shaw, Cléo de Mérode, Pierre Loti, Mark Twain, Disraeli, Isadora Duncan—such diverse figures as these have contrived so artfully to combine affectation and honesty that the amalgam has been almost as perfect as a Florestan cocktail. But for one such man or woman who has succeeded in making affectation of one sort or another part and parcel of his or her personal and artistic being, there are hundreds whose affectations, however cleverly tricked out, still fit them as ill and as conspicuously foolish as so many 1890 straw hats. Miss Akins, unfortunately, is one of these.

When Miss Akins first came into notice some fifteen or twenty years ago with her play, "Papa," there were a number of us who discerned in her a skill and an imagination that promised much for her future. She was a woman of fancy, something of a poet, and a writer with a head from which all rubber-stamps and cheap conventionality were apparently exorcized. What was more, she had a feeling for word and phrase, and an understanding of the paradoxical nature of God's pathetic creatures, and the gift of peering satirically into that gigantic quirk that goes by the name of the human heart. Her work had grace and humor and a droll insight, and in a day when the American theatre was a pauper in observation of life apart from police stations, Forty-second street and Harlem flats, she seemed to be one of the handful among us who had it in her to toss into that pauper's cup at least a few new bright and shining pennies. All was well with her for a while. And then gradually there began to creep into her work such an amount of tony quackery, pugnacious dandyism and lorgnette pretence generally that all honesty took to its heels and left in its wake nothing but a high-sounding and purpled hollowness. Once and once only since her earlier days has Miss Akins been true to herself and

that was in the excellent play called "A Texas Nightingale," as brilliant a job of its kind as our stage has known. But fore and aft there has been only the spectacle of a goose in swan's clothing, of a naïvely strutting promenade through the Peacock Alley of a Mills Hotel, of something as excessively swell as a colored dude, and as unconvincing.

Although Miss Akins is many pegs above them as an artist, she much resembles those younger English novelists of the day who affect a backslapping acquaintance with Mayfair and an immense familiarity with vintage champagnes, the looser duchesses, Charvet's more expensive shirts and that especial kind of caviar which the restaurant doesn't happen at the moment to have in stock. With the writing of "Declassée," her work began to show signs of that fake grandness that has since increasingly cast its pall over her plays until they give one the impression of being plays much less than self-conscious recitations and readings from wine cards, rare book dealers' catalogues, *Aquitania* sailing lists, the Almanach de Gotha and the *Social Register*. While it is no part of a critic's business to venture beyond a playwright's work into the playwright personally, there is one such critic who can't help believing that Miss Akins dramatizes not her elegant characters so much as her own elegant aspirations and ambitions. She seems to be suffering from a suppressed desire to have a butler.

The latest of the great lady's exhibits bears the name, "The Furies." What might have been an interesting play is found to be so overburdened with airs and affectations that it becomes ridiculous. Dramaturgically, this affectation is just as apparent as it is in the matter of externals. Plainly desiring to be a bit deeper than deep and to show all these newfangled playwrights that she can be even more newfangled than they are, she not only duplicates a leaf from O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" and introduces the static aside to convey her characters' unspoken meditations, but concocts a veritable mince by going in indiscriminately—and without rhyme or reason—for the Tchekov method of indirection, for the Greek chorus, for Maeterlinck symbolism and for almost everything else but simple, straightforward and honest playwriting. As for externals, her bogus *bienséance* persuades her to have her fashionable bachelor's table waited on not only by a butler but by a serving maid, to bring the District Attorney of New York City in person and a very doggy dinner jacket to cross-examine the suspects in a murder case in the widow's drawing-room, to serve champagne with what presumably are the *hors d'oeuvres*, and to play "Tristan" off-stage when what she perhaps vaguely wanted was Brahms' intermezzo in E flat minor.

III

The Idea and Comedy

Given a good enough idea and even an indifferent skill at playwriting and an entertaining comedy will come very near automatically writing itself. The result may not be all that the professor-critics might wish for, but it will pretty generally manufacture enough laughs to atone in considerable measure for their professional depression. Such a comedy is "The Bachelor Father." Not even Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter's crude craftsmanship can keep its excellently humorous theme in check. Although it may be critical *lèse-majesté* to say so, a poorly written comedy with a fresh and popping idea is often actually very much more amusing than a well-written one with an idea somewhat less jouncy, at least to everybody but those who still insist that laughter must be literature. It would be hard to think of a comedy with an idea so good as "The Illusionist" failing to get its effect, even though its writing were much less than admirable, which the writing of "The Illusionist" certainly is. Or of one with a thematic scheme so good as "The Command to Love," or "A Single Man," or "Seven Keys to Baldpate," or de

Caillavet's and de Flers' "The King." It is not Sacha Guitry's dramaturgic skill that makes his comedies the howls that they are; it is the ideas upon which he builds them. And, conversely, all the playwriting skill of an Augustus Thomas or an Owen Davis has not contrived to make amusing the comedies which they, in turn, have built upon banal ideas. A good drama may result from excellent craftsmanship visited upon a mediocre theme, but a play that aims to evoke laughter depends a lot more upon its foundational scheme than upon mere writing ability. The successes of the better modern comedy writers attest to this fact. Their most entertaining pieces are seldom their best in the way of craftsmanship and in purely critical adjudication. Shaw's "Fanny's First Play" is one of his negligible jobs, but it is surely as comical a play as he ever concocted. Lonsdale's "Spring Cleaning" is certainly not to be compared in any sober critical sense with even Maugham's "The Camel's Back," yet the idea of it provides infinitely more diversion than all the expert technique with which Maugham essayed to hide the lack-lustre idea of his play. Pinero's "The Wife Without a Smile" depends largely upon its droll idea for laughter; his better-written comedy, "Preserving Mr. Panmure," does not get half so many intelligent laughs for the simple reason that its basic mountain-out-of-a-molehill idea is stale.

By way of digression, it occurs to me to wonder why certain critics who have written of O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" have not observed that the unspoken-thought tactic of that dramatist, given form in what has been carelessly designated as the aside, is rather better to be described as a courageous abandonment of what P. P. Howe once called the factitious inaudibility of the Pinero species of dramaturgy. The people of Sir Arthur, Howe wrote, have a little scale of this factitious inaudibility up and down which (obeying infantile stage directions) they run: *Thinking, To himself, Half to himself, To herself in a whisper, To herself in a low voice, In an undertone, Under her breath as he passes her, In her ear*, and so on. O'Neill has not written asides so much as he has got rid of the foolish stage directions of the foolish eighties and nineties by making them completely articulate. The old *sotto voce* dodges were at best clownish; O'Neill's forthright method of stating them in a clear, loud voice, and without pseudo-subtle ado, at least has the virtue of implying that he does not regard his audiences as children. There may be something significant in the circumstance that not once since the improvement and sophistication of Anglo-American theatre audiences has Pinero written a single serious play that has aroused their even transient interest.

Back to the subject of comedy. "The Bachelor Father" is constructed out of the gay notion of an old rounder who meditates that he would like to have a look at some of his illegitimate offspring and dispatches an agent to venture forth and fetch them before him. Three come—the results of affairs with a lady in otherwise private life, an Italian opera singer and an American vaudeville hoofer. And what they do to each other and to papa constitutes the evening. That such an idea, crudely or not crudely wrought, must not be more provocative of amusement than the cut-and-dried stuff of which most comedies are fashioned is difficult to believe. There may be some critics who maintain that good writing should still make me laugh heartily over the comedy ideas that consist in a widow passing off her twenty-five-year-old daughter as a child of ten, in an unmarried couple pretending they are married in order to inherit an uncle's money, and in a venerable bachelor's discovery that his ward has only pretended to love the juvenile in order to conceal her passionate yen for him, but I fear that I do not possess the talent that they expect of me. The object of any theatrical comedy I hie myself to is, I take it, to amuse me and I can't be amused by even the most proficient literary gent telling me an old joke. If I want to amuse myself in that way, there is always the library.

IV

One Out of Many

When, after a reading of seventy-eight dramatic manuscripts of American, English, French, German, Italian, Austrian and Hungarian origin, I picked Bruno Frank's "Twelve Thousand" for the series of modern plays which has been thrown upon my editorial sagacity, I picked simply what seemed to me to be the best play among the seventy-eight in point. A seventy-ninth, which I did not read, may conceivably have been better, and an eightieth, which perhaps got lost in the mails, may have been the long-looked-for masterpiece. But of the seventy-eight, which, God knows, is enough dramatic wood alcohol for any optic nerve, there didn't strike me another as so meritorious. Plainly enough, there enters here merely a question of relative values, and relative values should have nothing to do with sound and taut criticism. But a play series, apart from criticism, may nevertheless be valuable as a study in such relative values. And "Twelve Thousand" is valuable in this sense.

Since undertaking a year and a half ago the dramatic series mentioned, I have regretted the unavoidable loss from it of only three plays written or produced in that period, to wit, Bourdet's "The Captive" and O'Neill's "Marco Millions" and "Strange Interlude," all previously committed to other publishers and unobtainable for my purposes. I have read, during this year and a half, exactly one hundred and ninety-three manuscripts and, unless I am a poor judge of what such a series should contain, have found just two plays, "Chicago" and "Twelve Thousand," that seemed to me appropriately suited to it. In the respective countries of their origin, they at least represented something new and significant and more or less vital, not only as drama, but also as reflections of fresh viewpoint and of honest artistic effort. The bulk of the manuscripts which I have read have been pretty feeble. The majority have been merely cuckoo-shows, retraveling old ground and seeking to cover up the fact by describing the old familiar backgrounds with new names. Or they have been simply bastards of Kaiser, Toller & Company, hiding their lack of substance behind freak impressionistic canvas and constructivist scaffolding. Some have been well written but have had nothing to say, and others have relied for their effect upon an arbitrary rebellion from the accepted forms, like so many school-boys shooting spitballs at their teachers. Still others have been either trivial or downright bad.

From this welter a play like Frank's emerged with perhaps more address than might have been the case under different and more utopian circumstances. Written by one of the most talented of the younger German literary corps with admirable simplicity and restraint and dealing with a theme of international interest, it poked up its head fetchingly not only from the obstreperously pompous German manuscripts which came my way but from the English froth epigraming adultery, from the stale French rackets over war and infidelity, from Austrian imitations of Schnitzler at his worst and Raoul Auernheimer at his best, from slushy Italian symbolism and from Hungarian plays that, rid of their on-stage waiters and off-stage music, were nothing more than revamped Hermann Bahr. Particularly did this "Twelve Thousand" shine in comparison with the fourteen German manuscripts that appeared simultaneously on the scene, among them Alfred Neumann's "The Patriot," with its air of Emil Ludwig playing a stock company version of Sardou. Most of these German scripts were of the Expressionist sort, with the familiar indulgence in idiotic Western Union dialogue suggesting economy of expression much less than poverty of thought, with the familiar and senseless shiftings of scenes *à la* Hollywood and with settings as showily false as mail-order diamonds. Although there is observable in Germany a tendency gradually to break away from this Coney Island form of dramaturgy that has been so popular there

during the last ten or more years, the supply of bogus Expressionist and Impressionist drama seems still to be ample. And in none of these more recent plays have I been able to detect anything worth a hoot. The intention of their authors seems to be to carry Expressionism to the last degree of absurdity and to try to put the job over on their customers as something artistically hot by having a character representing a laboring man open his dinner pail and extract a copy of Spengler instead of a frankfurter. As an example of the lengths to which the Expressionist boys have gone, I point to the hitherto relatively rational Ernst Toller and his opus, "Hoppla, Wir Leben!" or "Hurray, We're Alive!" Put beside this affair, the booziest dose of Expressionism on record takes on the sobriety of "Massa's in de Col', Col' Ground." Toller has here added the kitchen stove to Expressionism; he has put into his crazy-quilt everything theatrically imaginable from moving pictures up. What the jumble is like on the actual Piscatorbühne, I can only guess, not having had a look at it, but put into print it would resemble nothing so much as a potted composing-room. The German plays that did not go in for such wrestling matches with the isms were throwbacks to the negligible German drama of the von Bodman and Lublinski period, heavy-handed pseudo-historical stuff liberally watered with symbolism, mysticism, psychological grunts and dark allusions to God.

Frank has no use for the attitudinizing of so many of his contemporary fellow countrymen who write for the theatre as if it were a lunatic asylum or the cellar of a church. He approaches it with a charming lack of affectation, with simple ease and with the nice skill which he has evinced in his prose writings. His stage, amidst all the mechanical Dunhillery of the stages around him, is at once as simply old-fashioned and as simply modern and workable as a wooden match. "Twelve Thousand" tells its story—the story of the mercenaries in the American War for Independence seen through a pair of German eyes—as stories are ever best told: plainly, directly, without rigmarole, and hence very effectively.

The American production—the play has been done up and down and all around Central Europe—has been made by Mr. Sydney and Miss Ellis as part of their Garrick Theatre répertoire. This répertoire enterprise, although, true enough, it is still in the infant stage, impresses me as being potentially the worthiest of the several more recent local undertakings in the same line. With their presentations of the modern dress version of "The Taming of the Shrew" and of the Frank play, these Garrick actors indicate that they have judgment, sense, humor, a certain amount of critical poise and acting talent, a combination of virtues surely not put on display by the other sparrow combinations that have disguised themselves as parrots and have tried to mimic the Theatre Guild. The Le Gallienne sorority down in Fourteenth street, backed by the indiscriminating Kahn, is to be compared with the Garrick outfit only by those who seem to believe that anything you have to take the subway to is art and that anything you can get to easily in a taxicab isn't. The New Playwrights' enterprise up an alley in Greenwich Village, also hitherto backed by the same æsthete, is, of course, simply buncombe. The répertoire try of the troupe at the Cosmopolitan, under the imprimatur of Mr. Chamberlain Brown, has turned out to be nothing but a cheap box-office campaign with revivals of the popular gimcracks of twenty and twenty-five years ago. And the Provincetowners regrettably seem to have foundered after a good start. There is left the hope that lies in the Garrick. Although it is none of my business—and certainly none of my money—I take the liberty of suggesting to the eager Kahn that, if he wants to deserve some of the publicity he is getting, he stop peddling out his mazuma to jitney Ibsen troupes, imitation Hasenclevers and vampire melodramas and give a little of it to this sensible, praiseworthy and competent organization.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

American Architecture

THE AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE OF TODAY, by G. H. Edgell. $6. 9¼ x 6⅛; 401 pp. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Dr. Edgell, who is dean of the faculty of architecture at Harvard, began this book as a series of three lectures on the Henry La Barre Jayne Foundation in Philadelphia, but the available material was so copious that it got out of hand, and so he now presents it in a book weighing nearly four pounds. One pound is devoted to a general review of the development of architecture in the Republic, another is given over to domestic and academic architecture, a third is consecrated to churches and public buildings, and what there is of the fourth has to do with the sky-scraper and its congeners. The book is a good piece of work and perhaps the best on its subject yet published. Dr. Edgell is not only immensely well informed; he is also full of shrewdness, and some of his observations are sharply apposite and pungent.

In his first chapter, for example, he makes short shrift of a theory that has burdened practically all criticism of architecture in America since the first critic got on his legs. This is the theory that the exterior form of a building should flow out, in a more or less automatic manner, from its inner structure—that every building should show, at a glance, what its purpose is and how it was built. Obviously, there are limits within which this is sound enough. Meaningless adornments are always irritating, and attempts to conceal structure completely are usually failures and often absurd. But equally obviously, there are situations in which a too great fidelity to the theory becomes simply pedantry, and is thus just as false and unpleasant as unsuccessful artifice. A building on a public street, however utilitarian its purpose, is also a work of art. It is something that people must look at, whether they will or not. They therefore have a right to demand that it be made as sightly as possible, and that its inner ugliness, if inner ugliness is necessary, be decently concealed. Such concealments have been practised by sound architects since the dawn of their art. The Gothic cathedral builders did not produce mere exercises in the mathematics of thrusts and torques; they tried also to achieve something beautiful. And not infrequently they achieved it, as Dr. Edgell shows, by devices much like those of the modern architect.

Our American cities are still filled with hideousness, but it must be plain that there is steady improvement, and that in some directions it is very rapid. The worst sky-scraper of today is miles beyond the best of twenty-five years ago, and the same advance is to be noted in church architecture and in the design of dwelling houses. The Methodists and Baptists have begun to hire decent architects to plan their basilicas, and on some near tomorrow perhaps even the Catholics—whose churches, in the main, still look like jails—will follow suit. The new suburbs surrounding our big cities are full of charming houses, graceful in design, well fitted for their purposes, discreetly related to their surroundings, and built of plausible and indigenous materials. In even the worst suburban bungalows of today there is nothing quite so bad as the horrors that the Americans of the Grant era admired. Dr. Edgell gives, as a specimen of the latter, the Michigan State Building at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. It was truly appalling: not Los Angeles itself has ever produced anything worse. But when it was built it was regarded as very tasty,

and the readers of *Godey's Lady's Book* cut out lithographs of it, framed them in walnut, and hung them on their walls.

Dr. Edgell complains that the American architect gets too little credit for his good work—that even when a new building is greatly admired, and worthy of that admiration, few persons know who designed it. I think the thing cuts both ways. That is to say, the surviving bad architects—and enough of them remain to make scotching them worth while—too easily escape the just consequences of their crimes. Long ago I suggested that laws be passed requiring that the name of the architect be inscribed, in large and plain letters, upon every new building, and that it be kept there for a year. I herewith renew this suggestion, and add the proposal that a blackboard be added, for the convenience of persons desiring to record their opinions of his work. I bar out, of course, anonymous criticisms: every verdict, however brief—say the single word "superb," or "ass"—should be signed. But I am against giving architects any right to sue unfriendly critics for libel. They should be subjected to precisely the same free criticism that other artists must face. In their case, indeed, there should be even more freedom than usual, for no one can escape their work: it is forced upon all of us. We may avoid reading bad poetry or hearing bad music or looking at bad paintings, but a bad building must be endured, and not transiently but for long years.

I go further. I advocate hanging architects whose work is intolerably bad. They exist in all American cities, despite the general improvement in their craft. Most of them specialize in the design of movie and gasoline cathedrals. Let each city select its worst once a year (say by the vote of all the practising architects of the place, or by that of the local members of the Association Opposed to the Prohibition Amendment, or that of the local subscribers to The American Mercury, or the *Atlantic Monthly*, or the *New Republic*, or *House and Garden*), and then let the nominee be seized by the police, given twenty or thirty strokes of the bastinado, and hanged in front of his masterpiece. Better men are done to death at Sing Sing every week: I need point only to the late Henry Judd Gray. Would such a law be constitutional? I don't know. But is it now constitutional in America for a Prohibition agent to murder a citizen for carrying a flask of Scotch in his automobile? The learned judges can always find a way through the Constitution when they want to.

The Powers of the Air

AN APPROACH TO THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION, by J. Cyril Flower. $3.50. 8⅝ x 5⅜; 248 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

CHRISTIANITY, PAST AND PRESENT, by Charles Guignebert. $4.50. 8½ x 5½. 507 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

Dr. Guignebert is professor of the history of Christianity at the University of Paris, and Dr. Flower is Upton lecturer on the psychology of religion at Manchester College, Oxford. They are very learned men, and, what is more, extremely sensible men. Their books are addressed, not to the faithful of the endless Christian sects nor to those shallow "atheists" whose view of theology is on all fours with a Baptist clergyman's view of biology, but to such enlightened readers as stand in the middle ground, and are neither debauched by the vast emotional appeal of religion nor so stupid as to deny it all validity for other men.

Dr. Guignebert, in discussing the history of Christianity, naturally confines himself mainly to the Catholic church, for it alone has any historic dignity and it alone offers any threat of enduring. Protestantism has been dead for a hundred years: what survives of it today is only a form; at the heart of it there remains little save a lingering and unintelligent malignancy. But what of Holy Church? Can it really last? Dr. Guignebert seems to be in considerable doubt. He is not unaware of the powerful suction it exerts upon minds naturally religious, *i.e.*, naturally helpless and confiding, naturally in need of comfort

and consolation. Its very certainties, though they may be absurd in logic and in fact, satisfy the need of such minds for a *credo ne varietur*. Morever, it offers them gratification for the sense of communion, the feeling of security in the midst of numbers. But its very immovability, he thinks, is a grave weakness and may eventually undo it. When Pius X launched his thunders against Modernism he probably sounded the death-knell of the church as a serious force in civilization. It may go on for endless centuries shepherding and consoling the naïve, but it has cut itself off definitely from practically all enlightened men: they cannot accept its grandiose pretensions to an authority that can lie, in fact, only in the knowledge born of patient inquiry. If it maintains those pretensions it will plunge itself, soon or late, into absurdity; if it abandons them it will imperil its whole structure. Its destiny, M. Guignebert inclines to think, will be that of the cults which preceded it. It will lag behind the world, and in the long run represent only "a religious past to which history has put an end."

Dr. Flower's book supports with great learning and ingenuity a thesis more than once maintained in this place: that religion, psychologically considered, is an attempt to escape from the despair of ignorance. He believes that it originated far back in the history of *Homo sapiens*—probably at the very instant emerging man became capable of observing his environment and considering the menaces it offered to him. Thus faith and knowledge were hatched from the same egg, and have marched side by side down the centuries. But every time knowledge makes a new discovery, and so transforms a mystery into a fact, religion loses something. Its field thus tends to be narrowed constantly. Civilized man no longer ascribes disease to the machinations of supernatural powers, and no longer attempts to cure it by placating them or throwing himself on their mercy. He no longer fears ghosts. He no longer cherishes any certainty that he has a metaphysical essence that will survive the grave. Demonstrable knowledge has displaced some of the old beliefs and fears, and greatly weakened, by analogy, many others. But yet others remain, and no doubt they will continue to flourish indefinitely, for knowledge must always stop far short of completeness, and to the great majority of men even a little of it is an intolerable burden. No intelligent man of today sends for a priest when his child falls ill with diphtheria, for he knows how it may be cured by purely physical means, but these physical means are quite beyond the comprehension of the Catholic peasants of French Canada and the Protestant peasants of Tennessee and Mississippi, and so they still turn to magical devices. If all human beings were educable the school-house would be an enemy to religion, and the clergy would be preaching against it. Fortunately for the faith, it is impossible to teach the overwhelming majority anything beyond a few elements. There is thus plenty of cannon-fodder remaining for the armies of Zion.

Dr. Flower's treatise, of course, deals with religion in its basic forms, not with the elaborate compounds of ceremonial, ethical culture and constabulary enterprise which pass under the name today. On its more refined and sophisticated levels the Christian church is now little more than a social club, with purposes scarcely to be distinguished from those of any other club. The politicians of the rural South leap into the baptismal tanks of the Baptist brethern simply because they have learned that is an easy way to make votes: they were lately joining the Ku Klux Klan for the same reason. And the Jews of New York, on acquiring enough money to be eligible, enter the fold of Bishop Manning, that holy man, in order to get into fashionable society: they change their names for the same reason. Even the Roman communion has many such recruits, as the history of its relations to Tammany Hall well demonstrates. "The orthodox systematic theology," says Dr. Guignebert, "does not

receive any solid support from the majority of the faithful, who cling to the practises of religion alone, and no longer try to comprehend its dogmas." But this adherence to the forms of religion for ulterior purposes has no more to do with the fundamental religious impulse than the grotesque obscenities that go on in the Federal courts have to do with the Bill of Rights. The man who is actually religious is a man who feels that life is too much for him, and turns to higher powers for aid. Whether those higher powers be the demons of the Congo jungle or the saints of the Christian calendar is all one. The essential thing is that the devotee stands helpless before a mystery that baffles his reason, and that he seeks to resolve it by propitiating what he believes to be beings of a higher order than himself. On its lower levels Christianity often becomes a worship of mere priests, *i. e.*, of the human agents of those superior beings, just as patriotism becomes a reverence for mere office-holders, *i. e.*, scoundrels. On these levels, when the agent happens to be sufficiently aphrodisiacal, sexual considerations enter into the matter, as every connoisseur of Ladies' Aid Societies is well aware. But Dr. Flower shows that this is not often, or usual. Religion has no more to do with sex, at bottom, than it has to do with hunger or thirst. It has its own psychological foundations, its own sufficient excuse for existence.

A 100% American in Muscovy

PRESENT-DAY RUSSIA, by Ivy Lee. $2.50. 8¼ x 5¾; 206 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

Mr. Lee is the press-agent of John D. Rockefeller and hence a man laboring under certain public suspicions. When he got back from Russia, a year ago, and issued some polite words about the Bolsheviki, there were persons who hinted that the Standard Oil Company had its eye upon profitable *Geschäft* in that direction. But in this report of his trip (privately printed last Summer, and now published for the first time) he says that his motives in making the long and arduous journey were simply those of curiosity, and there is nothing in the book to gainsay him. He spent only ten days in the country, but he is a good reporter and missed little that lay within the field of his interest. His conclusions, on the whole, are very friendly. He dislikes Bolshevism, but he dismisses as idiotic most of the libels that have been flung at it, and he believes that the present régime is likely to endure. Its salvation, he ventures, will lie in its leaders' inevitable abandonment of their present blowsy ideology. Little by little, they will swing from Marxism to capitalism, and so Russia will enjoy more and more prosperity, and the Russian people will be more and more satisfied with their government. When the last vestige of Socialistic theorizing vanishes, they will be rich, fat and happy.

Meanwhile, the world watches their experiment somewhat uneasily, and withholds its applause. "Those in power in Russia must realize that the Soviet government can never enjoy the complete respect of enlightened civilization until within its own borders it does these things: First, Establishes real freedom of thought, action, and belief; Second, Establishes a system of justice based upon such fundamental principles as Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, principles which are inherent in the very nature of liberty itself." Mr. Lee's book is very short, and so he has no space to develop this idea. But no doubt what he means to say is that, in these fields, Russia should follow the exhilarating example of the United States. Once thought is as free in Moscow as it is in Boston, and action is as free as it is in California and Pennsylvania, and belief is as free as it is in Tennessee and Mississippi, and Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights are as firmly established throughout Muscovy as they are in the bull-ring of the Supreme Court of the United States and under the guns of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company—then, and then only will the Russians prove that they have "a decent respect for the opinion of mankind."

Fiction

A MAN OF LEARNING, by Nelson Antrim Crawford. $2.50. 8 x 5⅛; 273 pp. Boston: *Little, Brown & Company.*

MEN WITHOUT WOMEN, by Ernest Hemingway. $2. 7¼ x 5⅛; 232 pp. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THE BONNEY FAMILY, by Ruth Suckow. $2.50. 7½ x 5; 296 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, by Thornton Wilder. $2.50. 8 x 4⅞; 235 pp. New York: *Albert & Charles Boni.*

STUFFED PEACOCKS, by Emily Clark. $2.50. 7¼ x 4⅞; 228 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

AN ARTIST IN THE FAMILY, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. $2.50. 7½ x 5; 281 pp. New York: *Boni & Liveright.*

The amazing thing about the current fiction is how good it is. Is the novel, as certain croakers allege, an outworn form, with no more juice of life in it? Then let them read such things as these of Mrs. Millin, Miss Suckow and Mr. Crawford—things differing vastly in plan, in texture, in tone and intent, but all full of the same acute observation, the same adroit workmanship, the same aliveness. And is the short story, squeezed between the O. Henry curse and the *True Confessions* curse—I assume that a curse can squeeze, as it can undoubtedly kiss—is the short story, as one hears, empty, artificial and passé? Then let whoever believes it give attention to these pieces by Miss Clark, Mr. Hemingway and Mr. Wilder—the worst of them at least intelligent and amusing and the best of them really exhilarating.

Mr. Hemingway and Mr. Wilder have made huge successes of late, and received a great deal of uncritical homage. I believe that both are too sagacious to let it fool them. It is technical virtuosity that has won them attention; it is hard and fundamental thinking that must get them on, if they are to make good their high promise. I gather from both of them the feeling that they are yet somewhat uncertain about their characters—that after their most surprising bravura passages they remain in some doubt as to what it is all about. As a result, their work often seems fragmentary: it charms without leaving any very deep impression. But that is a defect that the years ought to cure. Meanwhile, Mr. Hemingway's "Fifty Grand," first printed in the *Atlantic*, and "The Killers," first printed in *Scribner's* and Mr. Wilder's "The Marquesa de Montemayor" and "Uncle Pio" are things to be sincerely thankful for. They may not be masterpieces, but masterpieces might surely be written in their manner.

Mrs. Millin and Miss Suckow, I think, have done better work than is to be found in "An Artist in the Family" and "The Bonney Family." But if they do not offer their best, they at least offer something very delicate and fine, and, at its high points, genuinely moving. Mr. Crawford and Miss Clark, both newcomers in fiction, are ironists, and in each there are plain signs of a fine talent. Miss Clark's sketches of Virginia characters, white and black, have brilliant color, fine insight, and a sort of hard, scientific mercilessness, and Mr. Crawford's elaborate portrait of an American college president is a superb piece of cruel buffoonery. All these books are worth reading. They differ vastly, each from the others, but in all of them there is sound and excellent work.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

GENARO ARBAIZA *was born in Peru in 1888, and graduated from San Marcos University. Since 1910 he has been correspondent for and editor of leading South American newspapers and magazines.*

ERNEST BOOTH *is serving a life sentence for robbery in Folsom Prison, California.*

CATHARINE BRODY'S *sketch in this issue contains some descriptive material from her novel, "Babe Evanson," to be published in the Fall. She is a former newspaper woman.*

RALPH COGHLAN *was born in Chicago. During the war he served with the Signal Corps in France, and for several years thereafter was on the staffs of the Louisville, Ky.,* Courier-Journal *and* Post. *Since 1925 he has been an editorial writer for the St. Louis* Post-Despatch.

W. C. CROSBY *was born in Tennessee, and educated at Vanderbilt University. He is now affiliated with a publishing house.*

BENJAMIN DECASSERES *is dramatic critic for* Arts and Decoration. *He is an old newspaper man, and the author of numerous books.*

W. A. S. DOUGLAS *is on the Washington staff of the Baltimore* Sun. *He has had newspaper experience all over the world.*

ISAAC GOLDBERG *is the subject of an editorial note in this issue.*

SARA HAARDT *is a native of Alabama, but is now living in Baltimore. She is the author of numerous short stories, and is now at work on a novel.*

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON *is secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and one of the leading Negroes of the United States. His career has been extraordinarily varied. Born in Florida, he has been an editor, a consul in Central America, a lawyer, a writer of popular songs, a translator from the French and Spanish, and a poet. He has written several books, and with his brother, J. Rosamond Johnson, edited "The Book of American Negro Spirituals."*

ROLLIN KIRBY *is the cartoonist of the New York* World. *He was born in Illinois, and after nine years as a magazine illustrator began making cartoons in 1911.*

ELSIE MCCORMICK *graduated from the University of California, and is now on the staff of the New York* World. *She is the author of a book of humor, "Audacious Angles in China."*

RUTHERFORD H. TOWNER *is a New York insurance expert whose business is the computation of premium rates for fidelity and surety bonds. He is the author of "The Philosophy of Civilization," published four or five years ago, and is an occasional contributor to the reviews.*

JIM TULLY *is the author of "Circus Parade," "Jarnegan," "Beggars of Life" and "Emmett Lawler."*

EDA LOU WALTON *was born in New Mexico, and educated in the University of California. She is assistant professor of modern poetry in New York University, and the author of "Dawn Boy," a book of interpretations of Navajo and Blackfoot songs.*

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Editorial NOTES

Isaac Goldberg, whose article, "The First American Musician," appears in this issue, is a frequent contributor to THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Most of his articles have dealt with music or Latin-American literature. In addition to the article in the present number, he has also written the following: "Brazil from Within," January, 1924; "As Latin America Sees Us," December, 1924; "The Lower Learning," June, 1925; "A Peruvian Iconoclast," November, 1925; "Literary Ladies of the South," April, 1926; "Gilbert and Sullivan in America," May, 1927; and "Aaron Copland and His Jazz," September, 1927.

Mishima

Isaac Goldberg

Dr. Goldberg was born in Boston on November 1, 1887, and educated in the city schools and at Harvard, at which latter place he obtained the following degrees: A.B., 1910; A.M., 1911; and Ph.D., 1912. He specialized in Romance languages in his college days, and won his doctorate in that field. He is now the leading authority on the literature of Spanish and Portuguese America in this country. He has written two standard and pioneering books on the subject: "Brazilian Literature" and "Studies in Spanish-American Literature." He is well known among the intellectuals of the southern

Continued on page xxxvi

Widening the Telephone Horizon

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

In the memory of many now living, Alexander Graham Bell made the apparently rash prediction that the day would come when we could talk to other countries, even across wide expanses of water. That was shortly after the historic conversation between Boston and Cambridge, a distance of two miles.

Bell's vision was made a reality when in 1926 New York and London spoke together in two way conversation, and when in 1927 this service was opened to the public between any point in the U. S. A. and Great Britain. Since then, Mexico has been brought into speaking distance; important cities of continental Europe have come within the voice horizon of the United States.

Even more important, the Bell System in the United States now embraces 18,500,000 telephones—a growth for the past year of more than 750,000.

We may now converse with each other from practically any point in this country to any other, and may talk beyond our borders and across the sea. That is measurable progress in widening America's telephone horizon.

FREE—this remarkable new rouge. See offer below.

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Keep your skin soft and fine by the method that thousands of beautiful women use. Society leaders, screen stars, stage beauties write us that Ingram's Milkweed Cream is the only cream they have used for ten—twenty years or more. It gives your skin exactly what it needs.

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So that you, too, may give your skin treatments basically right, go today to your druggist and buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. 50c the jar—$1 size more economical—Theatrical size $1.75.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., Est. 1885, 192 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich., also Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

Let us send you FREE purse-size package of this remarkable new rouge—Ingram's American Blush Rouge, and an interesting booklet on The Art of Rouging.

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxiv

republics, and many of his essays have been translated into Spanish and Portuguese. His earliest writings on the literature of Latin America appeared in the Boston *Evening Transcript*, to which paper he has been a regular contributor.

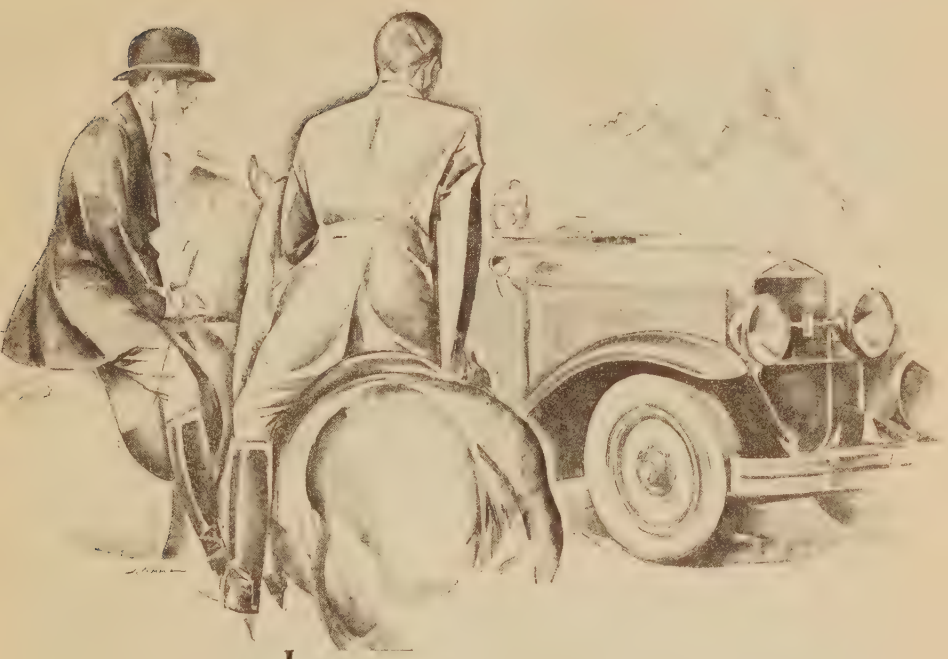
In the last few years, Dr. Goldberg has written much on music, and his first book in that field, "The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan," will appear next Fall. He has also written three books of biography, and is now engaged in writing original works in fiction and the drama. He has been one of the pioneers in introducing the works of the leading Yiddish literati to the American public; his most recent effort in this direction is a translation of David Pinski's "Arnold Levenberg," to appear shortly.

Beside all this, Dr. Goldberg has written numerous blue-books, both little and big, for Haldeman-Julius, and is literary editor of the *Haldeman-Julius Weekly*. As for his general outlook on things, he says, "I belong to nothing, and believe in about as much. I think, however, that the world—when it isn't going to Hell—is blindly working toward a collectivist state, and that this, no matter how imperfect, will be better than what we have now."

The following commentary upon Dr. Raymond Pearl's article, "The Length of Life of the Moderate Drinker," in the February issue, comes from Dr. Leo Dretzka, of Detroit:

> Dr. Pearl might well have stated that untruthfulness actually causes a large class of heavy drinkers to be classed as moderates. I have in mind many patients, admitted to a large municipal hospital, who persistently deny overindulgence in alcohol while exhibiting symptoms of prolonged intemperance. A check reveals the most amazing self-deception in this respect.

Continued on page xxxviii



JUST as Cadillac beauty created a vogue in motor car style, so has Cadillac's incomparable performance re-created a vogue for driving. There is an irresistible desire to take the wheel of the Cadillac and enjoy what none but a Cadillac-built car, with its 90-degree, V-type, 8-cylinder engine, can give—performance seemingly unlimited in range and variety, so unlabored, so easily controlled, so zestful yet restful, that once again Cadillac has given the idea of luxury in motoring a new meaning . . . . . .

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Only five days are needed for the complete tour, after leaving your Pullman at Cedar City, the gateway. Shorter tours to individual regions.

Handsome modern lodges, with de luxe accommodations including the new beautiful Grand Canyon Lodge; commodious easy-riding motor buses. Miles of horseback trails. You'll meet interesting people from all parts of the world.

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxvi

Some heavy drinkers are singularly free from the physical stigmata of alcoholism. Only recently, a psychiatrist of my acquaintance was consulted by a highly intelligent professional man exhibiting a long list of "nervous" and mental symptoms. The patient, who was paying large fees in his quest for relief, had no difficulty in convincing the psychiatrist that he was a very moderate consumer of alcohol. Alcohol was ruled out of the case, as nothing brought out in the mental and physical examinations suggested it as a cause of the patient's symptoms. But it eventually was disclosed that this man was putting away a minimum of forty ounces of high proof whisky every twenty-four hours. Every chronic alcoholic I have ever examined has regarded himself as a casual social drinker.

So it is evident that Dr. Pearl's tables include, in the "moderate" column, a rather high percentage who have fooled not only themselves, but their doctors, and that his conclusions are much better supported by the facts than by the figures he presents with such laudable scientific restraint.

Among the contents of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for June will be the following:

"The Gideons," by W. C. Crosby
A scientific but glowing account of these consecrated men. To them the American public owes the Bibles in the hotel bed-rooms of the land.

"A Glance at the Public Libraries,"
by Fletcher Pratt
What they are trying to do, and how they are doing it. Their aims, problems and malaises.

"The Giver of Life," by Jim Tully
A glorious character sketch of a patent-medicine man, eminent in his profession. One of Tully's best pieces.

"Putting the Psyche to Work,"
by J. v. D. Latimer
How the new science of psychology is being harnessed to the everyday uses of the American people.

"St. Frances of Evanston," by Arthur Strawn
The affecting story of Frances E. Willard, who knew the perils of Rum and spent a long life saving the nation from them.

"News from the Front,"
by Raymond S. Tompkins
The story of the American war correspondents in 1917-1918, by one of them.

"On the Rating of Mark Twin,"
by Fred Lewis Pattee

"A Challenge to Government by Injunction,"
by I. J. Shubert.

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POWER seeks out the user in the broad areas of the East, Middle West and Southwest served by subsidiaries of the Middle West Utilities Company. These companies have brought ample and economical electric service to widespread economic activities necessarily remote from sources of power supply: to the development of natural resources, to agriculture and to the homes and industries of hundreds of small towns, sometimes replacing inadequate local plants, sometimes bringing electric service for the first time.

They have done more than bring power to those uses which cannot be moved. They have put an end, so far as power supply is concerned, to the necessity of bringing movable industries to large centers of population. They have contributed to a more proportionate distribution of industry and population, and thus admitted the small towns to a greater share in America's economic progress.

Middle West Utilities Company

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IF you belong to the inner circle of the sophisticates, and understand dining for what it is...an art... you always do your crossings on the *"France"*. Here is where you meet your friends... satisfied for once, because they're "home again". Which ever you elect of the weekly express liners via "the longest gangplank in the world", the *"France"*, *"Paris"* or *"Ile de France"*, for London-via-Plymouth or Paris-via-Le Havre, you have chosen what cannot be bettered... at Le Havre de Paris no tenders... a waiting boat-train... three hours, Paris.

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page xxviii

FICTION

LEAVE ME WITH A SMILE.
By Elliott White Springs. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5⅛; 288 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

Henry Winton, of the American air service, a famous ace with eighteen German planes to his credit, regretfully returns to America to resume work in his father's cotton-mill in the South. Upon his arrival in New York he meets Phyllis, hard-boiled yet sympathetic, a wife deserted by a soldier-husband, and after some quibbling falls in love with her. They escape to Montreal for a flaming fortnight, and then separate incredibly, Winton returning to his work in the cotton-mill town, where he consumes corn whisky in a vain attempt to forget her. As a kind of gesture of defiance he makes love to a cotton-mill wench and is tricked into marrying her. But she dies conveniently, as does the elder Winton, and Henry returns to New York, where he promptly effects a reconciliation with Phyllis. Yet, in the end, the old doubts assail him and he abandons her, and goes back to the South and to the work he hates—presumably for good. A wobbly and unconvincing performance.

THE WAYWARD MAN.
By St. John Ervine. *The Macmillan Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 439 pp. *New York*

Love of the sea is the theme of this novel—a passion that draws Robert Dunwoody, favorite son of a fanatical mother, away from shopkeeping in Belfast to follow "its excellent loneliness," and a career of endless conflict between shop and ship. After a series of starts and returns, he finally gets away; then follows fighting, shipwreck and tragedy, and he comes ashore to security, a ready-made wife and the shop. But again it proves unendurable, and he is swept out to freedom from the oppressive security of the land. A powerful and moving book: there are passages, particularly the part dealing with the rounding of the Horn, that are comparable with the great literature of the sea.

IRON AND SMOKE.
By Sheila Kaye-Smith. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 308 pp. *New York*

Jenny, who is Lady Mallard and the wife of Sir Humphrey, but still an innocent and sentimental young girl from the smoke of the iron mills, discovers soon after her marriage that her husband has been the lover of Isabel Halmaker, a sophisticated and charming woman far more brilliant than she. Humphrey dies on a remote farm, mistaking Jenny for Isabel in

Continued on page xlii

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Reproduction from a painting made on the estate of Charles M. Schwab, Loretto, Pa., by Frank Swift Chase

Surprisingly low in cost

73% of Davey clients paid less than $100 each

In 1927 Davey Tree Surgeons served 17,417 clients, from Boston to Kansas City and from Canada to the Gulf. The volume of business last year was $2,400,000.

And yet for this expert, reliable tree service—

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2372 paid from $100.00 to $200.00 each
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And only 688 paid over $500.00 each

Davey Tree Surgeons are easily available. They live and work in your vicinity. There are nearly 900 of them now—all carefully selected, thoroughly trained, properly disciplined and supervised, and held to a high standard of service—scattered over the eastern half of this country and Canada.

The business of The Davey Tree Expert Company has trebled since 1923, as follows:

Volume in 1923.....$ 800,000
Volume in 1924.....$1,200,000
Volume in 1925.....$1,600,000
Volume in 1926.....$2,000,000
Volume in 1927.....$2,400,000

This steady and substantial growth does not prove everything, but it does indicate a high measure of value and satisfaction. How else could this personal service business be maintained and made to grow? More than half the business each year comes from former clients.

Every hour of every day 900 Davey Tree Surgeons are working on probation. Every client reserves the right to stop the work at his discretion. They must give satisfaction or they would have no employment. They will please you also. Wire or write nearest office.

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You may get to Europe in 5 days if you choose ... on the fastest boat of the Atlantic . . . Cunard's Mauretania.

Or . . . you may take the more leisurely Cunard "Cabin" way that so many travellers now prefer ... 7½ delightful days at sea ... in the Scythia and Laconia . . . two distinguished cruise ships . . . cruise luxuries at cabin rates! . . . or in the Caronia and Carmania which have just had ½ million dollars in improvements added to their charms ... hot and cold running water ... real beds . . . glass-enclosed decks.

The Lancastria and Tuscania . . . another popular pair . . . make up the third team of this bigger and better service.

And travelling the "Cabin" way there is this happy compensation ... Do you object to a moderate fare? . . . Cabin rates . . . $152.50 and up. Tourist Third Cabin $107.50.

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1840 · EIGHTY · EIGHT · YEARS · OF · SERVICE · 1928

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xl

his last hours with her. Yet the two women becom fast friends, and remain so for twenty years, durin which time Jenny's son—the heir to the Mallar baronetcy—and Isabel's daughter, Wing, grow up Timothy, a brother of Jenny's, falls in love wit Wing, but Isabel hopes that her daughter will marr Jenny's son. The old rivalry between them is lighte up, for Jenny feels that in relinquishing her son t Isabel's daughter she is surrendering her dead husban to his first love. In the end, however, after Win elopes with Timothy, their friendship remains in tact. "Passion compared to friendship was but shadow compared to substance, smoke to iron, nigh to day." A well-written story.

HISTORY OF ANTHONY WARING.
By May Sinclair. *The Macmillan Compan*
$1.50 7½ x 5; 131 pp. *New Yor*

When he is four, Anthony Waring's mother dies an leaves him to the care of a ferocious aunt. When h grows up, he longs to go into the army, but hi father cannot afford it, so he goes to work in th latter's hateful office. Later, after his aunt's death he gets a job in a publishing house, and gradually works up to chief reader. In the meantime he falls i love with Mabel Randall, who jilts him, and Louis Leray, who is unfaithful to him. He becomes ill, an marries his nurse, Ellen Mildmay, a harping, jealou woman who makes life impossible for him—eve after he discovers Jenny Freeman and falls in love wit her. In the end he dies of a stroke after a last angr scene with Ellen. Poor stuff.

THE UNBEARABLE BASSINGTON.
By "Saki" (H. H. Munro) *The Viking Pres*
$1.50 6¼ x 4¼; 244 pp. *New Yor*

"A wall of ice had grown up gradually betwee mother and son, a barrier across which they coul hold converse, but which gave a wintry chill even t the sparkle of their lightest words." Francesca Bass ington, "if pressed in an unguarded moment t describe her soul, would probably have described he drawing-room." Comus Bassington—the unbearabl Bassington—on the other hand, was petulant, wilful irrepressible, "his own enemy, against whom h carried on a reckless and ceaseless warfare." Thei misunderstandings are responsible for the mess tha Comus makes of his life—for his unhappy love-affai with Elaine de Frey and his lonely death in Wes Africa. A very good story.

CLAIRE AMBLER.
By Booth Tarkington. *Doubleday, Doran & Compan*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 253 pp. *Garden City, L. I*

Claire Ambler's career is a long procession of me

Continued on page xliv

WORKERS IN THE VINEYARD

By GORDON KAY

N THIS day of superficial ideals, red hot hero worship fostered by the smoking press, and snap judgments based on notion, it appears that the real heroes of e time must go unsung, unless they do eir own singing.

ertainly, no monument has ever been sed—or probably ever will be raised—r instance, to the Victor Talking Machine ompany, the Radio Corporation of nerica, or the Lambert Pharmacal Comny, makers of Listerine.

nd yet, these companies, along with hunreds of others, have performed a mighty rvice to the American people.

oneering in far-reaching magazines, and tireless efforts in the vineyards of the mb, the former have made music a tional aesthetic habit, and increased the m of human happiness no end.

gainst this spiritual achievement, pit the ore physical one of the Lambert Pharacal Company, which first made the pubconscious of halitosis—an ailment of hich it had been in terrible ignorance—d then indicated its remedy.

eing an addict to music, and also in the st twenty years, having sat beside some ven hundred dinner partners who were halitoxic (and blissfully unaware of it), I am inclined to the belief that of the two accomplishments, that of the Lambert concern is the greater.

One may go without music for weeks without suffering. But let one halitoxic loose at a party and gone is the happiness of all the others present.

Further, it is conceivable that this country, minus its music, might still be a pleasant and stimulating habitat. But I cannot conceive it as a pleasant place to live, if by some odd stroke of misfortune, Listerine were withdrawn from the market, and halitosis allowed to spread its insidious self from one end of the land to the other.

Reasoning from this purely hypothetical conception, one must concede that the makers of Listerine probably performed the greater service. Let us hear from Yale, Harvard and Johns Hopkins on this subject.

You cannot tell when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). It does not announce itself to the victim. The one way of keeping yourself on the polite and popular side is to rinse the mouth systematically with Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

506
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in one day
to 19 steamers at
the port of New York—
vivid proof that those
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Booksellers to the World
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Branch 5th Avenue at 27th St.

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xlii

who love her. Her first stirring affair is on the Mai coast when she is in her late 'teens. For jealousy her, young Nelson Smock puts to sea in a frail can and comes near drowning himself. Next she is Raona, where young Arturo, son of the Prince Liana, for love of her walks too late at night besi the cliff, and Mr. Charles Orbison, condemned to lingering death by a hand grenade in Flanders, writ lyrics in Elizabethan meters. At twenty-five, Clai —back in New York—experiences a pang, for "eve before twenty-five is actually reached, a girl has exert herself to keep people from leaving her out. Calculatedly, to forestall that tragedy, she marri Walter Rackbridge, a dark bachelor of thirty with haggard eye, and feels a belated pity and tenderne for him at the altar.

MEET MR. MULLINER.
By P. G. Wodehouse. *Doubleday, Doran & Compa*
$2 7½ x 5; 308 pp. *Garden City, L.*

Of these nine farcical and highly amusing storie there is one, "The Bishop's Move," that is an e cellent piece of fooling. The Bishop goes down Harchester to assist the Headmaster at the unveilin of a statue to Lord Hemel, one of the builders of t British Empire, and a former schoolmate. Both them can remember when he was Fatty Hemel, a an obnoxious little beast. After drinking heavily a potent tonic, they are so stricken by the thoug of raising a monument to Fatty that the Bishop, in low voice, moves, "Catsmeat, do you know what ought to do? We ought to wait till twelve o'cloc till there's no one about, and then beetle out a paint that statue blue." The Headmaster inclines favor pink and rather than oppose his host, the Bisho agrees. So at midnight they proceed to paint it. T row next morning is almost too much for them, b Augustine Mulliner, one of the resourceful relativ of Mr. Mulliner, steps grandly into the breach. . A frothy, but thoroughly entertaining book.

EUROPE AT LOVE.
By Paul Morand. *Boni & Liverig*
$6 8½ x 5½; 252 pp. *New Yo*

The eighteen stories in this volume are always di cerning and gay—and often brilliant in their clea sharp strokes. Morand has a charming style, and his characters are not deeply moving, they are bo audacious and amusing. An entertaining book, in very excellent translation.

YELLOW GENTIANS AND BLUE.
By Zona Gale. *D. Appleton & Compa*
$2 7½ x 5; 188 pp. *New Yo*

The work in this volume is very uneven; it seem

Continued on page xlvi

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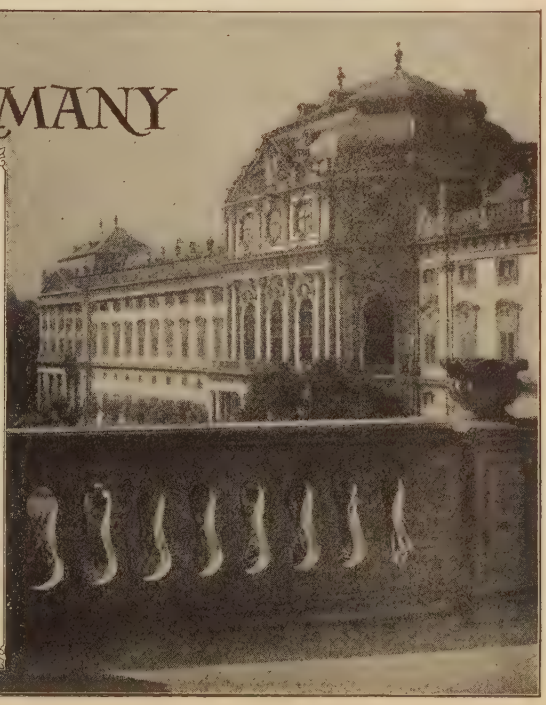

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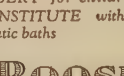

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xliv

almost incredible that a single collection of stori should contain one so unrelievedly poor as "Th Spider" and one as certainly a small masterpiece "The Biography of Blade." The latter is the sto of a man, smug and self-important, who, in o shining contact with a lovely young girl, sees h whole life crumple. Except in this one, howeve Miss Gale is not at her best in these so-called "sho short-stories."

PRIZE STORIES OF 1927. *O. Henry Memorial Awar Introduction by Blanche Colton Williams.*
Doubleday, Doran & Compa
$2.50 7½ x 5; 260 pp. *Garden City, L.*

With the exception of Ruth Suckow's "The Litt Girl from Town" and possibly Ruth Sawyer's "Fo Dreams of Gram Perkins," the fifteen stories in th anthology, the prize exhibits of the "O. Hen Memorial Committee of the Society of Arts a Sciences," are not worth rereading. The prize sto indeed, "Child of God," by Roark Bradford, is most conventional and unconvincing piece of wor Blanche Colton Williams has contributed a length and burdensome introduction.

HALF PRICE.
By Constance Travers Sweatman.
William Morrow & Compa
$2 7½ x 5; 277 pp. *New Yo*

A story of misunderstood youth in the person Jane Brent, who, egged on by her moralizing a implacable mother, jumps the traces and lives her ow life. She has a love-affair with Cory Carter and th must face the problem of confessing it to Dick Denni a young medical student whom she really loves a would marry. But her fanatical mother informs Di herself, and Jane, in desperation and spite, marri Cory.

MY HEART AND FLESH.
By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. *The Viking Pr*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 300 pp. *New Yo*

Theodosia Bell lives a life of unrelieved traged As a child she loses her playmate and younger siste then her mother and beloved uncle; then her tw lovers,—Albert to Florence Agnew, and Conw burned horribly to death. In an effort to save t impoverished household, she discovers her kinsh to the half-witted mulatto stable-boy Stiggins and Lethe and Americy. Her old grandfather dies so afterward and her father—the father of Stiggins a Lethe and Americy—deserts her. She develops tub culosis and goes to live on the farm of her fanati old aunt, where she is threatened with starvatio In the end she escapes to Spring Valley, where s

Continued on page xlviii

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Continued from page xlvi

teaches school and gets a new grip on life throug the beauty of the country and Caleb Burns. There excellent writing in the book, and in Theodosia Be Miss Roberts has created an heroic figure of decayin Kentucky gentility. But only too often she develo her theme at the expense of her characters. Theodos Bell's endless tragedies, in particular, sometimes tak on an unreality: it is possible only to marvel at he and seldom to sympathize.

LAZY ISLE.
By George F. Hummel. *Boni & Liverig*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 310 pp. *New Yo*

These stories are written around a young America salesman who goes to Capri to find a home for h fiancée—and to sell bathroom fixtures. He is s charmed with the island that he deserts the foreigne who infest it and enters into the native life. The stori present a number of amusing characters.

TARKA THE OTTER.
By Henry Williamson. *E. P. Dutton & Compar*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 260 pp. *New Yo*

The charming story of Tarka the Otter, and of h joyful water life and adventures in the country of th Two Rivers. Mr. Williamson traces his career fro his birth to his dramatic death—at the hands of th hunters and hounds in the ebb-tide after a last hero fight in which he bites Deadlock, the fiercest hound to death. "And while they stood there silently, great bubble rose out of the depths, and broke, and they watched, another bubble shook to the surfac and broke; and there was a third bubble in the sea going waters, and nothing more." A fascinating tal full of descriptive passages of great beauty. M Williamson is a literary artist of notable skill as we as an expert naturalist.

CHILDREN OF THE WIND.
By Doris Peel. *The Houghton Mifflin Compar*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 305 pp. *Bost*

Fluttering Nellie Pettingil marries "very wonderfu and yet queerly different" Roger Blythe, a writer. H leaves her a young widow with two children. Aft some hardships, Nellie marries William Blair. Th remainder of the story devotes itself to the adventure of indifferent, easy-going Byrce Blythe; positiv cynical Justine Blythe, and imaginative, sensitiv Joan Blair, Blair's daughter by his first wife. This fir novel by a nineteen-year-old shows a few flashes, bu as a whole it does not hang together.

THE MOB.
By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. *E. P. Dutton & Compar*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 395 pp. *New Yo*

Isidro Maltrata, born of a poor family, is in your

Continued on page l

The Scene *Changes* . . . .

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ATLANTIC CITY

"Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xlviii

adopted by a rich old lady. Upon her death, leaving no will, he finds himself stranded. He becomes a hack writer and manages to eke out an existence. Feliciana, the daughter of a poacher, becomes his mistress and for a time the two live happily. They come upon hard times, Feli dies after the birth of their son, and Maltrata devotes himself to the future of his child. Though it is a very conventional story, Ibañez's cocksure rebel Isidro, the silent-suffering Feli, and the wretched horde of filthy beggars, thieves and gypsies are genuine characters. The translation is by Mariano Joaquine Lorente.

MISCELLANEOUS

ESTAMPAS DE SAN CRISTÓBAL.
By Jorge Mañach. *Editorial Minerva*
$1.50 7½ x 5; 283 pp. *Havana*

Señor Mañach, who was educated at Harvard, is now a contributor to *El Pais*, one of the principal Havana newspapers, and these lively and often eloquent sketches of life in the Cuban capital were first published in its columns. Señor Mañach traverses the town with his *viejo amigo*, one Luján, and the two observe and discuss its extraordinarily varied and picturesque people and scenes. There is sharp observation in the book, and a great deal of charming writing.

50 JAHRE ULLSTEIN, 1877–1927.
Ullstein Verlag
11½ x 8; 411 pp. *Berlin*

This sumptuous volume celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of the great German publishing house of Ullstein. Founded on July 14, 1877, by Leopold Ullstein, it now publishes four daily papers, four weeklies, seven magazines, four trade papers, and a great mass of gazetteers and other books. The Ullsteinbücher are read wherever German is spoken, and some of them have reached enormous sales. Of the first ten issued, not one has sold below 216,000, and among the rest are many that have gone beyond 300,000. Meanwhile, one of the magazines, the *Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung*, has reached a circulation of 1,750,000—considering the difference in population, a better record than has been made in the United States by the *Saturday Evening Post*. The sons of the founder still manage the business, and among the writers it employs are some of the leading authors of Germany. The present volume, which is handsomely illustrated, is a fine example of modern German bookmaking.

OREGON GEOGRAPHIC NAMES.
By Lewis A. McArthur. *Published by the Author*
$5.10 9½ x 6⅜; 450 pp. *Portland, Ore.*

Mr. McArthur, a business man of Portland, is

Continued on page lii

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THE GIVER OF LIFE *By Jim Tully*

A glorious character sketch of a patent-medicine man, eminent in his profession. One of Tully's best pieces.

PUTTING THE PSYCHE TO WORK *By J. v. D. Latimer*

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ST. FRANCES OF EVANSTON *By Arthur Strawn*

The affecting story of Frances E. Willard, who knew the perils of Rum and spent a long life saving the nation from them.

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page l

secretary of the Oregon Geographic Board and a director of the Oregon Historical Society. His book represents an immense amount of labor, and is a model of its kind: the pity is that so few other American States have anything of the sort to show. He lists no less than 2300 Oregon place-names, and many a single entry represents a long and tedious investigation. His notes have been running in the *Oregon Historical Quarterly* since December, 1925; here he presents them in revised and expanded form, with corrections sent in by many volunteer aids. There is an appendix on Chinook jargon names.

MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S.
By Jerome S. Meyer. *Simon & Schuster*
$1.50 10 x 7⅝; 137 pp. *New York*

A handbook for those who aspire to read character in handwriting. Mr. Meyer analyzes at length the script of nine very diverse men, and provides charts wherewith the reader may tackle the business for himself. In his preface he argues that, despite the logical objections commonly levelled against it, the study of handwriting really offers a way to the understanding of character.

TOBACCOLAND. *A Book About Tobacco.*
By Carl Avery Werner.
The Tobacco Leaf Publishing Company
$3 7¾ x 5; 474 pp. *New York*

Mr. Werner is the editor of the *Tobacco Leaf*, the chief organ of the tobacco trade. His book is a miniature encyclopedia of tobacco. He rehearses its history, discusses the growing and manufacture of all forms of it, describes the way in which its handling is regulated by law, and proceeds to a discourse on cigar-store management. Many interesting byways are traversed. There is a chapter on cigar shapes and colors, another on the wood used for cigar-boxes, a third on the coloring of meerschaum pipes, a fourth on cigarette paper, and a fifth on the insects that prey upon tobacco. The book is well illustrated, and has a good index. Few smokers will find it uninteresting.

THE IDEALS AND FOLLIES OF BUSINESS.
By William Feather. *The William Feather Company*
$2 7¾ x 4⅞; 199 pp. *Cleveland, O*

Mr. Feather is a printer in Cleveland and the publisher of the *William Feather Magazine*, a house organ with contents in sharp contrast to the inspirational bilge printed by most of its contemporaries. In this volume he assembles twelve of his longer essays and a group of paragraphs. Two of the former, "The Sire of Kiwanis" and "The King of Loafers," have appeared in The American Mercury.

Continued on page liv

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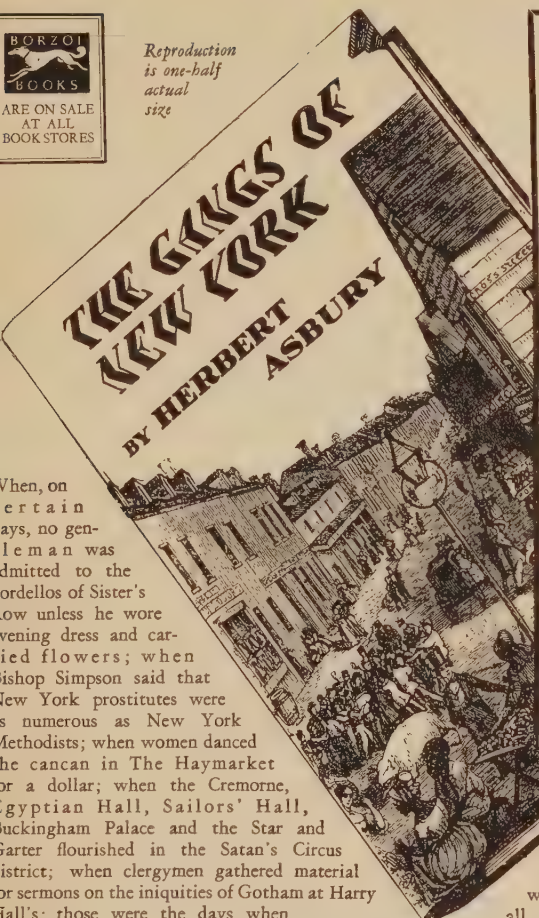

When, on certain days, no gentleman was admitted to the bordellos of Sister's row unless he wore evening dress and carried flowers; when Bishop Simpson said that New York prostitutes were as numerous as New York Methodists; when women danced the cancan in The Haymarket for a dollar; when the Cremorne, Egyptian Hall, Sailors' Hall, Buckingham Palace and the Star and Garter flourished in the Satan's Circus district; when clergymen gathered material for sermons on the iniquities of Gotham at Harry Hall's: those were the days when

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The gambling houses are reopened again. As extra expenses must be paid, a new rule has gone into effect. Instead of the old percentage of seven per cent, deducted from all winnings of over fifty cents, a new percentage has been established. Henceforth, a percentage of seven per cent will be deducted from all winnings, and a percentage of fourteen per cent from all winnings over $25.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lii

THE STORY OF LAW.
By John Maxcy Zane. *Ives Washburn*
$5 9⅜ x 6⅛; 486 pp. *New York*

There are weak spots in this book—for example, the chapter on international law is very superficial—but in the main it is an intelligent and excellent exposition of its subject. Dr. Zane begins with the physical basis of law, discusses law among savages, and then traces its long history among civilized peoples, ending with a pungent discussion of its state in the United States today. "It is a common saying," he say, "that the people of the United States are the most governed people in the world. If it were added that they are in some respects . . . the worst governed . . . the statement would be accurately true." The book is not documented and there is no bibliography, but the index is adequate. A dozen full-page illustrations add nothing to its value.

THE KINGDOM OF BOOKS.
By William Dana Orcutt. *Little, Brown & Company*
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 290 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Orcutt has some useful and interesting things to say about printing, and especially the printing of fine books, but he has an involved style that makes his book very heavy reading. Two chapters, however, have a certain charm: the one on the Plantin Museum, with reproductions of Pennell's drawings; and the one on the bookstalls along the Seine. The volume is profusely illustrated and has an index.

THE WORLD IN THE MAKING.
By Hermann Keyserling. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 293 pp. *New York*

The first half of this book is by far the more interesting. In it Count Keyserling has written the story of his life and work: the processes of growth and change in him as an individual. "In closing," he writes, "I may say . . . that my doctrine, as distinguished from the philosophy of the schools, . . . stands for the living soul as opposed to the concept of abstract man." In essence, this is the burden of the following chapters: he urges man to train his "understanding" that he may direct the growth of the world. The translation is by Maurice Samuel.

THE CHRONICLES OF A CONTENTED MAN.
By O. J. Laylander. *A. Kroch*
$2 8¼ x 5⅓; 150 pp. *Chicago*

"It is the Burbank, not the Bryan, attitude towards life that chiefly counts. . . . One thing is certain: contentment is not the product of material success. . . . Neither is contentment the necessary corollary of achieved ideals. . . . Worry is the greatest foe of contentment." Such is Mr. Laylander's philosphy.

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But now there rumbles upon this decorous scene the figure of Mr. Hodge, ready for any spiritual violence that will serve his own ends. And thereupon is enacted again the eternal conflict of poet and worldling, of romance and expediency—with the outcome as it has been from the days of Esau.

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AT ALL BOOKSHOPS

Alfred A. Knopf BORZOI BOOKS *Publisher, N. Y.*

In Canada, from The Macmillan Company *of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto*

VOL. XI, No. 5 MAY, 1928

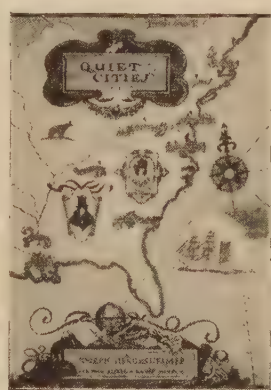
The Borzoi Broadside

Published every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, *730 Fifth Avenue, New York*

American Cities

THESE days when art is becoming its little way so thoroughly uni-rsal and sophisticated, it is a pleas-e to find a writer who has some of ose rugged provincial virtues which contemporaries have escaped. *Mr. rgesheimer*, instead of succumbing the influence of a somewhat out-of-te Europe, has remained stead-tly and sturdily an American. He ights in and understands the Amer-n scene and the American char-er; and the greatest charm of his oks is that he conveys both this ight and this understanding. He ms to savor with a peculiar relish, ling them on the tongue as it were, ose traits and peculiarities of his aracters which are more particu-ly national—their uprightness, their arent harshness, their brusque-s. And it is distinctive of him at he does discover uprightness and corruption, harshness and not obiness.

Parallel with this is another char-eristic, one to be expected of an which truly represents a nation ose spirit is yet young and vital. e peculiar feeling which *Joseph rgesheimer* has for inanimate objects the skill with which he renders s feeling in words have been fre-ently remarked upon. The surface satin, the sheen of silks, the down a plum, apple blossoms in spring, have for him an almost voluptuous eal. So marked is this that one not escape the idea of *Hergesheimer* a painter. What still lifes he might ve done! There is a remarkable and te well-known picture by Paul uguin which is infused with the otion which we suppose *Joseph rgesheimer* to feel for inanimate jects, but raised to the nth degree. represents a very ordinary straw-ttomed chair. No such chair ever s on earth or—if celestial furnish-gs have been truthfully described n heaven. Yet it is the father and ther of all straw-bottomed chairs. is made of light itself, it has a ce, a quality of existing intensely, ich chairs as casually known do t possess. In some such way per-



Jacket, *Quiet Cities*

haps, though with the lesser intensity which sanity demands, *Joseph Hergesheimer* invests his settings with a greater vitality than they hold for the ordinary observer.

These two characteristics of *Joseph Hergesheimer*, his love of American life and character and his naïf preoccupation with its material setting, are

(*Continued on page lx*)

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AMERICAN CITIES
A NOVEL OF NEW YORK
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THE WAR OF 1870
EUROPEAN POLITICS
FINE PRINTING
THE FAR EAST

A Novel of New York

THERE has been lately, here and there, considerable talk of *the* novel of New York which someone will some day write. Now, while we have no wish to put *Mr. Beer* forward either as having written or as desiring to write *the* novel (feeling pretty sure that such a production would be as unreadable as it is probably unwritable), we feel that attention may be drawn to the fact that, with the publication of THE ROAD TO HEAVEN, he has written three novels each of which gives a highly illuminating picture of a different aspect of New York life. SANDOVAL, written in 1924, forms the background of the picture, if we choose to think of Thomas Beer as a chronicler of contemporary life. It deals with Manhattan of the Seventies and re-creates Old New York with remarkable skill. In THE FAIR REWARDS, a story of the New York theatre, we are in the thick of the events and people of our day. And now in THE ROAD TO HEAVEN we are shown another side of the same city.

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN is a novel swift, vivid, interesting, beautifully written; yet it contains material which might yield data for the historian of the future or the sociologist of the present. Here, for instance, is a scene in the office of Ranulph, whose business consists in finding young men for the neglected women who can afford them. We see Lamon Coe attempting to obtain some information about a lady in whom he has become interested:

"'But it was funny . . . Say, who's a girl named Frankie de Lima?'

"'Baby Frankie. What about her?'

"'She's no baby. Thirty-three or four.'

"Ranulph put down the water glass and looked at Lamon funnily.

"'Ain't you any mem'ry, bud? Baby Frankie!'

"'What about her?'

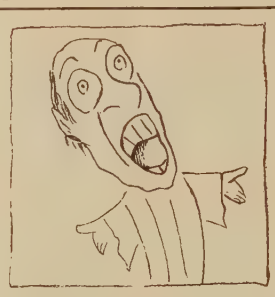
"'Oh, God, you're a farmer for keeps! It was all over the papers for a month. This old guy that left her the money wrote her a lot of letters and

(*Continued on page lxi*)

Book Prices: A Shop-talk

In an article called "Literature at the Crossroads" in *The Outlook* of March 5, Mr. Henry F. Pringle added his voice to the latterday chorus of complaints that the prices of books are too high. His principal point was that the rural districts consume, *per capita*, as many of the best current books as the metropolis. On this point, we have nothing to say now, though we have an idea that there is enough that might be said. But we do wish to offer a few comments on the apparently widespread public impression that the net prices of books are set by the publisher on a profiteering basis. And it happens that there is a trenchant statement of our ideas (which we suppose to be nearly every reputable publisher's) in a printed document which reached us from London just before these words had to be written: Constable's Monthly List for February. In a discussion of the Hogarth Press's recent symposium entitled *Books and the Public*, contributed to by J. M. Keynes, Stanley Unwin, Basil Blackwell, and others, the Monthly List says:

"The whole question is one of expediency. Put it on the broadest basis. Is it worth while, for the sake of cheapness in book-prices, to rot up the organization of the book-trade? Flatter the Woolworths [Woolworth is a British cut-price organization]; assail the net book agreement; open the door to all possible price-cutting in bookselling, to as much direct marketing as may be by book-manufacturer to public. What will happen? You will have many more opportunities of buying *some* books cheap; that is certain. *But you will have no opportunity at all of buying a lot of books*



The Reverend J. Adolphus Bite,
He loved the Lord with all his might.
Ah, sinners, doth not this afford
A proof how patient is the Lord?
From *Thoughts Without Words*

that at present can be and are bought by persons who have not this mania for cheapness. All the Woolworths in the world will not offer cheaply the books that do not sell themselves—the scholarly books; the pioneer books which tackle new themes and break new ground in style and handling; the books of imagination which work their way slowly—very slowly —to fame. These will find no out at all—for you will have killed t serious bookseller in your crazy li for cheapness, and the distribute you will have set up in his place men who think in tens of thousar else they could not manufacture the price—will lift no finger to he you in handling a book which, if sells one thousand copies, will s well?

"Is it worth while? We, of cour are convinced that it is not. But th we have never regarded cheapness a criterion in book-buying. We ch ish the foolish idea that quality more important than price, and happen to know that good qual takes longer and costs more to achie than bad quality, with the inevital result that it cannot be bought cheaply."

That is pretty much the wh story in a nutshell. Lower prices c be had, if we can reconcile oursel to the loss of what they will cost Prices can be lowered in two wa (1) by cheapening the books quali tively (and that means not alc physically: it includes skimping t editorial work and the proof-readin and (2) by selling more copies of ea book published, at a lower selli cost per unit—which means, simp and solely, specializing in the pub cation of those books of which mc copies are bound to be sold. Is eith solution what we want?

A Family Portrait

One imagines that any final word about the Borgias is most properly to be pronounced by a specialist in the pathology of sex. But in the meantime here is an exceedingly diverting historical study which goes back to the original sources and throws a good deal of light on what has hitherto been obscure. The famous *Diarium* or *Liber Notarum* of Burckard, who held the post of "*magister cerimoniarum*" in the Vatican for more than twenty years, is an invaluable record of the pontificate of Alexander VI, and *Signor Portigliotti* makes good use of its pages in tracing the relations of Alexander, Cæsar, and Lucrezia.

The value of his book lies in the originality of the portraits of this father, son, and daughter. Not one of them is whitewashed. They all emerge from this scrutiny without exception more deeply dyed than before. But the initiative for their

Alexander VI

crimes, and that sinister glory which has always formed something of a romantic halo round Cæsar's head, has been shifted from Cæsar to Alexander VI. Of Cæsar the courageous and resourceful general we see no trace. His victories were won by fraud and betrayal. And not he but his father was the creator of that tempestuous policy which in t years gave him a great principali It was Machiavelli who created t legend of his ability; but after t death of Alexander VI the w Florentine, then envoy of his repu lic in Rome, saw his hero crumb "As soon as he is taken, whet dead or alive," he wrote of Cæ in those days, "it will be possible think of one's own affairs."

And yet if Alexander had lived little longer Cæsar might have be Pope. Once a Cardinal, he h divested himself of the purple, a was ready to resume it to further ambition. But fortunately the wo was to be spared the spectacle another Borgia as wearer of the tri crown.

THE BORGIAS: Alexand VI, Caesar, Lucrezia. Giuseppe Portigliotti. *Tra lated by* Bernard Miall. *Ill trated.* $5.00 *net.*

Columbus at the Court of Spain

With his intelligence and native ewdness Columbus quickly adapted nself to the elegant courtly *milieu* which he found himself. He be- ne refined in manner and acquired pleasing presence. The humble pil- m's robe in which he arrived at os was soon replaced by a costume perfect cut made by the Duke's lor and at the Duke's expense. He ame a cavalier not at all displeas- to the ladies. He seduced a young l of good family, but with no tune, Beatriz Enriquez de Arana. would have been glad to marry , but, alas!—the explanation was —he already had a wife from om he was separated; she lived in bon and he hoped never to see her ain. Beatriz became his mistress l gave him a son, Fernando. lumbus abandoned her almost mediately after the birth of the ld. He never saw her again, but he k the child with him. . . .

'His failure in Portugal and his versations at La Rábida convinced lumbus that in order to succeed it s not sufficient to boast and to eat persistently affirmations based nothing. He quickly realized that ther Antonio de Marchena was a nuine and great savant, and so in king with him he took prudent cautions not to expose his own norance. But he understood full ll that the day would come when e cosmographers of Castile would t to him questions that, for the oment, he could in no wise swer.

'Therefore he became possessed of oignant desire to learn thoroughly the sciences useful to the art of vigation and absolutely necessary a commander of expeditions for covery. He wanted to learn in less an a year all that savants like the hers at La Rábida had acquired in rty years and more of study, in a etime devoted to learning. After dying a little Latin he devoured th avidity every book that he uld lay his hands on, without stering any one. This self-made olar took in with equal eagerness d with no critical examination the st exact scientific theses and the st foolish and absurd tales. We w him dreaming over the descrip- n of the terrestrial paradise in andeville's *Marvellous Adventures*. at page became set in memory. ith the aid of his imagination, he de from it, when in sight of the w Continent, the most fantastic chapter of geography which a human mind could conceive.

"He gained nothing from the first books he read; they served only to increase the confusion that reigned in his mind and to furnish him subjects for dreaming. But he was intelligent enough to realize that his light equipment of scientific knowledge

Oh the hours on the doorstep,
With his feelings hurt and aching,
That the self-made man
Has to stomach in the making.

From *Thoughts Without Words*

was not increasing. And time was passing! He must get, and quickly, some geographic and cosmographic doctrine! A coördinated theory that would hold together could not be obtained by rapid reading too many books that for the most part contradicted each other. It would be better to assimilate the substance of two or three authors not known to the general public, but ranked as authoritative by savants. He had retained some-

thing of Mandeville's *Marvellous Adventures*. He turned again to Marco Polo's *Travels*, and he studied and carefully noted the *Historia rerum* of Pius II. But the book that became his *livre de chevet* was the *Imago mundi* of Cardinal Pierre d'Ailly."—*From* COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS. *By* MARIUS ANDRÉ, *Translated by* ELOISE PARKHURST HUGUENIN. *Illustrated.* $5.00 *net.*

Worshippers of Bacchus

"In 1539 Jean de Buissières, then Abbot-Superior of Citeaux, sent a present of thirty *pièces* of the prime wine of the Clos-Vougeot to Gregory XI. Four years later this delicate attention was rewarded by the bestowal of a Cardinal's scarlet hat. The papal recognition seems in no sense excessive compared with the magnitude of such a gift.

"The last Magister Cellarii of the Clos-Vougeot, a lay brother, as the Cistercian rule had always enjoined, named, not inappropriately, Dom Goblet, burst into a storm of tears when the Bailiffs of the young Republic forced him to abandon the charge of his precious hogsheads. None the less he was able to smuggle out a bulky enough sample as a souvenir to last him the better part of his life . . . .

"'*Le général Bisson, étant colonel, allait à l'Armée du Rhin avec son régiment. Passant devant le Clos-Vougeot, il fait faire halte, commande à gauche en bataille, et fait rendre les honneurs militaires.*'

"It is Stendhal who tells the story of this *beau geste*, which has been erroneously ascribed to the Duc d'Aumale and even to Napoleon himself. What was a spontaneous act of homage to the wines of France in the presence of one of their most classic vineyards has become a custom, religiously observed to the present day by every battalion passing by the walls of the Clos-Vougeot along the Route Nationale No. 74.

"A famous connoisseur, describing the experience of a lifetime, when he had the privilege of tasting the wines of Clos-Vougeot of one great vintage after another, said that for all comment he could only repeat the single word 'Admirable!' that Voltaire used to murmur line after line in conning the metrical perfection of Racine's tragedies. Stendhal describes a dinner at Beaune at which he was present, in 1837, where a passionate debate, as to whether the grapes of the Clos-Vougeot should be gathered transversally across the vineyard, or from top to bottom of it, monopolized the entire conversation, except for a truce during which the vintages of 1832 and 1834, each of which had been harvested on one of these rival systems, were solemnly submitted to the *degustation* of the guests."—*From* A BOOK OF FRENCH WINES.

A BOOK OF FRENCH WINES. *By* P. MORTON SHAND, *author of "A Book of Food."* $3.50 *net.*

The Strange Behavior of Aphilanthops Frigidus

"The wasp carries the ant under her body, supporting it by means of her middle and hind legs, while she holds its antennæ in her mandibles. Sometimes when she happens to settle for a moment on a slanting leaf-blade and is therefore obliged to stand on her legs, one may see the ant dangle for a moment from her jaws. On reaching the nest she may begin to enlarge the entrance by digging; still holding the ant by its antennæ and kicking the earth backward around it with her hind legs. Sometimes she may go directly into the nest without any preliminary digging and without dropping her prey. Occasionally, however, she may be seen to drop it just at the entrance, then go into the burrow, turn around and pull the ant in after her by one of its antennæ. This method of getting the ant into the nest is sometimes very awkwardly executed. Once I saw a wasp seize her ant by the petiole and with much effort pull it in doubled on itself. While the wasp is taking the ant into the burrow, she may be closely watched by two parasites, a beautiful metallic green Chrysis, or cuckoo-wasp, and a small gray Tachinid fly. I have not seen either of these insects oviposit on the wasp's prey, nor have I found their larvæ in the nests. The wasp usually introduces her prey into the burrow so expeditiously and then buries it so completely that these parasites must encounter great difficulties in gaining access to it.

"After the ant has been dragged a few inches down the burrow, the wasp proceeds to cut off its wings. Usually she does this very neatly, although the stubs she leaves attached to the body are a little longer than they are in queen ants that have deälated themselves. More rarely the wasp simply gnaws off the tips or apical halves of the wings. That this deälation is accomplished before the ant is carried to the lower portion of the nest is shown by the fact that while excavating the nest one always finds the detached wings only a few inches below the surface and some distance from the bodies of the stored ants.

"Although I excavated a considerable number of nests with the aid of Messrs. W. M. Mann and F. X. Williams, I have had some difficulty in ascertaining the precise method employed by the Aphilanthops in rearing its young. By piecing together the observations made on different nests I have reached the conviction that the wasp secures several queen ants, usually five to seven, often belonging to more than one species, and stores them in two or three cells. Sometimes only a single ant is deposited in a cell, more frequently two, rarely three. No eggs were to be found on such stored individuals,

The rôles of the sexes, though neatly assigned,
Seem interchanged now and then.
Not all madonnas are women, you'll find,
And

From *Thoughts Without Words*

but in each of two nests a young larva was found in a small cell devouring a single ant, which had been cut in two at the petiole. The mother Aphilanthops was sitting in the burrow in each of these nests and in one of them there was a paralyzed ant in a chamber separated from the one in which the larvæ were feeding. Several older

William Morton Wheeler

nests were excavated in which there was a single adult larva spinning its cocoon and surrounded by fragments of three or four queen ants."—*From* Foibles of Insects and Men.

FOIBLES OF INSECTS AND MEN. *By* William Morton Wheeler, *editor of Réaumur's "Natural History of Ants."* $6.00.

American Cities

(*Continued from page lvii*)

strongly apparent in his latest boo
Quiet Cities is an effort to escape f
a moment from the stridency
modern civilization into the cool
more spacious period of a century
so ago. It takes us back to the Am
ica of a day before machinery h
superseded craftsmanship, and befo
the individual had lost his significan
in the welter of modern urban li
The people, the dress, the manners
that day are depicted with fideli
and zest. Here for instance is a pa
sage from an episode dealing with
gambler in Natchez. Note how pa
ticularized are the colors and ma
rials of the costume, the whi
trousers, brown Holland coat, t
nankeen vest, the green velvet wai
coat; note, too, the river "like
great flood of liquid metal," and "t
world of gold and slumberous gre
foliage":

"However, he couldn't stay in bed all day;
in a bed like the one under him; he couldn't s
in such a room. But it was a long while before
moved: he dressed slowly, a glass of rum and su
at his hand. He discovered that his new aversi
extended even to his clothes. He flung a gr
velvet waistcoat on the floor. At last in fr
white trousers and polished boots, a coat of bro
Holland and nankeen vest, he went down to
gallery of the hotel. The wretched street
empty and now dark of sunlight. But it wa
cooler because of that. The River was like a gr
flood of liquid metal.

"On the left the road to Natchez on the B
mounted at a sharp angle; the shanties under
ruined framework built to carry cotton down to
steamboats and ships along the levee were ac
in their sale of villainous rum and nigger-h
tobacco. Above him, hidden behind the wh
face of the Bluff, was another—the actual—Natch
Although he had been up and down the Ri
countless times, he had seen no more of it than
church steeples and lighthouse; it might at leas
cooler there; he determined to make the asce

"The road was long and steep and thick wit
powder-like dust that covered his clothes
dried in a hard film on his lips. He had been a f
to attempt it before evening. He had been a fool
leave his hotel at all. It had been possible for h
to hire a carriage. More than once he was at
point of turning to address the immeasurably ea
task of descent: he had no reason for going on
wouldn't be cooler. Then, suddenly, out of
clouds of white dust, he saw that he was at
top of the Bluff. He had left the dust, the wearir
of the road, for a clear tide of golden light. He
in a world of gold and slumberous green foliag

Perhaps we can read into th
passage something more than t
author intended. It is as though
too, when we follow him from o
of these Quiet Cities to anoth
leave "the weariness of the road,
a clear tide of golden light," escapi
the dust of our own day for the mo
translucent atmosphere of the pa

QUIET CITIES. *By* Joseph He
gesheimer, *author of "The Th
Black Pennys," "Java Head," "Ta
pico," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

The Borzoi Broadside for May 1928

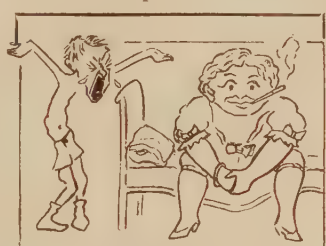
HERE is a subtle and characteristic ist in the title of *Mr. Clarence Day's* w volume, which contains over a ndred of his drawings. Almost yone on earth would instantly sur- se from the title that the book is oid of printed language. Discover- that the pictures have verbal otions—most of them in peculiarly ching verse, and many reaching dimensions of independent pieces rhyme—the reader marvels at his k, thanks the author for the extra asure, and wonders why a book taining words so many and so apt uld have been so perversely named. d then the truth flashes upon him. e title is not in the least intended say that the book lacks words: it rely states that the pictures them- ves are thoughts, without the rds which accompany them. It uld still be a collection of thoughts t hadn't a syllable of language in Readers of THIS SIMIAN WORLD d THE CROW'S NEST will see in- ntly how this can be; they will nember plenty of examples of *Mr. y's* ability to think in line.

t would be foolish and wasteful to empt much qualitative analysis of OUGHTS WITHOUT WORDS in a oadside sprinkled with actual cimens. Instead, let us here make

Thoughts Without Words

mention of a small device of our own, invented to coöperate on our humble scale with *Mr. Day's* more substantial effort to increase the inadequate stock of joy in a drab world.

For the first time in history, we're going to make a book the subject of a prize competition. From one of the aforesaid captions in THOUGHTS



Not all seducers are men.
From *Thoughts Without Words*

WITHOUT WORDS—it is a stanza of four lines that rhyme alternately—Mr. Day has been good enough to omit, at our suggestion, all of the last line but its opening syllable. The rest of the line is known (barring telepathy) to just three persons: (1) the author himself, (2) Mr. Alfred A. Knopf, and (3) the silent anchorite who composes these lines. The verse will appear in its mutilated form in all copies of the book made before the end of the announced competition. All public advertising of THOUGHTS WITHOUT WORDS will call attention to the missing syllables, invite the general public to break its teeth on the problem of supplying the ideal line, and offer a substantial prize for the best one supplied. The prize will be doubled if, by happy chance, the best line submitted duplicates that of the author's original intention (eventually to be expressed in later reprintings of the book itself). Inasmuch as the implied rhyme-sound (long *e*) is one of the most prolific in the English language, the number of felicitous contributions should be vast; and inasmuch as the ideal and unapproachable completion of the line already exists, the interest of detective work is added to that of mere ingenuity. Original inspiration can win a prize; the solution of a verbal picture-puzzle with a ready-made answer can win a doubled prize. Our public advertisements will tell you all about it.

THOUGHTS WITHOUT WORDS. *By* CLARENCE DAY, *author of "This Simian World"* and *"The Crow's Nest."* $3.50 *net.*

A Novel of New York

(Continued from page lvii)

lawyer read 'em in court. He led her Baby Frankie. His daugh- s were tryin' to bust the will.'

"When was all this?'

"A couple of years. What about -?'

'Careful, now.

"They were talkin' about her at cousin's. I didn't understand what was all about,' said Lamon; 'saw in a car this afternoon with a ung fella. Who's he? My cousin ln't know. A young kid, awful ndsome, kind of a girl. Black hair.'

'Ranulph picked up his telephone d asked for a number. His sleepy ıy eyes had lighted up. He said, asavetti would know. . . . This Cigale? Gimme Mr. Casavetti. . . . l those people are eatin' there a lot, w.'

"All what people?'

"All the rich bastards. . . . Cas- etti? Bill Ranulph. . . . Oh, that s all right! I'll send you a check it. . . . Thanks. . . . Hey, who's Lima trainin' with, right now? . A boy with black hair, is he? . Oh, one of them? . . . Yeh. . . . lady was askin' me. . . . Thanks.'

Thomas Beer

He put down the telephone. 'It's one of the Ryan boys, Costello Ryan. The furniture store up the avenue. His brother's the puke that's in the papers in polo games all the time. They got plenty of it.'"

It is this Lamon who forms the centre of the picture, and it is through his unsophisticated eyes that we get a view of the literary and wealthy Bohemian set of New York. He is in himself, with his clean-cut hardness, an appealing figure. With a hundred deft touches *Mr. Beer* builds up his character. We see him superficially in love with Frankie de Lima but at heart untouched, longing all the time for but one thing, to escape from the stink of the city to a country farm.

It is unnecessary to add that this, like everything else that *Mr. Beer* has produced, is a technically superb piece of writing. He has a style which, for delicacy, effectiveness, and concealment of its art, is unrivalled. For instance:

"A shawl of heavy silk drooped more and more from her shoulders as she played and became a swaying scarlet wing. It fell and was a bright pool on the floor when she stopped. Abner had forgotten to listen, watching the silk. What had she been playing? Now she came down the room."

But perhaps the thing which most marks THE ROAD TO HEAVEN as a work of art is its author's renunciation of all that burden of irony and sarcasm which loads the brushes of his contemporaries. He offers his readers a fine story, and leaves to others the comment.

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN. *By* THOMAS BEER, *author of "The Mauve Decade," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

The Borzoi Broadside for May 1928

The War of 1870

THE significance of this book lies in the attention it calls to the causes of the Franco-German war of 1870. It was written by *Professor Oncken* of the University of Munich as an introduction to a large collection of original documents gleaned by him from the archives of Austria and Prussia and a number of minor German states, all illustrating the German policy of Emperor Napoleon III from 1863 to 1870. Its undoubted importance, however, makes it well worth publishing alone. Written in a vivid and almost dramatic style, it forever destroys the myth that in 1870 France was the surprised and unwilling victim of an aggressive and intriguing Prussia.

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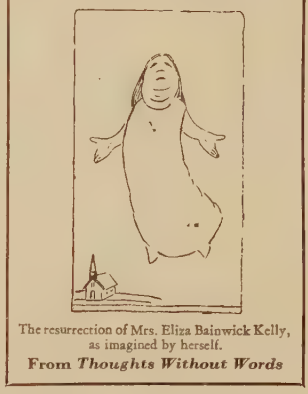

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Tea Expert Explains Mystery of Phrase "Orange Pekoe"

"It is astonishing how few people really know what the words 'Orange Pekoe' mean," one of New York's leading tea blenders said in an interview recently.

"A great many people seem to believe that 'Orange Pekoe' is some special growth entirely distinct from Ceylon or India tea. This is not so."

As a matter of fact, Orange Pekoe tea comes from nearly any country where black tea is produced—Ceylon, India, Java, Sumatra or Nyassaland.

After the tea has been picked and treated so as to convert the green leaves into black tea it is graded. This is done by sifting it through a series of sieves, each varying slightly from the others in the fineness of its mesh.

The resulting grades are known as Orange Pekoe, Broken Orange Pekoe, Broken Pekoe, Pekoe, Pekoe Souchong, Fannings and Dust.

And so the magic words "Orange Pekoe," used every day of the year, are the means of denoting a certain leaf size.

The quality of a tea depends entirely upon the country of origin, climatic conditions, the height at which the estate is situated, and, of course, the care taken in the manufacture of the picked leaf.

That is why it is far more important to know where a sample of tea comes from and under whose supervision it has been prepared than it is to know that it is graded "Orange Pekoe."

"One of the outstanding reasons for the steadily increasing consumption of tea is the great economy its use affords," the tea expert continued. "Whereas other beverages yield as few as thirty or forty cups to the pound, tea will give two hundred at the least."

In these days when people expect some form of beverage with every meal it is not surprising that the careful housewife is turning to tea, the most economical beverage of all, when she seeks to cut down an expense and keep within her budget. This is the reason that in so many homes tea is now served at least once a day—when before this delicious beverage was rarely in the house.

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